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PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

15¢

JUNE



BETTY GRABLE
BY PAUL HESSE

…s in Uniform — Color Portraits of RONALD REAGAN, VAN HEFLIN, HENRY FONDA, others

MY WARTIME HONEYMOON by Carole Landis

PERMANENT WAVE Complete Home Kit 59¢



June Lang Glamorous movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave. Why not give yourself a lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave at home?



Ann Gillis Hollywood's cute "teen-aged" starlet shown with her stunning Charm-Kurl Permanent. Mothers why not beautify your daughter's hair with a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



Tina Thayer Mickey Rooney's lovable new screen star sweetheart in M. G. M.'s "A Yank at Eton" is pictured above with her lustrous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.



Lillian Elliott One of the screen's loveliest mothers is thrilled with her Charm-Kurl. Monogram features her in "Road to Happiness." A Charm-Kurl Permanent enhances the attractiveness of older women.



Fay McKenzie The star of Republic's "Remember Pearl Harbor" is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave as shown in the above photograph.

So Easy Even a Child Can Do It

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children. **WAVES DYED HAIR AS BEAUTIFULLY AS NATURAL HAIR.**

USERS PRAISE IT

Here are excerpts from a few of many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

"I am so proud of the Charm-Kurl Permanent I gave my 2 little girls. It's soft, natural." Mrs. W. P. Van Deusen, Minn.



Gives Natural Wave
"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time and I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

Lasted 9 Months
"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a $10 permanent."
Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

Makes Hair Look Natural Curly
"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft."
Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

Permanent Far Above Expectations
"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave."
Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

Delighted with Results
"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most "painless" permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

Prettiest Permanent I Ever Had
"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost."
Miss Betty Moultrop, Wash.

Each Kit Contains 40 Curlers
Shampoo and Wave Set also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and the wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your CHARM-KURL Permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to $5.00 for, you get your money back.

FREE UP TO $1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 ozs. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to $1.00 . . . enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

SEND NO MONEY Just fill in Coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or $1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain, so take advantage of this special offer.

CHARM-KURL CO.
Dept. 458, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Mail This NO-RISK TEST Coupon Today

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 458
2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Wave set. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 oz. of wave set.

If you desire 2 kits sent C. O. D. for $1.00 plus postage, check here ☐

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Making plans to Win his Heart?



It's a gala date! He's your extra-special hero! You start with a refreshing bath, but you don't stake *all* on that! One step more is needed to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come!*



You know a way to *stay appealing*—you use Mum after your bath. Mum guards charm—prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes.



Romance is in the groove. The evening is thrilling—he hates it to end. Lucky you! Mum keeps you fresh, appealing all evening long! No wonder romance flowers in his heart!



Make sure of charm! Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

For a bright beginning and a happy ending to your days and evenings—make Mum after your bath your rule for charm! *Quick* Mum takes only 30 seconds to apply. Everyone likes Mum's speed and certainty—Mum won't let daintiness down all day or all evening. Millions of women prefer Mum's *dependability* and gentleness. You can use Mum even after underarm shaving—even after you're dressed. Guard charm! Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is ideal for this purpose—it's so gentle, dependable, safe!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Well, this time we're presenting Judy Garland in a piece called "Presenting Lily Mars."

★ ★



Don't tell anybody but we're crazy about the picture. It has everything.

★ ★

"For Me And My Gal" had punch—and Judy. "Presenting Lily Mars" has more punch and more Judy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Really, honestly, truly, it's a honey. It's dream-like, it's comical, it's melodious, it's a great entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy plays a stage-struck little girl who acts all over the place—emotes on cue, tries to tear the heart of a producer who just pays no attention.

★ ★



The producer is Van Heflin—the Academy Award Van Heflin. He has that same indefinable charm that captured so many right from the start.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Lily Mars" is enriched with two big name bands—two, count 'em—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra and Bob Crosby and *his* Orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

This Booth Tarkington adaptation was directed by that comedy-master Norman Taurog and produced by the proven Joe Pasternak.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're shouting Judy all over the place.

★ ★ ★ ★

For action and excitement we're turning to another wonderful film—"Assignment in Brittany."

★ ★ ★ ★

Based on the best-selling novel by Helen McInness, it was directed by Jack Conway who is without a peer in melodrama.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two young stars come into their very own in "Assignment in Brittany." One is Pierre Aumont—late from France but definitely of America now—who has the stuff that the late Valentino once revealed.





The other star is Susan Peters. You've seen her in "Random Harvest" and you'll see exactly what we mean.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Assignment in Brittany" is bang-up entertainment, a show with authority, a story for these times.



★ ★ ★

By the way, we suppose you noticed who won most of the Academy Awards. None other than your old friend,

—*Leo*

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

JUNE, 1943 VOL. 23, NO. 1

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COVER: Betty Grable, star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Coney Island"
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director — Helen Gilmore, Editor

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General business, advertising and editorial offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President; Harold A. Wise, Vice-President; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Chicago office: 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, $1.50 a year; price per copy, United States and Canada, 15c. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $2.50 a year; in other countries $3.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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THE BIGGEST ENTERTAINMENT IN AMERICA

Saroyan's

THE HUMAN COMEDY



Starring

MICKEY ROONEY

in his greatest role since "Boys Town" with

FRANK MORGAN

JAMES CRAIG • MARSHA HUNT • FAY BAINTER
RAY COLLINS • VAN JOHNSON • DONNA REED
JACK JENKINS • DOROTHY MORRIS • ANN AYARS
JOHN CRAVEN • MARY NASH • HENRY O'NEILL

From the Story by William Saroyan
Screen Play by Howard Estabrook
Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN

Of course it's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!



This Is Your Army


IRVING BERLIN

HOLLYWOOD is finishing production of a motion picture which is unique even for Hollywood.

It will contribute more money to Army Emergency Relief than has been realized from any other single source.

Its star is the Army of the United States.

No one connected with it will make a cent of profit.

The picture is Warners' production of Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army," the all-soldier stage show which has toured the country in the past year with phenomenal success.

"This Is The Army" is a task force of 300 soldiers conducting a military operation. Their assignment has been to make a motion picture of the stage production that took all of its talent straight from the U. S. Army and became the hit which has been described as the most exciting show of our generation.

"This Is The Army" was written by Irving Berlin at the request of the War Department in the hope that if it were successful it would raise $200,000 for Army Relief. The outcome was beyond the dreams of the most incurable optimists. Already $2,000,000 have been made available for Army Relief use. Estimates of profits from the motion picture are from $5,000,000 to $20,000,000.

I was driven to Warners Studio to talk to Irving Berlin by a private first class whose job it has been to see that "This Is The Army" is properly publicized. On the street facing the studio, a row of Army trucks was lined up and into them were pouring the soldiers who make up the cast of the show. Their day's job of acting done, they were headed for Army quarters where they would drill, stand guard and in all other duties carry on the same precise training that they would have met with at any other camp.

Irving Berlin wanted to be modest and unemotional with me about "This Is The Army," but he failed miserably. For over a year, without recompense, he has lavished all his thoughts, his energy, his talent on this production. Out of it have grown hit tunes such as "I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep" and "This Is The Army, Mr. Jones," and for those Americans fortunate enough to secure seats for the stage performances, the incomparable thrill of seeing our Army dramatized by the actions of its own soldiers from the ranks.

WHEN Warners bought for $250,000 the privileges of making "This Is The Army" as a film, wild horses could not have held Irving Berlin from coming to Hollywood and becoming an active part of the producing staff. As with the original stage show, he has worked without salary during the entire period of production of the film. His enthusiasm undiminished after months of work on both stage and screen versions, he has written new music—tunes that will be sung as widely as "This Is The Army, Mr. Jones," which was translated into Russian and is now a favorite marching song of the valiant Red Army.

When "This Is The Army" is shown in your theater, you will not need this urging to see it. Your imagination will have been caught up by this spectacle of soldiers dancing, singing, marching across the screen. You will want to hear again Berlin's music, want to see the stars that Warners have added, such as Ronald Reagan, whom they "borrowed" from the Army which he serves as a lieutenant.

It is Hollywood making it possible for a democratic nation to see its democratic army in a thousand theaters at the same time, an audience of millions watching and renewing their faith in themselves and in ultimate victory for free people.

Fred Sammis

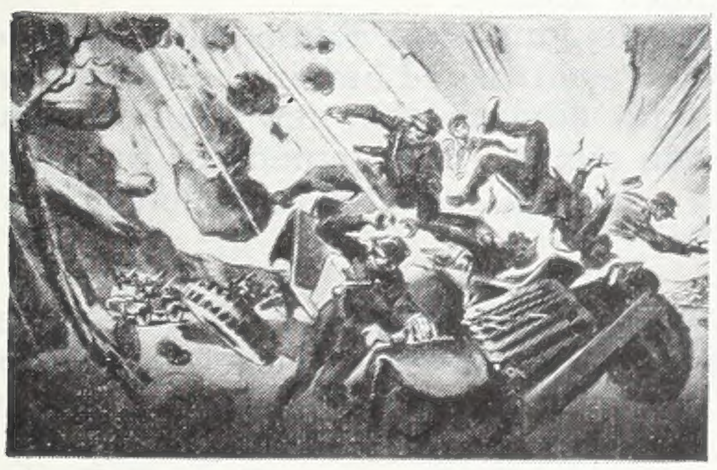
ALAN LADD AND TWENTY GIRLS..

TRAPPED BY THE RAPACIOUS JAPS!

The hottest Ladd on the screen in his first big production!



TOO LATE... to save her from the Japs ...but in time to avenge her!



Alan Ladd dynamites a mountain... to make a grave for the Jap Army!

starring LORETTA YOUNG · ALAN LADD

with WILLIAM BENDIX

That "Wake Island" torpedo is about to explode again!

DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW, DIRECTOR OF "WAKE ISLAND!"

Screen Play by Frank Butler · Based on a play by Archibald Forbes

A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATER MANAGER WHEN HE WILL SHOW THIS THRILLING HIT!

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Hand-out: Gary Cooper offers a "thumbs up" greetings and Ciro's salutations to a pal; Ingrid Bergman gives out with a smile



Wired for fun: Jack Oakie and Sonja Henie making a Mocambo telephone booth hum with up-and-coming conversation to Sonja's husband, Dan Topping, in N. Y.

HEARTS Aflame and Hearts Acooling: Judy Garland (thankfully) isn't taking her divorce from Dave Rose so hard as Hollywood feared. In fact, the little Garland is glimpsed everywhere, especially with Van Johnson, and seems to be having a whale of a time . . .

Priscilla Lane is coming back to Hollywood and pictures alone. Her husband, Lt. Joseph Howard, has been called to active duty elsewhere . . .

Hollywood expects the marriage of Laraine Day and Ray Hendricks to terminate any minute despite all denials. Reason—Laraine is serious, earnest about her career; Ray likes to play. The qualities just don't add up . . .

With three pink roses in her hair and Lt. John Huston by her side, Olivia de Havilland was the picture of radiant happiness at the Academy Award dinner . . .

Overheard at the Academy dinner when Ty Power went to the platform:

First cutie: "Oh dear, isn't that an awful haircut? Why does he have it?"

Second cutie: "That's a G. I. cut."

First cutie: "What's G. I. mean?"

Second cutie: "Don't know. But I surely wish it meant Give In" . . .

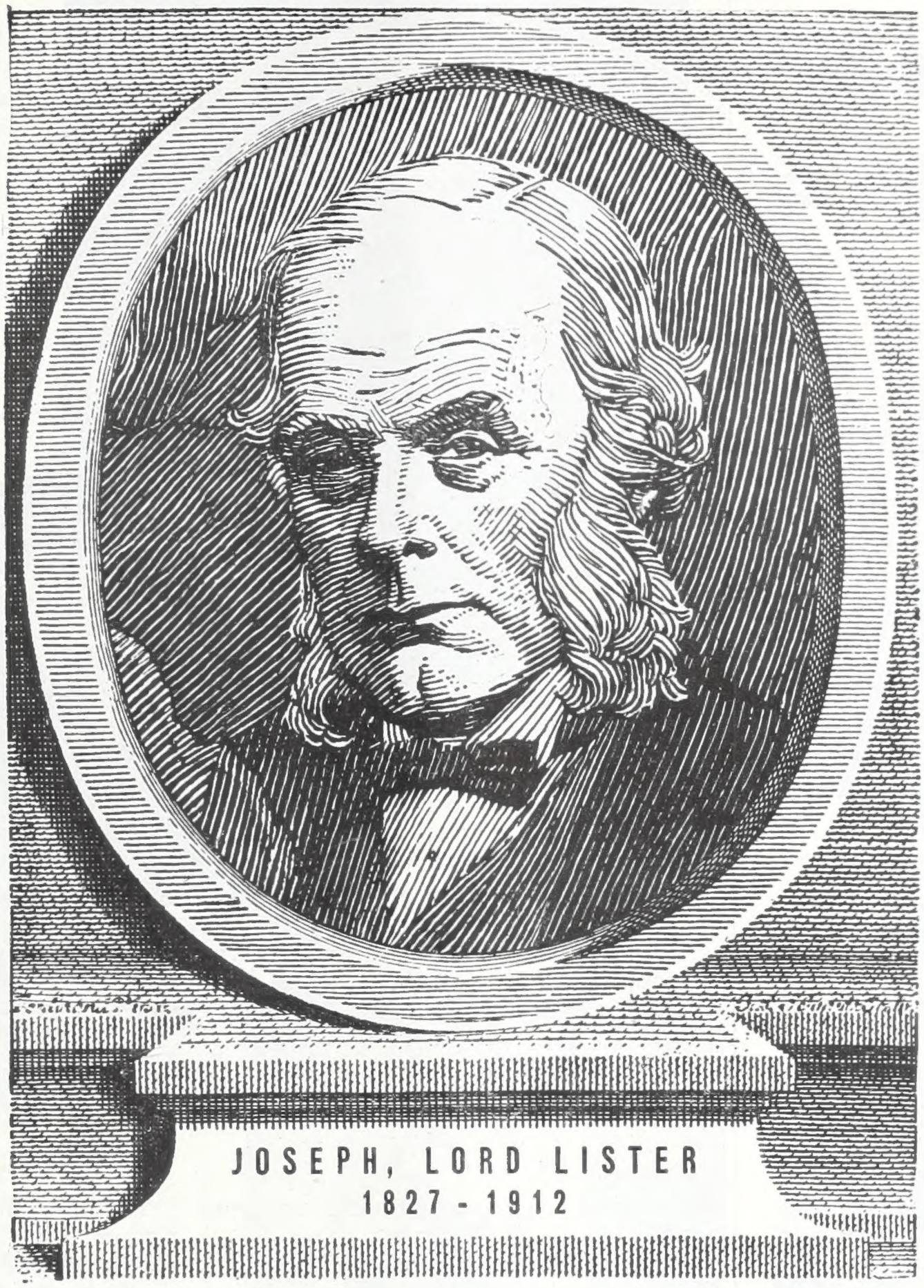
Steve Crane, Lana Turner's ex-something or other, is consoling himself with a beautiful blonde who could stand in for Lana, they're so much alike . . .

Anne Shirley isn't denying that Eddie Albert is her true heart's romance. Anne even visited him in the East recently . . .

When feminine fans glimpse the new blond Frenchman, Pierre Aumont, in the picture "Assignment In Brittany," they are going to moon over his reported engagement to Maria Montez.

Mrs. Miniver Pulls a Boner: The telephone rang at Greer Garson's home. "Guess who's coming to inspect the house next door to you," the acquaintance said. "None other than my friend Garbo."

Next day, sure enough, Garbo arrived and Greer, ever-gracious, sent out the maid to attach a note to the steering wheel of the car in front of the house. "It would be nice if you care to drop in for a moment (*Continued on page* 8)



THE FATHER OF ANTISEPTIC SURGERY

In service more than 60 years



The safe antiseptic and germicide

and the antiseptic which was named for him

Speaking of CALF LOVE



What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's . . . well, *eyes* . . . turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry . . . and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're *"smooth"* calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give *your* legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed . . . are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. *Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.*



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



The handsome-hero reason why the distaff side of the CBS station was all agog one night: Alan Ladd



This is the way they looked looking at each other: Jack Briggs and wife Ginger Rogers with the love light glowing at the Academy dinner

because we may be neighbors," the note read.

Nothing happened and the next day Greer telephoned the mutual friend asking if Garbo had been offended by the note.

"What note?" said the friend; and then it came out. Garbo's car had been parked half a block up the street and Greer still doesn't know whom she invited to call.

Heart Throbs: The illness of Lou Costello will keep the rotund comedian in bed for at least three months. M-G-M studios, we understand, have postponed the picture Bud and Lou were to make there and that overseas trip the boys had yearned to take will have to wait. All Hollywood is heart-sick over Lou's serious illness . . .

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers have become papa and mama to six-months-old Roxanne who has come to be little sister to Ronnie, the six-year-old boy who was taken in the Pickford home over a year ago. Ronnie is the son of a friend of Buddy's who died at birth and he will soon be adopted by Mary and Buddy. Seems wonderful to hear the happy laughter of little children at the Pickfair mansion . . .

For several weeks a tall, quaint-looking woman regularly spoke to a little girl whom she met shopping with her mother in Westwood.

"So adorable," the woman enthused in earthy tones laced with an accent. "So veree adorable. What can be your name, little girl?"

"Linda," came the answer.

So began the odd friendship between Linda and the woman who admired her. Cal says "odd" because, you see, Linda is the only person we know upon whom Garbo really showers her friendship and admiration.

Gracious Mrs. Thin Man: Back in the good old days when Myrna Loy was making the *Thin Man* pictures there appeared with her and Bill Powell six-year-old Dickie Hall, a musician of amazing ability. Myrna took a tender interest in the lad and became sort of godmother to the little boy. When it was discovered piano lessons were out of reach, Myrna took over the financial responsibility.

And then she married and left films. But did she forget? Ask Dickie and he'll tell you that regularly each month his music teacher receives a check from Myrna Loy Hertz and every birthday and Christmas a surprise present arrives for Dickie.

Gossip's End: It was dusk as we hurried across the Paramount lot. A light poured out from one of the dressing rooms punctuating the gloom and the sound of a radio could be heard up and down dressing room row. Naturally Cal's curiosity was aroused and we frankly peered in through the open door. For some reason the little scene

glimpsed in that brief moment lingers in our memory. The radio was playing our national anthem and standing at attention was Bob Hope, his brother and two writers.

Like an occasional rapidly moving event in a crowded life it remained firmly planted in mind to return in review every so often . . .

To "Pittsburgher" who wrote us about Gene Kelly: We learn he lived on Kensington Road with the Kelly family while in your home town. And will Natalie from Elizabeth, Pennsylvania, please write us again? We mislaid the letter . . .

Aftermath of an "Oscar": Two evenings after the pomp and glory and excitement of the Academy dinner when Van Heflin walked off with the "best supporting actor" Oscar, Van and his wife, Frances Neal, walked into the Union Station restaurant. They took seats at the lunch counter. Alone and unrecognized, they ate their dinner in miserable silence, their eyes ever straying to the clock that gave them only twenty minutes reprieve before Van would leave for Camp Roberts. Cal, who was saying good-by to young Lt. Jack Mahon (who could double for Bob Taylor), glimpsed Mrs. Van Heflin after the train had gone. Frances, who will become a mother in a few weeks, stood there alone among the throng of people, her brown eyes stricken with loneliness. And suddenly it occurred to us that in Van and Frances are the stories of thousands upon thousands of couples today.

Close Ups and Long Shots: Hollywood went through its first daylight air raid alarm in the most indifferent manner possible. Far from scurrying from the streets, groups gathered on every corner to await the hostile planes. None came, of course.

Cal has the reddest face of all. We halted for five minutes at a little-traveled intersection waiting for the fire trucks to drive by. We mistook the siren sound for fire engines.

Out at Warner Brothers the first two people hustled into the shelter were champion Joe E. Louis and Ingrid Bergman in her finery as a Southern belle for the picture "Saratoga Trunk." But, on the whole, people were so indifferent that local politicians were shocked and threatened dire things if everyone didn't run like turkeys at the next alarm.

The frightful problem of movie locations was brought home to Hollywood when the "Tarzan" group set out for the desert and found it no longer available. The Army has taken it over practically en masse.

When a suitable and unoccupied corner was found, the food situation rose like a hungry ghost to haunt the bosses. Fishing permits were finally granted the cast and crew who must needs catch their own meals after a day's work or go hungry. Hunting was out of season, but across the Mexican border the natives shot doves and quail and sent the food to the troupe.

The spectacle of a group of people

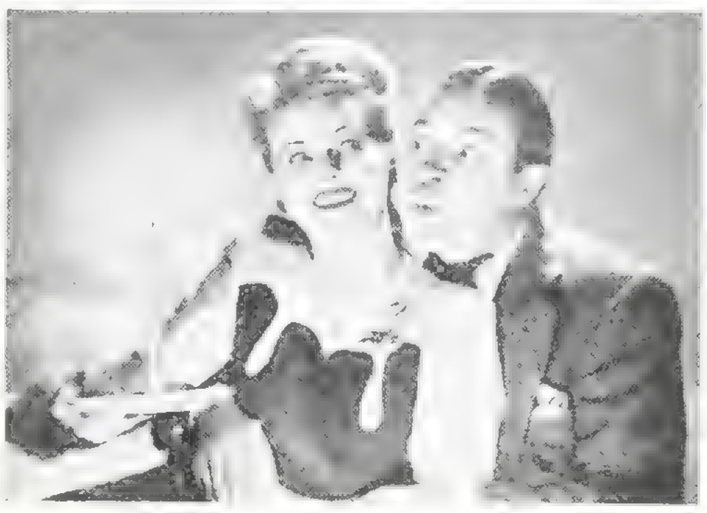
The art of making a date by Bob Hope



1: It's easy to make a date. If you're a man, the logical thing to do is to make it with a girl. So first, call the most beautiful girl you know. Then, if you have another nickel, call one who will go out with you. When she answers, speak to her in a voice that's inviting and pleasant . . like the swell, cool taste of Pepsodent.



2. At her house, ring the front doorbell. Then rush around and catch her escaping by the rear door. Once I caught nine fellows dashing out. From the way their teeth flashed in the dark, I guess they just dropped by to use my girl's Pepsodent. In fact, I'm sure of it. One fellow had a brush.



3. Now, it's not patriotic to go driving in the car. That wastes gasoline. Also, there might be a blackout. So turn out the lights and sit in the dark praising Pepsodent for making her teeth so bright. Then all you have to do is follow the beam and you'll never miss her kisser.



4. Later, if you go for a walk, tilt your hat at a rakish angle. This makes you look debonair. It also blocks her view of all the smiling soldiers and sailors you pass. Their smiles have plenty of "come-on" these days—they're buying and using more Pepsodent than any other brand.



5. Always look neat. If you have a two-pants suit, wear the least shiny pair *outside*. Shiny teeth are okay, though . . . because you'll rate better with a sparkle on your teeth. So before going out, brush with Pepsodent to put a gleam in your smile. Naturally, later on you can move the gleam up to your eye.

See you Tuesday Night on NBC.

Remember . . .
DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



Pepsodent with Irium is so safe, so effective . . . It takes Only a Little to Brighten Your Smile.

Only Pepsodent Contains Irium

SALLY HAD TO BE COAXED . . .



EVELYN: "What a funny girl Sally is about anything new! She didn't know a thing about the comforts of Tampax."

ANNE: *"My older sister couldn't see Tampax either till I came home from college—happy as a lark any time of the month, without a belt or pin or sanitary pad to my name."*

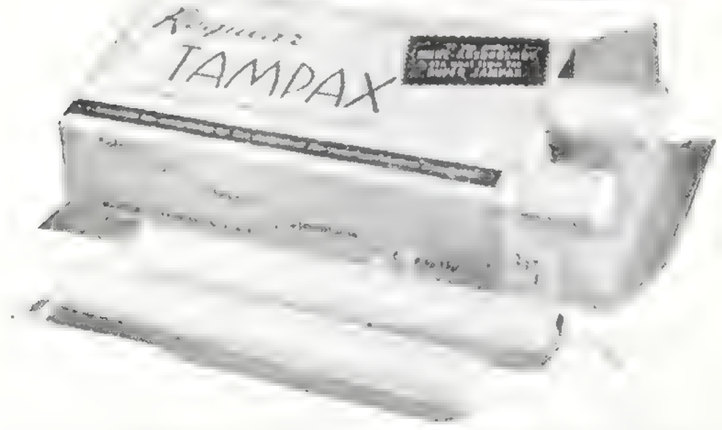
EVELYN: "But your sister did try it after you told her . . . Sally on the other hand really had to be coaxed about it. This is her first Tampax month."

ANNE: *"Well, I hope it'll make her less self-conscious on such days. She always wore such a tell-tale expression."*

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, belts or pads. No odor, no bulging. Easy to change, easy disposal. Millions of women now use Tampax. It is modern and dainty. Easy to insert; the hands need not touch the Tampax at all. And when in place, you cannot feel it. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a bargain buy!

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Please send me in plain wrapper the trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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City_____ State_____

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



One of the biggest and best mother-daughter pairs in Hollywood: Marlene Dietrich with her Maria who's now stepping out to step up the theatrical world



Mother-son side of the picture at The Players: Bill Powell dates his mother for dinner

willing and anxious to trade quail on toast for one hamburger was a refreshing one.

Cal's Toasts of the Month: To Red Skelton, Cal offers his toast of the month. Not one 'steenth has been told of Red's generosity with his time and talent. In two days alone, in the desert, Red gave sixteen shows at various camps, came back to town, weary from no sleep, and hopped right into his radio rehearsal. But that wasn't all. At eleven that night another organization called and Red was on his way with his props, a soda pop bottle, a stool and a silly hat.

Because M-G-M has taken the handsomest man ever to land on their lot, with the exception of Robert Taylor, and made him a comic, permitted him to go through alcoholic convulsions and facial distortions, we sympathize with Red, who isn't even aware of his own good looks. But you should see the girls give Red the eye. That six feet two inches, broad-shouldered frame topped by red-gold hair, brown eyes and, yes, girls, dimples, is something to see.

Because he refused to have any other writer or manager than Edna, the wife who divorced him, we give another toast. And lift our glass (orange juice) to the day Skelton will be a gay and handsome hero, the one who gets the girl on the screen.

For her easy, natural manner, her accessibility, her willingness and eagerness to do everything one asks of her, this month we toast—Rita Hayworth.

Of all the stars Cal has met in his many years of movie gabbing and gadding, we have never met one like Rita. Her beauty is second only to her quiet simple humanness.

Riding in the back seat of a friend's car the other evening with Rita on the way to an Officers' Club dance, we exchanged glances at the conversation of the handsome young pair chatting away in the seat up front.

"That," whispered Rita to us, "is the sweetest thing in the world. It reminds me of my teen dates."

We spoke of Victor Mature, Rita with her heart in her voice. "He's at sea, seeing plenty of duty right now," she said, "so I don't hear as often as I'd like. But he never forgets to be reminded to all his friends when he can write. And always to you," Rita added.

At the Beverly Wilshire Officers' Club, Rita instantly threw herself into the spirit of the thing, dancing, chatting, laughing, playing the part of one of the young hostesses.

"That Hayworth," people say in Hollywood, "there's a honey bun. Sweetest girl in town."

That's what Hollywood to the last man, woman and child thinks of Rita and why, this month, we give our toast to Rita.

O' Kay Kyser: On the "Right About Face!" set, we had dropped into Kay Kyser's dressing room for a chat. We were eager to ask Kay about his request for a deferment.

The table, chairs and couch were covered with papers of all sorts, of schedules for Army and Navy camp shows, letters of thanks from commandants and tons of fan mail. As Kay handed us one letter we noticed, to our embarrassment, a suspicion of tears in his eyes.

The letter was addressed to Kay from a Marine, wounded on Guadalcanal, requesting a certain song just in hopes that in some way the broadcast might be relayed to him. It spoke so eloquently in its scrawly lines of his appreciation for Kay and his music, for the happiness and pleasure it had brought him. Then came the line that choked us both. It was an apology for his writing. "You see," he wrote, "I have to write now with my left hand."

Without speaking of it we knew why Kay Kyser had asked for a deferment. It was for boys like the Marine who all their lives will have to write with their left hands.

Pin-Up Girls: Girls, are you young and pretty? And do you have a sweetheart in the service, one who has your picture pinned up over his bunk?

Well, if you qualify in the first category, but not the second, get busy, girls, and join the throng of Pin-Up Girls.

The Pin-Up Girl belongs strictly to War World II, with every studio in Hollywood busy supplying pin-up pictures of their stars to boys who ask for them.

The real difference between a Pin-Up Girl and just a pretty girl from a soldier's home town is that the Pin-Up honey is usually a stranger—the dream girl a soldier secretly yearns over. She's different somehow from the picture of the girl he carries in his wallet. She's his imaginary heart beat, really, and can be a pretty stranger from a magazine cover, a movie star or a social debbie clipped from a newspaper.

Cal has recently had several letters from girls asking how they, too, can become a Pin-Up Girl. Here's our advice. As we suggested in the beginning, it's almost imperative to be young and pretty. If you are, have your picture taken and printed on paper not too heavy to be hung up with a pin in some soldier's tent.

And if you don't photograph looking like his maiden aunt it is almost a 100 to 1 shot some soldier boy will pin you up! Of course, getting the name of a soldier to write to is important. But any girl in this country today who doesn't know somebody in camp or with the Navy doesn't deserve to be a prospective Pin-Up Girl.

The boy from your own home town should be able to provide you with

A STORY INCOMPARABLE
OF A PEOPLE UNCONQUERABLE!

Errol Flynn



Ann Sheridan

A very thrilling team in a very thrilling picture!

EDGE OF DARKNESS

WITH
WALTER HUSTON
NANCY COLEMAN
JUDITH ANDERSON • RUTH GORDON
Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE
Screen Play by Robert Rossen
Based on the Novel by William Woods

WARNER BROS.
now add to their triumphs that are making America cheer 'Air Force', 'Casablanca', 'Yankee Doodle Dandy'



FIRST CALL!

YES! . . . America's soldiers, sailors and marines are getting "first call" on delicious Beech-Nut Gum.

And like you, we feel that serving our men in the services is a privilege that comes ahead of everything else.

So if there are times when your dealer can't supply you with your favorite Beech-Nut Gum, we know you will understand the reason why.



Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Two singular pictures of four married people: Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck at Ciro's . . .

Betty and Bob Young at "The Players," celebrating their tenth anniversary

some interesting and lonesome fellow soldier you can write to and to whom you can send your prettiest picture.

By the way girls, you might write old Cal about the outcome. Good luck!

People in and Out of the Hollywood Picture: Lana Turner is living on a ranch until after the birth of her baby.

The Robert Youngs will welcome their third child in the fall. The Youngs already have two daughters.

Bob Cummings, in the Civilian Air Patrol, has flown over every state in the Union and made several flights outside the States in his line of duty in the last three months.

Bob Sterling has gone to Thunderbird Field in Arizona for his next step in flight training. Ann Sothern will miss him.

Lt. Bert D. Morris, flying instructor at the Hutchinson, Kansas, flying school, is recovering from the measles. Lt. Morris is remembered to fans as Wayne Morris of the movies.

Robert Montgomery, promoted to a lieutenant commander in charge of a mosquito fleet in the Solomons, is being invalided home because of tropical fever.

Because she was born in Tokio, Joan Fontaine is technically regarded as a Japanese citizen and must sign papers that she owns no firearms or secret radios. Joanie looks like no Japanese we ever saw.

'Tis rumored Twentieth Century-Fox and Jean Gabin cannot get together on another picture because Gabin insists Dietrich co-star with him and the studio has no plans for Marlene's film career. So Jean, it is reported, has bought up his contract and will move over to RKO to do his next picture.

Tidbits: Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Kornman, that being her husband's (Phil Terry) last name.

Susan Peters's wide mouth lends character to her lovely face.

Joe E. Brown became a grandfather while he was visiting our boys in the South Pacific. Corporal Joe E. Jr. is the proud papa.

Pretty Marjorie Reynolds, who has been touring Alaska and the Aleutians, is showing her friends a ribbon with a star on it. Know what that means? It means Marjorie has been under fire.

Eleanor Powell wears a framed miniature of her mother on her coat lapel.

Fans sent Walter Pidgeon their own Oscar—a gold cage containing two white pigeons.

Lucille Ball has already put up seventy-five cans of vegetables from her own ranch.

Hollywood—This Month: Accidents, discomforts, fun and fury swirled around Hollywood this month like leaves in a sudden storm. Clark Gable caused many hearts to flutter out of turn when he reappeared for a few days' vacation, looking happier than he has in a year. Hedy Lamarr, by mistake, wore home Norma Shearer's coat from the Academy dinner and Norma, after search-

ing madly for hers, wore Hedy's. There was no alternative. And no ill feelings, either.

Dennis Morgan arrived home from personal-appearance tours to survey the havoc wrought in his garden by the winter rains. The acre of peas that Dennis had planted with his own hands was completely washed out. Dennis set to work replanting.

Gary Cooper's hands were so calloused from plowing his own fields they had to be made up carefully before the camera in "Saratoga Trunk."

Mary Pickford, instigator of the Academy Award meetings, resigned because of the inefficiency displayed at the last meeting.

Measles broke cut in oddest and, we may say, the loveliest places. No one thought much of it when little five-year-old Margaret O'Brien broke out with the familiar red spots, but when Sheila Ryan and Martha O'Driscoll and finally Linda Darnell came down all measley, it was too much.

Errol Flynn put on an exhibition tennis match that brought cheers from the crowds.

Bette Davis's singing of "You're Either Too Young Or Too Old" (the song she sings and dances to in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" at the Canteen) had the Marines rolling.

News on Cal's Cuff:

The funniest sight in town is that of pretty girls furtively looking around to see if anyone is near and then slipping their shapely stems into the cement of the Chinese Theater Forecourt where Betty Grable's legs are immortalized. The comparisons are—oh well, we only peeped twice. A sight to cheer and to weep over is Lynn Bari's devotion to handsome test pilot Sid Luft who was so badly burned in a plane accident that Lynn must do the chauffeuring now. Sid's hands are not up to it.

Carole Landis, whose mother works in a local defense plant on the swing shift, was politely requested not to visit her mother except at meal times. They're afraid Carole in a sweater might slow down the production of planes.

Judy Canova got herself married again and to another soldier, namely Pvt. C. B. England of the Army Air Corps at Mitchell Field. Got hit over the head with another moon, we presume.

Variety, Hollywood's daily trade paper, actually ran this ad. "Wanted—T-bone steak or shoes in exchange for Valencia oranges or what have you!" And folks around town were surprised to hear Lt. Jimmy Stewart's hair is rapidly turning grey. The hard work, we believe.

Veronica Lake's husband was made a major and Alice Faye keeps hinting of complete retirement after one more picture.

Rumors drifting in from Washington to the effect no more motion-picture people will be drafted and that movies have now been officially declared a vital and necessary industry has the whole town cheered. And on a note of cheer we close this chapter.

"I was a good wife...*or was I?*"

YOUNG WIFE REVEALS HOW SHE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT SPOILS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. At housekeeping and cooking, yes, I was A-1. And at first, John and I were blissfully happy. But slowly, John grew moody, neglected me. I grew jumpy, tearful.



2. One day, at the movies with my chum, I began to cry, and couldn't stop. She was wonderful! She got me alone, wangled it all out of me, then she opened my eyes. "Most men can't forgive one neglect, darling. A wife can't be careless of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal daintiness*)." Then she explained . . .



3. "Today, many thousands of women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. My doctor advises Lysol." And she told how it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol deodorizes, cleanses thoroughly. No wonder this famous germicide is so widely used!"



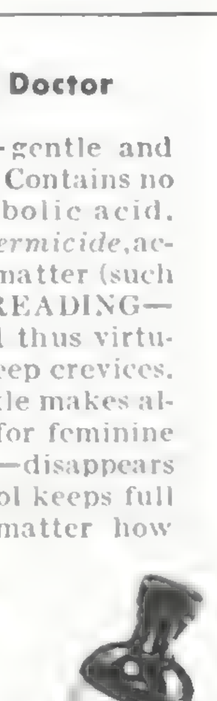
4. Nowadays I use Lysol disinfectant regularly. It's easy to use and so inexpensive. And these days we're deliriously happy again. John says I'm the best wife a man ever had!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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☛ **For new FREE booklet** (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-643. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

★ **BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS** ★



Speak FOR YOURSELF

Good show was "Casablanca" with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. Good idea about it was an Illinois reader's



$10.00 PRIZE
In Appreciation

I'VE just seen the essence of entertainment! It was "Casablanca"; not with Churchill and Roosevelt, but with Bergman and Bogart—and, boy, how they can act! For hours afterwards I kept thinking of that unbeatable Bogart; the genuine acting of Ingrid; the sincerity of Paul Henreid; and, best of all, that haunting tune "As Time Goes By."

It made me stop and think of how all the world looks toward America as the last port of freedom—the America we take so much for granted, while people like these try so desperately to reach our shores! Please, let's have more pictures like this; ones that are really entertainment and at the same time food for thought. If the people who complain about so small a thing as rationing would see "Casablanca," they would appreciate our country, which is the last place on earth where the life of an individual is still held of value.

June Edmiston,
Maywood, Ill.

$5.00 PRIZE
It Could Happen

IF I had my way:

Ida Lupino would have hers.

Betty Grable's option would be dropped; a hummingbird sings better than she does, anyway.

John Payne would have fewer stories written about him.

Ditto Gene Tierney.

I'd give Bill Lundigan "Something to Shout About."

I'd give Helmut Dantine bigger and better roles.

I'd preach a sermon to Red Skelton and Edna; they need one.

I'd give Hedda Hopper an "Oscar" for being a good reporter.

I'd give Ginny back to Kay, too; they're too good to be apart.

I'd make Jane Wyman a star; she deserves it.

Ditto Gloria Jean.

Lana Turner would settle her marital problems herself.

And so would Judy Garland.

Maria Montez would not have hers.

The "Michael Shayne" series would be more than "B" pictures.

I'd give Laraine Day a chance.

I'd keep the "Handsome Hunk" in the Coast Guard.

I'd let Norma Shearer act her age.

And I'd erect a monument to Hollywood and its stars for being such "Solid Senders!"

Loretta McCabe,
Newark, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
Celluloid Home Fires

I SHOULD like to go on record as one who is glad that attending movies is not being rationed!

I think I would rather eat a little less food, walk a few more miles—even freeze a little—if I can still sink down in my favorite row in a neighborhood movie and forget for a couple of hours that the world is in a turmoil. It does a person unlimited good to be able to relax and be entertained.

Not only are the movies helpful in this manner but they also keep us informed. Before our eyes we see what is going on in the various theaters of the war. It is heartening to note the proud fighting spirit of our boys. Too, their training becomes familiar to us in the various schools, air fields and camps and as we pass through the exit doors we are more than ever a part of the great effort to bring about a quick Victory and eager to do our share. Movies aid the home brigade.

Elsie Tornberg,
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
Idea Plus

MANY of us cannot do as Jack Oakie did and, in a smaller way, one of your readers—let a naval or military man, at your expense, telephone his home town from your house. But many of us can do a lot more than we do.

As we wander about on our day off from our war plant work, why not accost a group of The Boys and say: "Wanna go to the show—on me?" They'll take you up—and let them choose the show to see!

It's the little things in life that count!

Montgomery Mulford,
Buffalo, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Cottening to Cotten

I'M disgusted! Every time I open your magazine and turn to the page called "Speak For Yourself," I burn. Why? Because every time I read those letters, I find someone raving over Tyrone Power's eyes or defending the "pretty" Vic Mature or raving over the charms of Paul Henreid. And, of course, there's always someone writing in and praising Mr. John Payne's height.

Well, I'm just plain disgusted. Hasn't anyone seen "Citizen Kane," "Lydia" or, more recently, "Shadow Of A Doubt"? There was one man who stood out in all three of those movies—Mr. Joseph Cotten. In my estimation he is the only perfect actor on the screen.

I'll bet there are plenty of other Cotten fans who feel the same!

Edith Landesman,
New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Take a Jolt!

I'M just a plain, average, American girl. Spectacular things don't impress me and everyday matters are accepted and forgotten. I'm perhaps an example of the placid American who hasn't been jolted out of complacency.

Did I say, "hasn't been jolted"? Up to three hours ago, yes; but do you know what finally knocked some sense into my stupid brain? It was "Hitler's Children." And do you know *who* did it? Bonita Granville. When I came out of that theater I was just like every American should be

(*Continued on page* 93)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each to every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

My "30 second" secret keeps me *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening....



"MAYBE YOU are like I used to be...never dreaming that something as simple as body staleness might wreck a romance, and leave you lonely! But I was lucky and discovered a secret ...and now, in just 30 extra seconds, I make sure I'm fragrantly dainty for hours! And it's so easy...



"FIRST, after my bath I dry myself ever so gently—barely *patting* those places that might chafe.



"NEXT, I treat my whole body to the cool, soothing delightfulness of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! From top to toe its silky-smoothness caresses my skin...absorbs the little traces of moisture I missed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...now I know why they call it—*the fragrance men love!*



"AND NOW, I slip into my clothes. How luxurious they feel...no chafing or binding, now or later! For Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection lasts all evening...and so does the fragrance men love!"



See for yourself why Cashmere Bouquet Talcum's superb quality has made it the largest selling talcum in America! You'll love its alluring fragrance and long-clinging softness. Make Cashmere Bouquet *your* daintiness secret. You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters!

Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Stirring masterstroke: Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders in "This Land Is Mine"



Romance and suspense: Pierre Aumont, Susan Peters in "Assignment In Brittany"



Dynamic love—plus comedy: Lana Turner, Bob Young in "Slightly Dangerous"

✓✓ This Land Is Mine (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The transformation of a coward through oppression.*

NOT since Charles Laughton rose to his feet in "Ruggles Of Red Gap" and delivered the Gettysburg Address has he had such a beautiful opportunity as he is given in this film. In our opinion, Mr. Laughton as the shrinking, timid schoolmaster overridden by mother love surpasses anything he has done on the screen with the possible exception of *Captain Bligh* in "Mutiny On The Bounty."

It seemed to us the whole fabrication of the story was built and constructed toward one end—the final speech by Mr. Laughton as he stands in the court of justice. There, now, is a masterpiece, one to be memorized and taken to heart.

Una O'Connor, Laughton's mother, is terrific. All the unhealthy attributes of an overdevoted mother are highlighted in Miss O'Connor's performance. Maureen O'Hara, the pretty schoolteacher Laughton loves, George Sanders as her fiance who turns traitor, and Kent Smith, her brother, deserve loud applause. Sanders is thoroughly convincing in his role of the weak lover. There are some fine lights and shadows in the work of Sanders in this difficult role. Walter Slezak is our favorite Nazi. And let's not overlook Philip Merivale as *Professor Sorel*, please.

We think you will come away from this picture not with a feeling of hate and revenge but with a holocaust of honest humility and definite determination raging within.

Your Reviewer Says: An oratorical masterpiece.

✓ Assignment In Brittany (M-G-M)

It's About: *A Free Frenchman who plays a spy.*

MAY we introduce at this time one of Hollywood's newest personalities—Pierre Aumont, the charming new French star who possesses a smile, a way, a touseled head and a certain charm. A young edition of Gabin, we predict ooh-la-la Aumont will sweep the ladies right off their dainty feet.

The story is good, too, and has Aumont, a Free French soldier, impersonating a native (pro-Nazi) of a Brittany village in order to locate a Nazi sub-base for the English.

So much does Aumont resemble the villager, Susan Peters, to whom he is betrothed, is completely fooled. And so are the other villagers, including Richard Whorf, the schoolmaster. But not the mother, who realizes the good qualities of Aumont could in no way belong to her traitorous son. But she doesn't expose him. Instead, she helps him in every way, but to no avail. He falls into the hands of the Nazis, is exposed by Signe Hasso and suffers horribly before the villagers, by subterfuge, help him escape.

Susan Peters impresses with her sincere performance and Signe Hasso registers strongly as the flirtatious *Elsie*. Richard Whorf gives an especially strong performance and George Colouris as the sadistic Nazi is outstanding. Margaret Wycherly is unforgettable as the mother. But it's Aumont who holds the attention. A new and interesting personality, he should prove a hit.

Your Reviewer Says: Fascinating people in an exciting story.

✓✓ Slightly Dangerous (M-G-M)

It's About: *A little miss nobody who becomes a somebody.*

LANA TURNER'S last picture before motherhood could have been better, but Lana couldn't. If ever an actress has advanced to a place of authority on the screen it's Lana, whose every emotion seems intensified and authenticized. (Or did we make that one up?)

In love scenes the blonde beauty is dynamite. No wonder M-G-M daily searches its head for new grey hairs as its star plunges from one mistake to another. She's an actress worth worrying over.

Robert Young, an accomplished and finished performer, plays the boy in love with Lana, but not quite sure just who she is. You see, Miss Turner, a shopgirl in a small town, quits her job in despair, goes to the city, buys herself a new personality and then meets a mishap that leads

(*Continued on page* 98)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 99
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 96
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 74



What is it gives a girl most "flair"?
Why... lovely, gleaming lustrous hair!

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous ... and yet so easy to manage!*



FRESH AND YOUNG as Spring itself ... this simple, lovely hair-do ... so well suited to her smart draw-string gingham blouse! Yellow satin bow accents the pale yellow of the blouse. Special Drene deserves the credit for the shining smoothness of her hair!

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added ... the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

No fol-de-rol a girl can wear, has such allure for men as shining, lustrous hair! Even the loveliest dress, the smartest hat won't help you much if your hair looks dull and dingy! So don't let soaps or soap shampoos handicap you this way!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo ... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange ... right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it ... and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene with Hair Conditioner



TYRONE POWER

Leading a reckless crew on the war's most daring mission! Battling death in a depth-bombed submarine! Blasting Nazis on a bold Commando raid! Finding love in precious, stolen moments!

CRASHING HIS WAY TO UNFORGETTABLE GLORY in

CRASH DIVE

IN STIRRING TECHNICOLOR

with

ANNE BAXTER · DANA ANDREWS

James GLEASON · Dame May WHITTY

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO
Produced by MILTON SPERLING
Screen Play by Jo Swerling • Original Story by W. R. Burnett

A letter to my Mother

This is a love letter, a different kind of love letter, one every woman will want to keep

BY JOHN PAYNE



ARMY AIR CORPS



"Mom" of John's letter: Ida Schaefer Payne

Dear Mom:

Looks like another Mother's Day is rolling around and it seems a little different than it ever has before. I feel as though I've started a lot of things all over again. I'm going to school again and, somehow, I feel as I did in high school. Today in this upset world, with everyone doing things he's never done before, you seem to kind of go back to all the things in your life that are most solid. It's nothing any of us here didn't know, but we seem to keep on discovering that mothers are the greatest institutions we've ever had.

You'd be surprised, but out of all the women the group in the barracks talk about, their mothers always top the list. Of course, they gab a lot about some blonde or girl they've dated, but that's half kidding and something that helps pass the time away. They're not kidding about the other. It sounds kind of serious, but I just thought I'd tell you, for the one thousandth time, that I love you very much.

I'm learning a lot here. You know how I always hated math and physics and how often I flunked. Well, I can't afford to flunk now, for math and physics are involved with something I'd like to do very much. Of course, I don't know for sure whether I will really get a crack at the job I'd like, but at least I've got a chance, a pretty good one. Anyway, no matter what job I get in this war, I'll still be flying.

I read an article in the paper the other day and in it this guy had written a piece about why America and the United Nations couldn't lose the war. He was a German by birth and he'd been in a Prussian military academy for two years before he came to America and joined our Army. At the time he was writing he was a private with our Marines and had been injured at Guadalcanal. When he was injured it seems his best friend was hit, too. He died in his arms. The last words he said were to tell his Mom and Dad it wasn't so bad and to give his love to his girl. I don't remember her name. The man writing the article said the Germans were taught to die, made eager to die for Hitler and for the Fatherland, but that that kind of fanaticism could never compare with the way Americans died for their home, for Mom and Dad and a girl. The Americans died gallantly and without fanaticism. He said that was why we couldn't lose the war. I know he's right.

ALL this means such a big change for everybody, from the highest to lowest, the way we all are living, the food we eat, the places we go or can't go. I'm not sure, in part, that it's not a good thing. People have to look within themselves so much more than they used to for their pleasures and for the solutions to everyday problems. It's as though we were all growing up. We've always had so much of everything, everybody's had such swell chances to get what he wanted in this (Continued on page 94)

For a last look at actor John Payne, see "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

Ten Knights in my

A lady-for-a-Knight theme that exposes all the failings—and the fascination—of the ten top dream boys on the Gold Coast



George Montgomery: If you want to go out with him, don't have a chicken in the ice box!

Mickey Rooney: You'll just have to be all prepared to talk fast and hard

Randolph Scott: Get your black dress out of the closet for a special Scott reason

George Sanders: Wear shin protectors; after the date is over you'll know why

Peter Lorre: The requirements on your part are a jar of mustard in your pocket

IN THESE manpower-short times when a girl is lucky to find even one or two semieligible swains to squire her to the local glitter dens, I have been toying wistfully with a mythical situation very pleasing to contemplate. It involves a series of ten dates with ten different (and, brother, some of them *are* different!) Hollywood stars, and I have been wearing out a chaise longue daydreaming of ten evenings with this extravagantly variegated array of fascinating fellows.

Of course, anyone can play this game and if you're forever blowing bubbles you can name your own ten Romeos, but those I selected represent, I feel, a judicious blend of beauty, charm, sophistication, wit and rugged masculinity. And since this is my own private dream, with no holds barred, I am imagining that all of them are unscathed, unwed and available.

In case you choose the same dream boys I did, I'm a girl who's generous enough to give you an idea of what a date with each of them would be like. And here it is.

George Montgomery: Maybe he isn't the type who tosses his cloak over a mud puddle because you aren't wearing your rubbers, and certainly he bears a more than coincidental resemblance to the Jim who never sends you pretty flowers, but if it was good enough for Hedy, it should be good enough for you. Anyway, you wouldn't be throwing a date out on a Knight like this.

The way to prepare for a big date with No. 1 on my list is to read all the latest movie magazine stories about George Montgomery; then you and he will have something in common to talk about. He likes to make the plans for the evening, so be ready for anything from a roadside stand to the Mocambo—and wherever you wind up, be ready to get blown over by the concerted sighs of every doll in the place, because gals always moon over him even when they don't know who he is. He's the kind who makes good, steady, attentive gents wonder why ladies always seem to prefer the other kind.

He may take you horseback riding, because he's a son of the wide open spaces (a what???) and loves his boots and saddle. Or he may decide to go to your house if you have a soft sofa, a cold chicken in the ice box, a Victrola and all the records he likes to listen to!
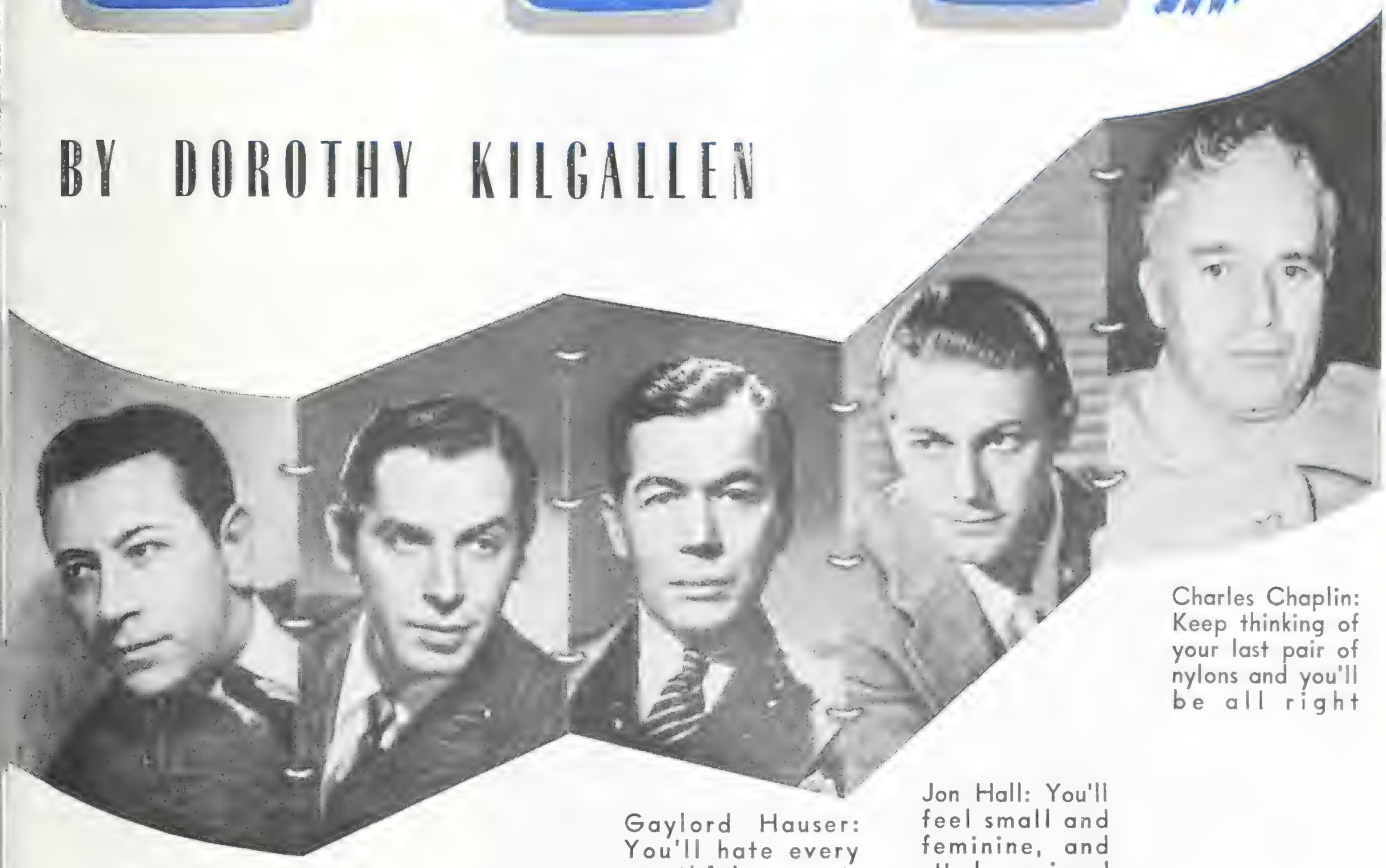
If he tosses his line at you, just say something clever like, "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls." Because he does.

If he invites you up to see his etchings, go. But you may be disappointed! He's really got etchings.

Mickey Rooney: A date with Mickey will be only a trifle less enervating than a cross-country run. But if you like to cut a rug, you'll find you and he are cut from the same cloth. He's even been known to get up and "sit in" with the band for a jam session, so get reconciled to a half-hour of be-

Hollywood date book

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN



George Raft: You'll have to like deserted basements and wearing your oldest shoes

Milton Berle: His mother will come along — and so will certain other people

Gaylord Hauser: You'll hate every mouthful you eat, but there'll be one big recompense

Jon Hall: You'll feel small and feminine, and utterly resigned to his technique

Charles Chaplin: Keep thinking of your last pair of nylons and you'll be all right

ing alone with your thoughts and your soda pop while Mickey beats the drums.

He won't take you to small smart boites or quiet swank eating oases. He'll steer you to the Cocoanut Grove or the Biltmore Bowl or the Palladium —any place, so long as it boasts a big, hot band. You may even wind up at some amusement park with wild rides, popcorn, frozen custard and hot dogs.

And of course you'll make a lot of those silly recordings and send them to everyone you know. On one of them you'll shriek that all M-G-M pictures are terrible and Mickey will have that one mailed to Louis B. Mayer, haw-haw!

You don't have to worry much about conversation when you're with Mickey —he takes care of that—but you'll make a big hit if you happen to drop the names of the newest platters by Harry James and Tommy Dorsey. Mickey will probably enliven the dialogue by telling you about the various women he has known, and since this involves Ann Rutherford, Diana Lewis, Esther Williams, Bonita Granville, Judy Garland and practically every other Hollywood starlet, the conversation can last as long as you hold out.

On the way home (at ninety miles an hour, because Mickey believes in moving fast, even on an A card) you'll undoubtedly stop at a drive-in, and Mickey will end the perfect evening by looking over the cutie who dishes out the nutburgers and quipping: "Hiya, babe! What's cooking?"

Gaylord Hauser: If Garbo wants to make a loan, maybe you'd be lucky to borrow her swain for the evening. He'll be tall, brown-haired and handsome, fairly bursting with good health and all the better-known vitamins. Both his suit and his manners will be custom-made, and you'll never forget him because he'll be the only man you'll ever go out with who will urge you to eat garlic.

He'll order dinner, and it'll be so frightfully well-balanced you'll hate every mouthful. But at least you won't detest yourself the next time you step on the bathroom scales. He'll take you to the best places—and you'll walk to them, sister. Gaylord believes in giving his girls the air.

Between the Continental charm and the carrots and the sensibly counted calories, you'll have a nice healthy evening. You'll thank him for a lovely "morning after."

Randolph Scott: Here is the kind of date you dream about when you read those fiction stories about handsome, well-mannered, elegant and charming heroes. Wear your smartest black dinner dress for Randy, because he likes black and it makes a nice background for the orchids he'll undoubtedly send.

He's tall, blond, lean and drawling—sort of a Western type to look at and listen to, but with Eastern ways. He may sound a little corny, but he's a city fellow.

He'll take you to glittery places and you'll like the way all the Vanderbilts and (*Continued on page* 76)



My

The girl whose courage has caught the nation's imagination tells in her own words the intimate details of her overseas romance

I KNEW he was my Mr. Big the instant I saw him. I knew also that his heart was standing still. I could see it in his eyes. There really is such a thing as love at first sight. I never believed it before, either. It was because Tommy was afraid people would think ill of us for knowing each other only a month and a half when we married that I told that fib about our previously having seen each other around the California flying fields and having had dinner together several times. Now, however, writing my own story, I must tell the truth. When a personal miracle happens to you—as it unquestionably did to Tommy and me—I think you owe it to yourself and others to be honest about it.

We met, Tommy and I, the third day I was in England. Martha Raye, Mitzi Mayfair, Kay Francis and I were backstage getting ready to give our show at an air base just outside of London when Neil Lang—Martha's husband—brought Tommy around. "I want you to meet Captain Thomas Wallace," Neil said. "He hails from Pasadena—joined up with the first Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F. before we got in this fight. Now he's U. S. Air Corps." I was amazed to hear myself saying, "How do you do, Captain," casually, just as if he were anybody at all.

The following night he was able to get up to London. He called for me and we took the underground to Victoria to visit a very favorite "pub" of his. We sat there for hours—which seemed minutes—talking about ourselves and hanging on each other's every word. When that happens the diagnosis is Love, I guess.

Sitting across from Tommy in that little booth I discovered him all over again, the lean strength of his face and hands, his level eyes, the fine upright way his head sets on his shoulders, his voice alive with energy and gaiety. He says he discovered me all over again too. He says other things also which I have no intention of re-

Wartime Honeymoon

BY

Carole Landis

As told to
Adele Whitely Fletcher

peating. But when he says them they are wonderful.

We went back to London by omnibus and we walked to the Savoy in a blackout. Tommy walked half in front of me all the way, his arm out to shield me from those crazy Londoners, God bless them, who hurry along exactly as if many of their buildings hadn't already been blown to bits and more weren't likely to go any moment and they with them. You can't walk through London streets without knowing how presumptuous we are when we take it for granted we're going to live three score years and ten or thereabouts. Maybe this had something to do with the breathless haste of Tommy's proposal. . . .

I ANSWERED "no" that night. Why, I don't know. It didn't daunt Tommy in the slightest. He didn't believe me any more than I believed myself. The next morning he asked me again. We were at service in St. Paul's. Beside the rubble of what was that once beautiful cathedral a sign reads "Services as usual." Which isn't too true. The services held in a little chapel which remains standing naturally lack the beauty and grandeur which services previously had in that cathedral. However, they serve very well—they permit you to worship God and inspire you to go completely Old Testament and swear vengeance upon those responsible for this unholy destruction of beauty and culture and life.

Walking back to the Savoy Tommy and I held tight to each other's hands. We sang "Adeste Fidelis" in one breath and in the next the Air Corps song . . . "Up we go into the wild blue yonder, climbing high into the sun. Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder. At 'em boys, give them the gun . . ." That song's spirit is so typical of the Air Corps. I always sang it at their bases, of course. And did the boys go for it! Kay and (*Continued on page* 72)



Carole with her "Mr. Big"—Capt. Thomas Wallace, whom she met while on tour in London and married almost immediately in a dress for which she begged and borrowed ration coupons

Carole, Kay Francis and Martha Raye with the troops in Africa. The girls, with Mitzi Mayfair, will appear in "Four Jills In A Jeep"



What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

Can you please give me some good advice? I'll soon be twenty. One boy I go with is in the Marine Corps (he's twenty-one); the other boy is in the Army Air Corps and will soon be twenty.

Both have asked me to marry them several times and, although it seems impossible, I really and truly love both of them. I've known both for about five years and when I wasn't out with one, I'd be out with the other. Both are tall and blond. Neither has much of a trade, but both are very handy at doing everything.

Don't say I don't love either, because that won't be true. I know there could never be anyone beside these two. I've told both of them they would have to wait until after the war for an answer, but both are very anxious to know now. The one because he wants to decide what kind of a war job to take, a very dangerous one or a "ground crew" job. The other one because he's in a very dangerous Pacific zone and doubts if he'll come back, although he writes that he'll try his darndest.

It all sounds very silly, but when you come right down to it it's all very serious. I'm selfish, I know, because I really want both, but seeing I can't have both, I want one of them—no one else.

This is the queerest mixup I've ever been in and it's been going on for years. Everyone says I'm a very levelheaded, capable person and I hold a responsible job in a large office, but my private life doesn't seem to be conducted very capably.

What would you do in my place?

Marilyn J.

Stop worrying! This star is ready to help you. See p. 91; then write her

Dear Miss J:

Your problem doesn't sound at all silly to me. You aren't the first girl in the world to admire two men at the same time with equal affection.

As you say you have already told both boys that they will have to wait until after the war for an answer, I think you have handled this as it should be. You are only twenty and who knows how long a time is going to elapse until we are finally victorious? A great many things can happen to change your opinions of even your two beaux. Although it doesn't seem possible to you now, you might even meet a third man who would solve your problem.

Why don't you continue to see both boys whenever they are on leave, and to write to them. But never marry until there is only one man you love more than any other you know.

Bette Davis.

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

You'll think a service man "nuts" for writing to you, but I can't help it.

I want to tell you something. Last June 7, I met a young woman at a dance. She and I had an enjoyable evening and a late supper. For nigh on to two months we dated every Saturday and once in a while I would see her during the week.

Then it happened. We quarreled. She is going with a crowd who think the only way to enjoy life is by constant spending. I am, shall I say, a very idealistic person and I know what life is, although I am only twenty.

I love her very much and I want the inspiration that comes from a woman's love. When we have mail call I watch, oh so closely, the light in the eyes of my fellow service men as they read the letters from their wives or sweethearts. I haven't any letter from this girl and I feel lost in a world of chaos.

She still has (*Continued on page 89*)

Color Portrait Series

Bette Davis.....*page 25*
Olivia de Havilland.....*page 28*
Bonita Granville.....*page 29*
Henry Fonda.....*page 32*
Robert Sterling.....*page 32*
Jack Briggs.....*page 32*
Ronald Colman.....*page 36*
Ronald Reagan.....*page 33*
Robert Stack.....*page 33*
Van Heflin.....*page 33*



Lady in the pink: A Hymie Fink casual portrait of Bette Davis, now appearing in Warners' "Watch On The Rhine"

DIARY AT THE NORTH

BY Daryl F. Zanuck



American meets American in North Africa: A dispatch rider talks to Colonel Zanuck, who photographed the first War Dept. feature-length film under actual battle conditions

The Americans take over Algeria—a part of the great American cavalcade that Col. Zanuck watched march triumphantly through North African cities

November 5th.

DAWN. A secret flying field somewhere in England. Bad weather—rain. Visibility zero. Six Flying Fortresses are on the ramp, ready to take off, straining at the leash. At last comes the order to go.

I am assigned to the bomb-bay of Flying Fortress No. 6. One by one we take off down a long grey runway that seems endless and zoom into the rain and dark clouds. The "Second Front" has started! Everyone is tense and excited. There is very little talk.

For the first hour, I crouch on the narrow catwalk in the darkness, half sitting, half standing, and with no opportunity to look out of the plane. Every foot of interior space is occupied by equipment or personnel. When a member of the crew has to pass by, we are compelled to undergo acrobatic contortions. My foot goes to sleep painfully, and a British Brigadier volunteers to switch places with me. We take turns in the radio room, which is more comfortable and offers a view of the outside. It is still raining. In the distance, we can see the dim outline of the Spanish coastline.

The weather clears as we near Portugal; the sun comes out. Hours pass. Colonel Shores arranges for me to take a spell in the co-pilot's seat. It all seems like a dream or a scenario I have written.

I can't really believe we are the flying vanguard of a mighty attacking force headed for Africa and that I am actually here in the cockpit of a Flying Fortress en route to Gibraltar.

We pass strange ships. We are now over Lisbon and close to shore. We head out to sea again and at last the black Rock of Gibraltar looms ahead. I learn that we are in for a difficult landing. We circle three times cautiously, and then gently settle down. We make it, but with very little to spare. Although nothing was said about it, I am sure everyone on the plane sighed quietly with relief. I know I did.

We are the third ship to arrive at Gibraltar, although we were the fifth to start. We are taken to the Rock Hotel, where I am assigned to

AFRICAN BATTLE FRONT

Scoop! A Condensation of the New Best-seller "TUNIS EXPEDITION"

Published by Random House



The most exciting exclusive Photoplay has ever published! An account of your boys in Africa, straight from this famous Hollywood producer who has talked to them—and been with them in action

bunk with the C.S.O.

The town itself is a narrow, winding, one-street affair, cluttered with droves of tourist shops which seem to sell things that no person in his right mind would possibly buy. All traffic goes in one direction, out of necessity. It is impossible for two automobiles to squeeze past each other.

The Fortress itself and the harbor are nothing short of colossal. I look across the narrow bay at the Spanish shore and wonder how many Nazi agents are watching us.

The sky over the Rock is never empty. Fighters on patrol zoom overhead. New arrivals circle and land—a veritable beehive of activity. What a target this swarm of ships on the field would make if Jerry only knew—or had the courage to make a try for it!

The atmosphere is tense on the Rock as our first day comes to an end.

November 6th.

We are assigned to the Signal Office in the Fortress Tunnel, the center of a gigantic network under the Rock. This is truly a magnificent citadel, but now it is overcrowded, a bedlam of frenzied workers.

General Doolittle arrives. His plane was attacked by four Junkers 88's, and in a violent twenty-minute battle the co-pilot was severely wounded. The plane finally outraced the Nazis' ships, and Doolittle personally took over the controls. A narrow squeak, and only the quick thinking of the pilot, who headed out to sea and flew almost at water level, saved the day.

Great concern here about the attack. Are the Nazis aware of our plans and lying in wait?

An air raid blasts us out of bed at 3 A.M., but apart from a lot of ack-ack and violent noise, nothing comes of it. Half awake, I am conscious enough to put on my helmet. I must have looked a sight in pajamas, helmet and bare feet. Certainly the General did.

November 7th.

Startling news! General Henri Giraud, the (*Continued on page* 82)



General Henri Giraud: "Eyes grey and cold . . . great strength . . . at all times intense"



America's General Eisenhower: "It is impossible not to be impressed by his smile"



Lt. General Mark Clark: "A grand person . . . an American version of Basil Rathbone"



Admiral Darlan: "Short and heavy-set . . . Dark eyes which shift around the room"



Beauty rare in a day of June: Olivia de Havilland of Warners' "Princess O'Rourke"



Beauty brilliant in first bloom: Bonita Granville of "Hitler's Children"

The Champ!



BETTY GRABLE doesn't consider herself an actress.

She once said: "I'm not an actress, and I don't want those roles in which I have long speeches, full of meaning. I'm the kind of a performer who wants a few lines that are cues to go into a song or a dance."

She has a true estimate of herself. She doesn't want to become another Ginger Rogers and go dramatic.

The boys like her for her lines, and she doesn't have to read them.

She is a champion at the box office, at the Army camps, and at the Hollywood Canteen. She holds the record for continuous dancing at the Canteen. She gets out on the floor and she is taken for the entire night. She no sooner starts dancing with a soldier than a sailor will tap him and say, "I'll take it now. Shove off." The sailor no sooner gets started than another soldier steps in. She loves it. When her working schedule permits, she is at the Canteen every night. She is true to the Army and the Navy and the Marines.

She is one of the favorite pin-up girls and you don't have to be told why. Her mail from the men in service is terrific. Here is a letter that she received from two Marines on Guadalcanal. The letter was written on Japanese stationery, which the Marines found when they took over, and enclosed was a magazine article showing Ensign Donald Mason (Sighted Sub; Sank Same) and other war heroes at a party which she, Carole Landis, Ruth Hussey and Claudette Colbert attended. This is the letter:

"Dear Betty: Or may we call you dear? I know you would say you won't mind.

"It has been ten months since we last saw you—in a picture, of course. In our dreams we see you every night.

"In the enclosed picture that we are sending you, we notice that you and your lovely friends are in the company of two stalwart warriors. To say the least, the feats of these heroes are minute compared to our own. We won't go into detail about our own heroism because of our own modesty and censorship.

"At our arrival back in the States (when and if) nothing would please us more than a dinner engagement with you and another beautiful creature such as one of your friends in the picture, at our expense.

"We hope you will excuse this stationery but the rugged environment



She walks barefooted all over the grounds of her Brentwood home



She holds the record for the most cut-ins at the Hollywood Canteen

She was thrilled when they cemented her legprints at Grauman's Theater

It's an even chance these odd facts about Cover Girl Betty Grable will have you cheering loudly in her exciting corner

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

we are straining under prevents the use of better paper. In closing this letter we hope with all our hearts that you will answer this at your first opportunity. Until we hear from you, we remain,

"Two lonely Marines on Guadalcanal."

The letter was signed, P.F.C. Walter William Kriedell (Slim) and P.F.C. Ray O. Bergeron (Muscles). There was a P.S. "In Jap this means I love you—X-%X*X. This is for Carole, too. We hope the others won't be burned up."

THESE Marines, and all admirers, should know that although she is peaches and cream to look at, she loves onions. She likes onions in any form, raw or fried. She will nibble at a bit of garlic in the raw, even though she has to play a love scene. She believes that onions and garlic keep her healthy.

She takes good care of herself, despite the fact that there are any number of fellows who want to take good care of her.

There was a prince who pursued her, there was a millionaire who wanted to marry her, there was Victor Mature, there was George Raft—and now there are millions of admirers in khaki and blue.

She maintains a strict schedule while working. Then she goes to bed at nine and arises at six. When not working, she stays up late. However, regardless of the time she goes to bed, she insists on getting eight hours sleep. She insists that she needs it for her beauty.

Her full name is Elizabeth Ruth Grable. She dropped the middle name when she came to Hollywood and Elizabeth became Betty. She believes it fits her character better.

She was born on December 18, 1916, at St. Louis, Missouri. There is no need to tell you how tall she is, how much she weighs, the color of her hair and the color of her eyes. If you haven't noticed her figure by now, you certainly won't be interested in the ordinary figures.

She took her first dancing lessons when she was four. At the age of seven she appeared on the stage, as a cute kid, with such masters of ceremonies as Frank Fay, Jack Haley and Ed Lowry when they visited St. Louis. She really worked hard to become a chorus girl in Hollywood musicals.

She worked her way from the chorus to singing with Jay Whidden and his orchestra, to marrying Jackie Coogan, to playing parts in pictures. But somehow Hollywood couldn't see her until she scored a hit on Broadway in "DuBarry (*Continued on page* 95)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WALTER STEWART



She's the armed forces' pet pin-up girl, as shown by the letter sent her

She used to play gin rummy with George Raft. But the news has now changed on that front



She sleeps without a pillow, wears a nightgown, piles mountains of blankets on herself







Henry Fonda (upper left): Apprentice Seaman, U. S. Navy

Robert Sterling (above): Air Cadet, U. S. Army Air Corps

Jack Briggs (left): Private, U. S. Marine Corps







Ronald Reagan (above): First Lieutenant, U. S. Army Air Force

Robert Stack (upper right): Ensign, U. S. Navy Air Force

Van Heflin (right): Second Lieutenant, Field Artillery, U. S. Army





WHO'S NEWS?





Blonde under protest: Marjorie Reynolds (and, thank heavens, *she's* no genius) is a good little girl who waited for years for her break and finally got it in "Holiday Inn." She got Crosby in the story, too. She gets him in "Dixie" also and can't wait till something else happens to her screen career.

Marjorie has been in and out of pictures so many times she's dizzy. At four, she was playing with Viola Dana, Norma Talmadge and Ramon Navarro. At eight she retired, came back several years later to make more pictures, then retired again. After graduating from Los Angeles High School she came back once again to dance in Paramount pictures, made dozens of Tim Holt Westerns and Karloff pictures at Monogram.

When the search began for a girl for "Holiday Inn" Danny Dare, a dance coach, remembered Marjorie and in she was.

Six years ago she married Jack Reynolds whom she met and nagged to death for a job when he was casting director at Goldwyn's. Recently in his pocket she discovered a little book with ratings of all girl applicants. Marjorie was down as "impossible."

She hates being a blonde and all the peroxiding that goes with it. Her father, Dr. Goodrich, lives with her and recently her husband, an officer in the Signal Corps, was transferred out to Hollywood which makes her *so* happy. She does her own cooking now and is the idol of her little nieces and nephews. Peaches and cream is her complexion. Natural, chatterboxy, genuine and real, her character. She can't understand why she's such a poor business woman when her sign, Leo, says she shouldn't be. She's seventeen years younger than her youngest sister and wonders if *that* could have anything to do with it.

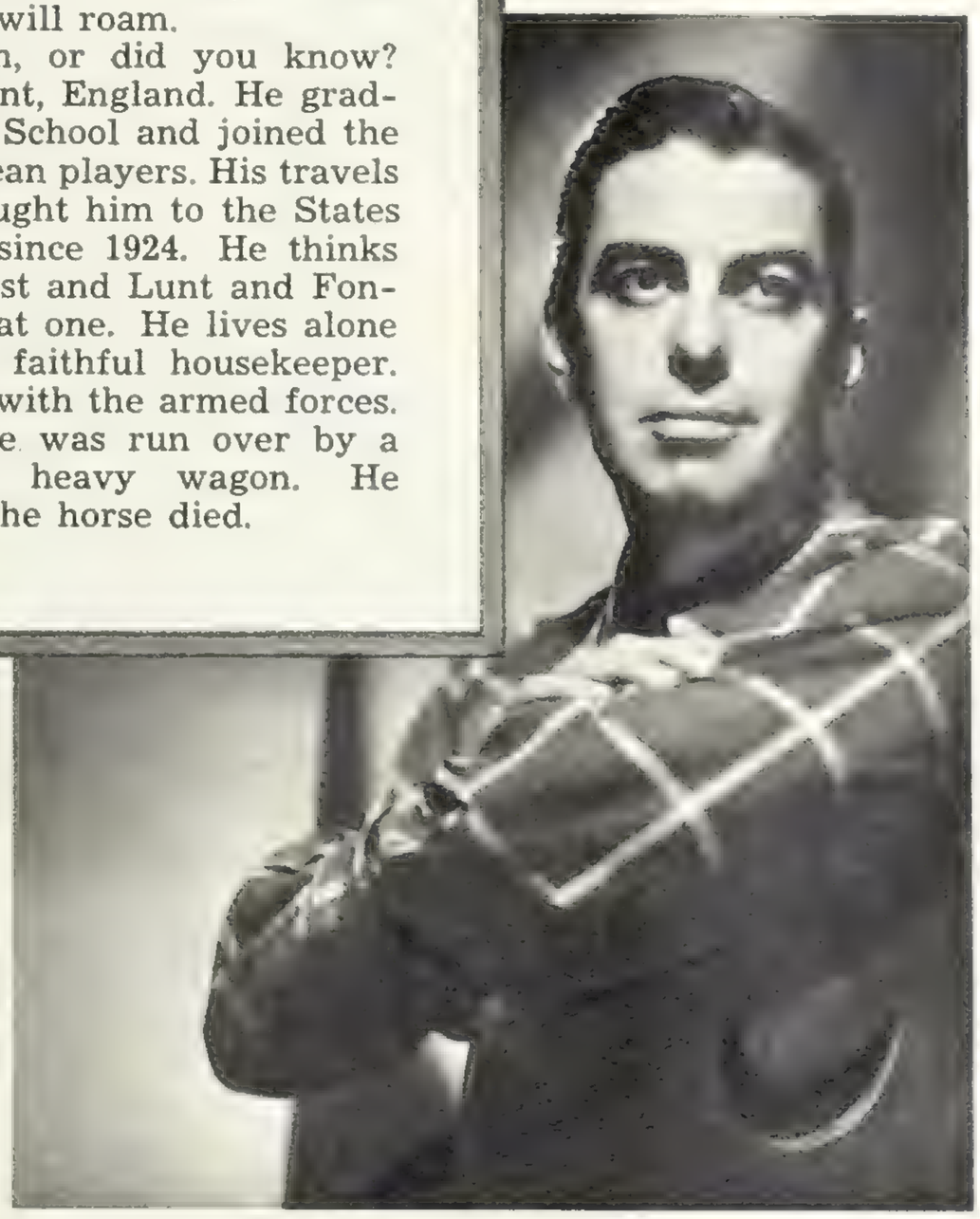
An up-to-the-minute flash about the four people whose names are in the "Something new and different" column of Hollywoodites in the know

BY SARA HAMILTON

Devil with a cherub's face: Hollywood's own "Mr. Five by Five" is one Mr. Sydney Greenstreet, who gives lie to the statement, "Nobody loves a fat man." Audiences adore him. The fact more people knew and recognize him after "The Maltese Falcon" than after forty-one years of stage work has him purring like a kitten. He's news because he's unique; he's different, he's a rare artist.

From the Lunt and Fontanne play "There Shall Be No Night," Warner Brothers enticed all 280 pounds of Mr. Greenstreet to portray General Scott in "They Died With Their Boots On." He remained for "The Maltese Falcon," "Across the Pacific," "Casablanca" and Background To Danger," and claims he ne'er again will roam.

He's an Englishman, or did you know? Born in Sandwich, Kent, England. He graduated from Dave Hill School and joined the Ben Greet Shakespearean players. His travels with them finally brought him to the States where he's remained since 1924. He thinks Bette Davis a fine artist and Lunt and Fontanne think him a great one. He lives alone in Hollywood with a faithful housekeeper. His only son, John, is with the armed forces. Once in New York he was run over by a runaway horse and heavy wagon. He emerged unscathed. The horse died.



A four-squared genius: Something new has been added to Hollywood and that something is a quick, nervous-tempered, brown-eyed brunet, a force called Whorf, who catapulted into pictures via Warner Brothers.

Richard's first effort, "Blues In The Night" was so-so. "Juke Girl" was awful so they gave him the role of Sam Harris in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." But even in that none of his vital charm was given opportunity to seep through. So Richard went over to M-G-M where his role in "Keeper Of The Flame" is a bit further up his alley. But wait till that ability plus those beeg dark eyes find themselves synchronized in the right role. Whewie!

The same Lunt and Fontanne play, "There Shall Be No Night," that boasted Sydney Greenstreet screamed aloud of Richard's talents as actor and set designer.

Born in Winthrop, Massachusetts, he comes from a long line of geniuses. His father was a brilliant painter; brother John, an outstanding artist; brother Ben, a professor of Mayan languages. Richard joined the theatrical company of Henry Jarett in Boston and remained eleven years, acting, writing, designing sets, etc. He married his high-school sweetheart and has three handsome sons, Peter, ten; David, seven, and Christopher, two. They live in Beverly Hills in sublime happiness and slight confusion. You never saw people so happy!



Determination—with dimples: When "The Moon Is Down" flashes on movie screens all over the country, a star will be rising in Dorris Bowdon, the lass who plays the young widow courted by the lonely German. For Dorris (note the double r) is a dimpled beauty who can act. In fact, her work in a college play at the University of Louisiana attracted such notice she was brought to Hollywood for a test and won out over all newcomers.

Southern as spoonbread, Dorris, born two days after Christmas in the small town of Cold Water, Mississippi, has no Southern "you all" accent, but does possess a mind of her own, a quiet poise, a steadfast reserve, a few freckles, an alluringly husky voice and naturally curly hair once chestnut and now blonde. Raw salads (she never met Garbo) are her favorite food. When roles are slow to come her way Miss Bowdon quietly but determinedly calls at producers' offices to ask why. The best role she ever got in this fashion was the life role of Mrs. Nunnally Johnson, producer-writer at Twentieth Century-Fox. After playing the role of *Rosasharon* in "The Grapes Of Wrath" she took time out to become a mother. The baby's name is Christie. The Johnsons call her "Orson" or "Deems" as the mood fits.

The plain black, businesslike typewriter that adorns her feminine and lovely bedroom is the keynote to the life and times of Miss Bowdon. On its keys her small white fingers type out the business notes connected with her household, the itemized accounts and the checks. It seems natural, therefore, that she possess none of the usual theatrical superstitions or phony emotionalism—and on her it's most becoming.

The first syllable of her last name is pronounced like a dog's bark—bow wow. Her first good role was the romantic interest in a *Jones Family* picture. She hopes her greatest role will be a permanent one—the romantic interest in the Johnson family.



Master hand at Hollywood romance: Ronald Colman, now appearing in M-G-M's "Random Harvest." Portrait by Hymie Fink

VERSE and ADVERSE

We now converse
Of stars diverse
Fun to disperse
In words so terse

BY DUGAL O'LIAM



ARCHIBALD LEACH

Like all who venture on this earth
Your pelt was nudely pink at birth
And after you'd been overhauled
With myrrh, they called you Archibald
With many a loving chirp and chant
Till you, wise youth, took Cary Grant.
Then, wooing Thespis, grew in time
Into a rollicking, gifted mime
Beloved of millions, wed to same,
While poets drooled, "What's in a name?"
What heights could you have hoped to reach
Had you remained plain Archie Leach?

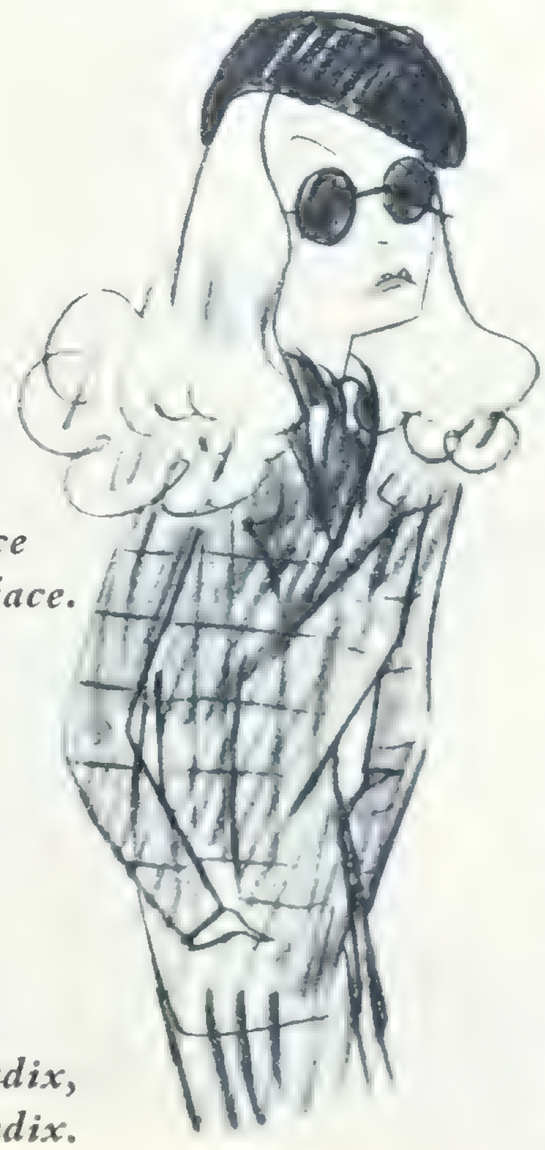


TO WILLIAM BENDIX

I often lie and wonder, Bill, ere Morpheus I embrace
What pixillated architect designed your wondrous face.
Your nose a tortuous pathway wends
Adown your visage till it ends
Above a mouth too small to fit
The features of a wee Tom-Tit.
Bewilderment forever lies
Asmoulder in your questing eyes,
Your forehead's always deeply lined
With frontal hint of woe behind.
I don't dare gaze too often on your features, Mr. Bendix,
Because I fear a rupture of my vermiform appendix.

HANK OF HAIR

A maid named Lake, Veronica,
(A not uncommon monicka,
Though censored in Salonika)
Bethought herself a thought.
Mused she, "A vagrant lock of hair
Left oddly hanging in the air
Around the starboard eye somewhere
Could help a gal a lot."
Perforce, she took one golden strand
(As she had quite naïvely planned)
Concealed one sullen peeper, and
Begat a movie part.
Today, twixt hands of rummy (gin),
She spars with celluloidal sin
And, watching bullion bubbling in . . .
Grows rich: but is it art?





Caricatures by
RONAY

ANONYMITY

This goddess walks among the masses
In flat-heeled brogues and darkened glasses
Encasing her Valkyrian curves
In duds that fray the public nerves.
Upon her regal noggin sits
A hat that almost never fits.
None knows with what sartorial sins
She'll next conceal her shapely shins.
In fact, she looks as if, at most,
She'd gotten here by parcel post,
And yet, were she accoutred betta,
We'd never know that it was Greta.

CHINA

The girl who knew it was her war and the man who figured it wasn't: Jones (Alan Ladd); Carolyn (Loretta Young)

It was for her, the woman, to show him what lay ahead, there in the darkness on that Chinese road

CAST:

Carolyn . . . Loretta Young
Mr. Jones Alan Ladd
Johnny . . . William Bendix
First Brother . . Philip Ahn
Tan Ying . . Jessie Tai Sing

Fiction Version by FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS

A Paramount Picture. Directed by John Farrow. Screen play by Frank Butler. Based on a play by Archibald Forbes. Copyright, 1943, by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

THIS wasn't his war, Jones thought impatiently, as he tried to peer through the windshield into the darkness of the rainswept road ahead. It was a local affair between the Japs and the Chinese—and what did a neutral American care about it so long as both sides kept on buying his neutral oil?

But tonight the inconvenience of it made him furious. Three days to make Shanghai—on a gutted road choked with bomb-driven refugees. And now this baby!

There it was again—the same tiny wail that came from the cab of the truck.

Jones turned in a cold fury to his companion. "I thought I told you to get rid of that brat before we started!"

Johnny Sparrow, looking as abject as his good-natured face and strong, husky physique would allow, pleaded, "Aw, boss, I'm sorry! But I couldn't leave it there beside all those dead bodies—probably the kid's folks among them, too."

He reached back and pulled the little Chinese infant onto his lap.

"Cute little tyke at that, isn't he?"

"Yeah?" said Jones, angrily. "Well, cute or not, you give him back to the next geeny we see. Understand?"

"Have you ever tried to give a baby away, Mr. Jones? Especially in China—hey! Watch *out!*"

From a short distance ahead of them came an appalling detonation. Jones threw his whole weight against the wheel. The truck lurched drunkenly. With a jolting crash it skirted the yawning shell-crater by a hair's breadth, and resumed its way.

"Whew!" gasped Johnny. "Nice work, boss."

Jones grunted and drew a deep breath. In the deadly black of the night it was almost impossible to see a foot ahead. Reaching for a switch, Jones snapped on the powerful searchlight and, swearing under his breath, started to honk his horn furiously. Through the slashing rain, he could barely see the blurred figures of refugees hastening along the road and choking the bridge ahead. Jones made no move to slow down.

Johnny shot him an anxious look. "Better take it easy, Mr. Jones," he said.

Jones made no comment. His already hard, good-looking young face became even harder. The truck headed toward the bridge at an alarming rate, the white glare of the spotlight revealing the terrified faces and scrambling bodies of the refugees as they beheld the oncoming juggernaut.

Johnny could stand it no longer. He leaned over, grabbed the wheel and yanked wildly. The truck skidded in the clay-sticky road and with screeching brakes slid to a stop.

Jones turned toward him savagely. "I ought to beat your brains out for that!" he muttered between his teeth.

"But you'd have killed somebody, boss!" Johnny pleaded.

"Better them than us, you dope," Jones said, shooting him a scorching look. "What do you want to do—sit here and get blown to bits?"

By this time the refugees, like swarms of ants, were fighting each other to climb into the rear of the huge Oklahoma Petroleum truck, swarming along the running boards and onto the canopy. As a bomb burst somewhere too close for comfort, several coolies tried to force their way into the driver's seat. Jones reached back and drove his fist into the nearest face, sending the man sprawling into the road. As others climbed over the prostrate form and onto the seat Jones shouted to Johnny, "Come on! We've got to stop 'em!"

There followed a brief but bloody free-for-all. The two men were no match for the crazed mob, although Jones fought with all the skill and adroitness of his lean, trained body. Just as they were about to be trampled into the mud, there came the roar of a low-flying fighter plane and the rattle of machine guns.

Dishevelled and battered, Johnny and Jones rolled beneath the shelter of the truck. A second later, a stream of tracer bullets ripped along the top of the truck and bodies pitched headlong from the canopy. With screams of terror the mob disappeared into the shadows of the roadside.



She faced him defiantly, mutely pleading for her Chinese girls



"When are you going to kiss Miss Carolyn?" Tan Ying challenged Jones naively. "In American films, the men are either shooting people or kissing girls!"



"Couldn't we talk to him?" asked Carolyn. Johnny shook his head. "Talking Jones into anything's like wrestling a mule!"

As the plane retreated, the two men emerged from under the truck. Suddenly the sound of a girl's voice reached them. They looked at each other, and again at the girl, barely discernible in the gloom.

She was white. But she was addressing the mob calmly and authoritatively in fluent Chinese. Slowly they began to disperse. Pulling himself together, Jones saw that this was the ideal time to get away. He grabbed Johnny's arm, nodded toward the driver's seat. Johnny got in, spied with delight the Chinese baby on the seat, fast asleep and obviously undisturbed by the commotion.

AS Jones was about to step in, the girl's voice, this time in perfect English, called out. "All right there—you in the truck. Come ahead. They won't bother you now. And put out those lights!"

Instead, Jones turned the spotlight full on the girl. He gasped. "Boy, what a target for tonight!" he said—and whistled.

Johnny gasped too, for the girl was a knockout in her cream-colored trenchcoat fastened tightly about her slim waist. Even the mud-covered field boots couldn't hide the dainty curve of her ankles. The rain glistening in her soft hair made her face even whiter.

"Jeez," Johnny muttered, reverently.

Carolyn Brent hopped onto the running board, reached, and under Jones's astonished nose, snapped off the lights.

"Lin Wei! Lin Wei!" she called. "Hop on!"

Lin Wei, a fragile-looking young Chinese with an infectious grin, jumped on the front bumper. Carolyn turned to Jones.

"Get across that bridge," she ordered, briefly.

"Well, I'll be—!" Jones glared at her in astonishment. She glared back undismayed. Abruptly Jones switched on the lights again and started the truck forward, with Carolyn on the running board.

At a point just beyond the bridge, Carolyn turned to Jones and said: "Stop here. Wait for me, I'll be right back."

She jumped down and into the darkness. The silence was broken by the distant sound of bursting bombs. Under cover of the darkness, and hidden from Jones's view, about twenty young Chinese girls were being cautiously pushed by Carolyn into the rear of the truck. Then she jumped in beside Jones, again switched off the lights and glared at Jones.

"Lit up like that, we wouldn't last five minutes," she said, curtly.

"Just the same, babe," snapped Jones, "I'm not driving this road in the dark."

"Nobody asked you to," said Carolyn, patiently. "Move over."

Before Jones could protest, Carolyn slid over and under the wheel.

"Hey, are you sure you know the road?"

"I ought to. The town we just left is where I was born."

"Oh," said Jones. Then: "Who's the guy on the bumper?"

"He's a student from Mei-ki."

"I wouldn't trust those guys—"

"I'm trusting him with our lives," Carolyn said simply.

Properly snubbed, Jones relapsed into a brief silence. At length Johnny Sparrow could contain himself no longer and began pouring forth a welter of words—what Jones always called "drooling at the mouth." Introducing himself and Jones, he thanked Carolyn for helping them out against the crazy mob at the bridge. She shrugged, explained that it was simple. Most of them were from Mei-ki . . . many of them friends of hers, bombed out of their homes. She was now headed for Chungtu, she told them.

Jones whistled. "Chungtu! That's a long stretch! Got relatives there?"

"No, a university. That's where students from the bombed areas are going. I think I can be of help."

Suddenly Lin Wei's torch flashed from the bumper in a wide arc. Carolyn threw her full weight on the wheel and turned it. The truck swerved and lurched violently, just missing a huge bomb crater. Both men drew deep breaths, wiped their foreheads and looked at Carolyn. She was absolutely calm. Johnny gazed at her in admiration. For the second time that night. the wail of a baby came as a shock. This time to Carolyn.

"Did I hear—was that—?" she gasped.

"Say, Miss Brent," said Johnny quickly, "how would you like to have a baby?"

He reached over impulsively and put it in Carolyn's lap.

"Oh, the darling!" Carolyn was entranced. "Here, Mr. Jones. You take the wheel. I want to hold him."

THEY were driving along quietly now. Carolyn, thoroughly exhausted, was asleep between the two men, the baby asleep in her arms. They came to a hill and the truck started acting up.

"The way she's dragging," Jones whispered to Johnny, "you'd think we had a cargo."

"We have," Johnny whispered back. "They're jammed in back there like it was a hayride."

"What! Who?" demanded the startled Jones.

"Poochies," said Johnny, "a whole raft of them. I thought you knew!"

Furiously Jones slammed on the brakes, opened the door and jumped out. He ran to the rear of the truck and peered into the darkness.

"All right—out!" he barked.

There was no answer, no movement. He reached into the truck, grabbed a pair of ankles and jerked a figure over the tailboard, sending it sprawling in the mud. There was still no movement from within. Grabbing a crowbar from a rack, Jones brandished it about.

"Are you coming out or do I have to—?" he braced himself to climb in when, with a rush, the occupants scrambled down the tailboard and into the darkness. They huddled at the dark roadside, clinging together tragically.

Jones was just replacing the crowbar when Carolyn strode over to him.

"What are you doing?" she asked sharply.

"Just cutting down." Jones reached for her arm. "Come on, let's go."

Carolyn jerked her arm free.

"Do you mean to say you're going to leave these people here on the road?"

"Listen," said Jones, exasperated. "Between here and Shanghai there's mountains. I've got barely enough gas to cover it. With (*Continued on page* 67)

Latin and Lethal

—and engaged to the catch of Hollywood, Pierre Aumont. This is why he—and you —can't resist Maria Montez!



BY DENNIS SPRAGUE

UNCLE DAN KELLY, chief of talent at Universal Studios and the oldest casting executive, in point of service, in Hollywood, exhaled with weary satisfaction and slumped down in a projection room chair.

"There," said he, "is the most ambitious woman I've seen in a quarter of a century in Hollywood. Nothing short of hell and high water can keep her from being a star."

Uncle Dan had just sat through an hour and forty minutes of Maria Montez in "Arabian Nights." If he felt that he was exhausted, he should have interviewed the director, cameraman, crew and cast of Universal's technicolor epic. They'd worked two months with the irrepressible senorita.

Whatever Maria's capers on the set might have been, however, the end, as indicated by the reviews of "Arabian Nights," justified the means. The critics, practically in a body, shinned far out onto the end of a professional limb and announced that Uncle Dan definitely had another star on his long credit sheet.

You can get an argument on Senorita Montez in any studio in Hollywood for the asking. At this point she's the great *cause célèbre* of the picture industry. You either like her with a deep, whole-souled liking or you can't take her, with or without a chaser. Hers is a personality that defies indecision. It's all or nothing with her and just now it comes pretty close to being all.

We met the senorita in the Universal commissary. She looked cool as a rationed cucumber, but she was seething, as usual, within.

"Zey try to coo' me out," she hissed. What she intended to say was that somebody had tried to cool her out. Cooling out is a process employed in Hollywood when a player becomes difficult. However, the man who hit upon Senorita Montez to cool out probably picked Landon to win in 1936.

This unhappy attempt had actually occurred several months before, but someone had told her we were interested in the story and she'd spent an hour firing up her indignation boilers.

"White Savage," her latest film, delights the Montez heart because "I kees motch . . . Eet ees loffly."

The explanation of her low boiling point is provided by the Montez, herself, and hence is authentic. It is because, she says, she is accustomed to top-drawer accommodations, having been born thereto as the daughter of a Spanish don. The don was Spanish Consul and Embassy (*Continued on page* 64)

Small person of exotic beauty, common-sense thinking, proven talent, the wife of Sir Alexander Korda, Merle Oberon of Columbia's "Attack By Night"





Flier-philosopher, one of the best amateur pilots on the Coast, engaging husband of Miss Joan Fontaine, Brian Aherne of Columbia's "Attack By Night"

What should a girl

One sure way to find out whether you're kidding yourself about

THESE GALS



Olivia de Havilland: He'll be well "Posted"



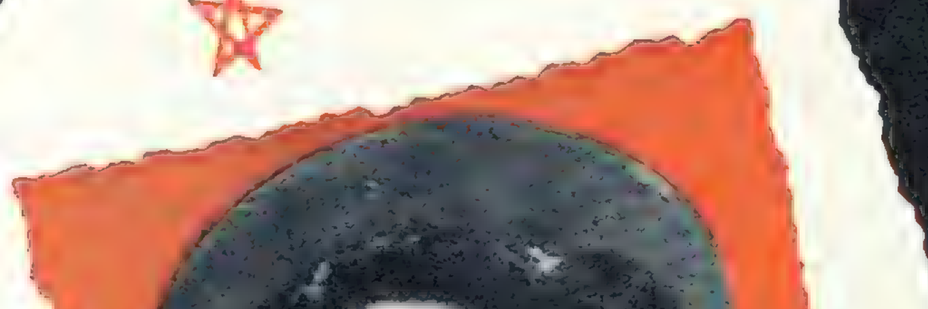
Ann Rutherford: Dave May knew the answer



Gene Tierney: A "tempered" point



Joan Bennett: No wool over her eyes



Merle Oberon: She told you to tell



Lucille Ball: No long face allowed



Michele Morgan: Companion piece

expect from a man?

that man in your life—just measure him up against this Hollywood ruler

SAY THIS

"I want kindness and tact from a man. A girl should always try to look her best, but we all know that every now and then, when we're too busy or too tired, we don't look as attractive as we could. One day I was busily polishing the kitchen floor at home. I had on a pair of old slacks, my hair was skewered on top of my head, I had no make-up on. Suddenly I looked up and saw David May standing there in the door. I tell you I could have sunk through the floor with embarrassment. He just turned to my mother and said, 'Doesn't she look cute like that!' I think I fell in love with him at that moment. We can't be on parade all the time and if he's kind and tactful enough to put you at your ease when you're caught short, then he's the right sort of guy."

Ann Rutherford

"Look for a man who keeps his temper. It still takes two to make an argument and you can't get into a bitter fight when only one of you is angry. One of the reasons Oley and I are so happy is that he keeps his temper when I get mad. I remember that for one date I wore a black, slinky dress I thought was divine. When he came to call for me he didn't mention it at all. He just said, 'What do you say we go bowling tonight?' I said, 'In this dress?' He replied, 'No.' 'So you don't like my dress?' I demanded furiously. He said, 'Well . . .' I was so disappointed that I lost my temper completely. He simply observed calmly, 'You know, when you get mad you look just like a cute little potato.' I had to laugh at that and that made me forget how angry I was. But if Oley had lost his temper when I did it might have broken us up for good."

Gene Tierney

"Courtesy and consideration and sweetness. I also think when a man fails a girl she should tell him; say, 'You must never do that to me because I can't have it, you know.' Girls who ask nothing get nothing!"

Ann Sothern

"A girl should expect a man to be punctilious about manners. I like a man who notices there's something I would like to have and remembers this when a birthday or Christmas comes around. I like men who make occasions of special days. This makes life so much more amusing and intriguing."

Olivia de Havilland

"A woman should demand fidelity! The business of a man's saying, 'I had a little fling on the side, but it doesn't spoil my affection for you' is ridiculous. If his affection is so great, why does he do anything to spoil it for the woman?"

Joan Bennett

"Companionship is the most important thing. If you can have fun with the man you date, no matter what the circumstances, then you will always be happy with him. He should never bore you, no matter where you are or what you are doing. A girl should never be lonely when she's with the right man. When you feel that no matter what life may bring to you, whether it's happiness or sorrow or grief or poverty or wealth, he will be a companion to you through it all and share with you your joys and your sorrows, then I say you should marry him quickly."

Irene Dunne

"That he should never hold a grudge is my first requisite. If, after a quarrel's settled, he doesn't keep harping on it, then he's an okay date. I always want to laugh when I hear any man or woman say, 'We never have a cross word,' because that just doesn't happen. Every couple has differences of opinion and they're happier if they settle them, rather than keep them submerged. But, after a matter is settled, it should be over and forgotten. Desi and I have a pact that we'll never let the day end without settling an argument and forgetting it."

Lucille Ball

Kiss me for luck

They danced—and it was as if their steps belonged together. The girl was smart enough to know that their hearts belonged together, too



By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

The story thus far:

SUCCESS can sometimes be the partner of romance. It can bring two people together—and that is what it had done for Phil, pivot of the pantomiming Jordan Brothers, new finds of Hollywood, and the beautiful—and calculating—Doris Foster. For it was Phil's success that had drawn Doris to him, had made her hope that, through his glory, she might find a longed-for spot in the limelight herself. It can split up two people, too—and that's what it had done to Phil and Betsy Bell, the little singer he had known in his second-rate night-club days but whose name he had almost forgotten, caught as he was in Doris Foster's honey.

But Success can pull tricks, too—and that's what it had done when it suddenly deserted the Jordan Brothers. But first of all, really, they had deserted themselves. For Roy and Chet had become jealous of Phil, there had been discord, a discord that resulted in their picture's failure, the dropping of their option. And Success chose to smile, instead, on Doris Foster, to take her away to stardom, away from Phil, now that her purpose was achieved.

The Jordan Brothers were no more, Chet had walked out to marry an heiress; Roy had decided to carve a solo career for himself. There was no one for Phil to count on—except little Betsy Bell, who looked him up one day; took his hand in hers and said, "I'm in your corner, Phil."

She was there to stand by him, to try to coax him to start out on a career of his own, to make a name for himself alone, as she knew he could. It was no go; Phil had lost his confidence and, with Roy's sudden death, Betsy knew that he had lost his courage, too.

She took him back to her apartment after the funeral. He didn't seem to care where he was, but maybe now that he was completely defenseless, nonresistant, she could convince him that he must go on alone.

To her pleading he said merely, "I'm a flopperoo. There's no reason why I should hustle to get somewhere!"

Her eyes were wide and fearless, her voice clear and soft. She had one card ready—and she was going to use it now. "There is a reason, Phil. Shall I tell you what it is?"

SHE compelled him to meet her gaze and in it he saw why he must go on, why he couldn't give up now. "Betsy!" he cried, as if he were calling from a great distance.

"I'm here, Phil."

He spoke with difficulty. "I'm a heel. I let you down. You ought to do the same by me. Doris didn't mean a thing to me. I thought she did. I let my head be turned. You're the one, Betsy, but I don't expect you to believe me."

"The one for what, Phil?" she whispered.

He sat up sharply, moved close to her and turned her face to the light. "Don't you get any notions about working with me. I'll work with nobody. I've got to be on my own. Why, you little dope!" he cried. "You're the one to work *for*. I've got to do it for you. Maybe this isn't the time to speak—I'm not very happy today. I ought to bring you more happiness than I feel today."

"Oh don't, Phil."

"I love you, Betsy. That's the reason I've got to climb up—" as if he had just discovered it, instead of having it brought to his consciousness. "You believe in me. You always did. I don't know why."

"Because I love you. Isn't that enough?"

"Say that again—and again—"

She repeated it. His lips came down hard on hers. There was a driving, compelling force behind him now, compounded of fear and the determination to make good. Perhaps his love would



Love made her clever, heartbreak made her wise. "Dear God," she prayed, "let him be angry . . ." even as she danced gaily

ILLUSTRATION BY
CARL MUELLER

not be the tender indulgent thing that every girl dreams of. Perhaps hers would have to be more resilient, making no demands, giving, only giving. But she was here in his arms. He was whispering every endearment she longed to hear, promising, apologizing, planning. And when she finally caught her breath and said, "I will marry you, Phil—yes!" she felt that she was repeating her vows before the minister.

But not Phil. He pushed her away rather gruffly and then held her at arm's length. "Not now!"

"Not exactly this minute," Betsy agreed. "It's rather late in the day. But tomorrow morning—"

"No!"

She moved away. "Well, I guess a girl can't do any more than hope," although she knew, before he spoke, what was on his mind.

"I won't marry you until I'm somebody."

"You're somebody to me — Phil Jordan."

"And who's Phil Jordan? The dregs of the Jordan Brothers, that's who. It's no go, Betsy, until I'm on my own feet, not what's left over from the three Jordans. I haven't even got a job."

"You'll have one soon."

Despair washed over him again. "How do I know? Don't you realize I have to start all over—by myself—get new routines—find my own feet and voice? Instead of depending on Chet's feet and Roy's voice?"

"I always manage—to have jobs, Phil."

"No! Do you want me to live on your work? What do you think I am? We'll marry when I can support you. You do understand, Betsy, don't you?"

No woman can withstand that appeal from the man she loves. "I understand, Phil," but she didn't agree with him. She could help him so much if they were married, but again she held her counsel, knowing that things must go his way, at first.

He kissed her hard and long, and then he left.

HE loved her—she had no doubt of that now. She loved him—the turn of his head, his hands with the funny thumb, the confidence he had once had and would have again. He was a man, not a boy. He had carried his brothers, but the point was to *convince him of this.* He would come through now, if only for her sake.

Betsy and Phil slipped easily into a routine of life. Phil had moved to Mama Bosco's boardinghouse and every morning he worked there, practicing new routines. Often he'd appear at Betsy's apartment at noon, with the makings of a lunch, after which he would spend the afternoon rehearsing under her eyes. Other days, she would beat him to it and prepare a lunch in Mama's kitchen.

When she had to go over a few new songs, they didn't meet until late afternoon. Always, however, he took her to the so-called night club, and was waiting for her when she finished. Since they had both lived too long on limited funds to start (*Continued on page* 78)

Play

1—Q: Do you like being a celebrity?

A: Frankly, yes, because I'm a ham.

2—Q: What do you like least and most about it?

A: The most? The build-up it gives me in the eyes of my kids. After they saw "Road To Morocco," for instance, I was a big man around the house for a while. Now I'll have to wait until "Dixie" is released before I rate again. Meantime Abbott and Costello will be their heroes. The least? Always missing the kick-off at football games because autograph hounds tie me up at the stadium gate.

3—Q: Why have you insisted on keeping details of your family life so private and secret from the public?

A: I've never figured it as secrecy. We're just a normal, middle-class American family so there is nothing particularly sensational, interesting or newsworthy about us. Why try to make something out of nothing?

4—Q: Do you enjoy doing love scenes in pictures?

A: I don't mind—if the lady is equally agreeable.

5—What is the least and most you have been paid for singing?

A: I've worked all night for three bucks and played the drums, too, when the band was playing college proms at the University of Gonzaga. On the other hand, one song brought $50,000 not long ago when a gentleman on the Oakland golf course paid that much for a War Bond in

Ham-and-straw pose of Bing, pay-off for refusing to answer No. 13: A picture of him dieting at lunch

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have been asked to write a letter of recommendation for Robert "Ski-Nose" Hope, an ex-employee of mine. I can only say that Mr. Hope has worked for me briefly on several occasions, such as in "My Favorite Blonde" and in some of the "Road" pictures in which we tried to give him a little something to do, and, in the words of the critics who reviewed those efforts, he was "adequate."

I would like to take this occasion to discount some of the rumors which are constantly being circulated about Ski-Nose, including the allegation that he steals candy from babies. In the first place, that was no baby. That was.....well, never mind. And as for other rumors, well, on second thought, maybe they're true.

In any case, I cannot recommend Hope too highly for the job for which he is applying. He and my horses are confident that he possesses all the credentials necessary for a good assistant street-cleaner.

If Ski-Snoot should by any chance not live up to all the fine things I have said about him, I shall be glad to write him my secondary, or class B recommendation.

Yours, in the interest of better relations,

Bing Crosby

Bing blushed and evaded No. 7; gritted his teeth and wrote a letter of recommendation for Bob Hope

Because he wouldn't tell on No. 21, Bing had to release this Fink pose of wife Dixie and himself in a howling moment



TRUTH or CONSEQUENCES

WITH Bing Crosby

Catching the Groaner where it hurts. He has to answer these plain-spoken questions or pay off plenty!

Game Conductor
Kay Proctor

exchange for hearing me warble.

6—Q: How do you fight your tendency towards overweight?

A: By eating a very light dinner, usually only a bowl of soup or a glass of milk.

7—Q: What public request has angered you?

(Bing chose the consequences: Write a character reference for Bob Hope.)

8—Q: Are you a sucker for a hard-luck story?

A: Yes, but I'm learning.

9—Q: How many winning horses have you actually had?

A: I'd say my nags have won at least sixty races—and Bob Hope can find 'em in the records.

10—Q: Whom do you wish you resembled on the screen?

A: In appearance, any reasonably popular star except Hope. In ability, Spencer Tracy.

11—Q: Have you ever yearned to be taller?

A: Sure! Particularly when I'm with a tall leading lady. I'm five nine, but I could do with six feet very nicely.

12—Q: Do you sing in the shower?

A: But good! And the special tile gives me terrific acoustics, I might add.

13—Q: Who, in your opinion, is the most popular man in Hollywood?

A: (Bing chose the consequences: Give us a picture of you doing something you hate to do.)

14: Are you strict with your children?

A: The only time I really crack down is when they tell a lie, deliberately break up property or get fresh. I can't stand fresh kids.

15—Q: Do they ever stump you?

A: I still am unable to explain to Lindsay why I have a sweetheart on the screen and a wife at home. He can't seem to reconcile the idea and always is threatening to "tell Mommy" on me after he sees me in a picture.

16—Q: What is your pet name for Dixie?

A: I don't have one, although some people call her Dix, which she hates. When I want to rib her I call her by her real name of Wilma.

17—Q: Do you ever help around the house?

A: Sure, why not? I'm great at making breakfast, especially French toast, and I do a mean job of raking up leaves and carrying off debris and trash. Anything mechanical, however, stymies me; I can't even fix a safety pin.

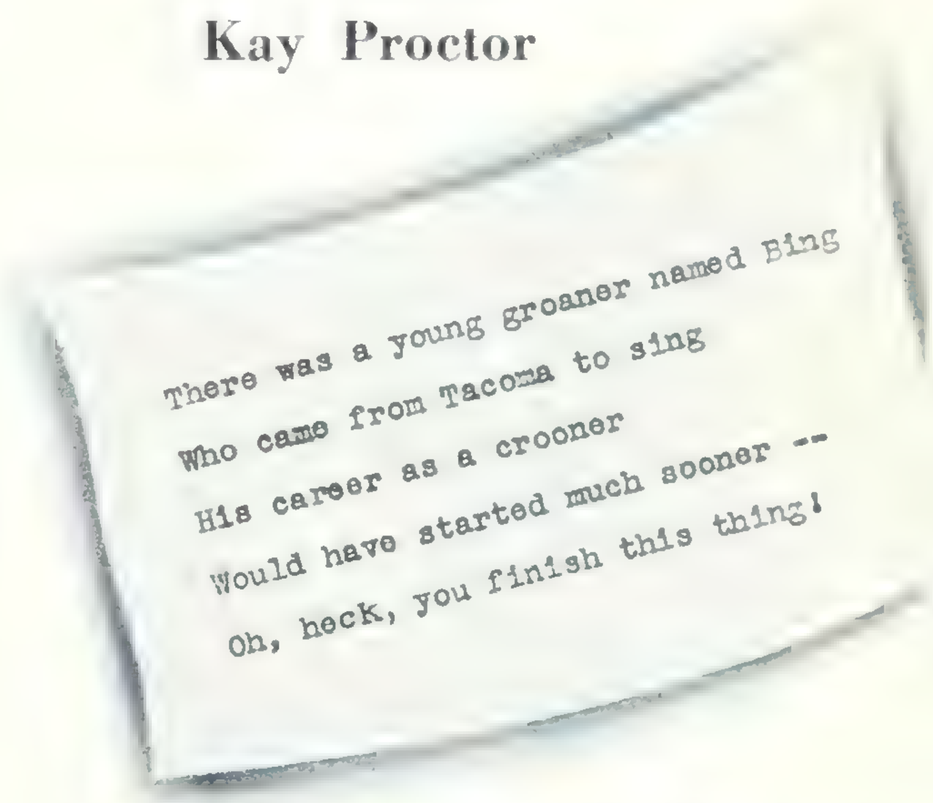
18—Q: What is your favorite midnight snack?

A: Anything and everything I can find in the ice box—if Dixie doesn't catch me!

19—Q: Do you and Dixie have a long-standing argument?

A: Yes, about disciplining the kids. She says I'm too easy on 'em. I don't lick 'em as often as she, but I do a better job of it when a spanking is indicated. Or so I maintain.

(*Continued on page* 50)



Rhyme with reason: Bing wouldn't talk on No. 30; had to write a penalty limerick



Passionate Profile: Provided Dottie Lamour co-operates and there's a mustachioed chaperon, Bing lets himself go as a great lover, penalty on Question 53



20—Q: Do you ever refuse to sing?

A: Yes, when people ask me to stand at the piano and deliver a small concert at informal gatherings. I hate that idea.

21—Q: Who is the most difficult director in Hollywood?

(Bing chose the consequences: Give us an embarrassing picture of yourself.)

22—Q: What is your favorite song?

A: It used to be "Stardust," but "White Christmas" is pushing a close second.

23—Q: What song have you sung publicly which you did not think was suited to your voice?

A: "Ballad For Americans" because it requires more voice than I have.

24—Q: What instrument would you like to play in jam sessions?

A: The drums, because I can play them a little, and no other instrument at all.

25—Q: Do you ever have a desire to lead a band?

A: Of course. Everyone loves to lead a band, although I'm darned if I know why. Ever notice a drunk in a night club? Leading the band invariably is his first idea—and his best one!

26—Q: Why do you wear such loud color combinations?

A: Believe it or not, it's because I'm color-blind. I used to try to work out careful combinations, but I discovered I had less success with them than the haphazard grab method I use now.

27—Q: Do you have a pet extravagance in clothes?

A: I guess sweaters are my phobia. I can't resist a good-looking one, even though I have many more than I need, probably thirty or thirty-five in all. I never give them up and it is the law around the house that no one touches them.

28—Q: Do twins run in your family?

A: My brother Ted fathered twins just before ours were born, but they are the only ones in the family history.

29—Q: What feminine characteristic do you dislike most?

A: Unnecessary argument and talking too much.

30—Q: Who do you think is the most important man in Hollywood?

(Bing chose the consequences: Write a limerick about a "groaner" named Crosby.)

31—Q: What is your philosophy of life?

A: Do all the work you have to do and devote the rest of your time to pleasure because, as you grow older, you lose the precious ability to enjoy things.

32—Q: Do you like yourself as a person?

A: Not very well. I'm too lazy and I don't have the talent I wish I had. I could do with a little more imagination and energy, too.

33—Q: What do you think is your best trait? Your worst?

A: My best trait, I think, is my sense of humor. I'm a soft audience for any comedian. My worst, which I never have admitted but which people say is true nevertheless, is my refusal to make friends easily and to make any effort to be gay company.

34—Q: Aside from the entertainment field, how could you earn a living?

A: To be honest, I'd be in a helluva fix. I'm too lazy to do manual labor and too unaggressive for salesmanship or anything like that. My only chance, perhaps, would be as a hack writer and I'd probably starve at that.

35—Q: Are you really lazy or is it a publicity gag?

A: Let's just say I'm plain tired all the time.

36—Q: Could you be happy now on a small income or salary?

A: Not if I had to circulate in the same company. Otherwise I'm sure I could be perfectly happy on a small ranch or living in a small town under small-town conditions. In other words, I mean money is relatively important to me but luxuries are not.

37—Q: What is your idea of an ideal way to spend a day?

A: Well, it would be at the Del Mar ranch during racing season. Get up at seven a.m., shoot a few quail, have breakfast, take a swim, play eighteen holes of golf, go to the track, have a fair percentage of winning bets, eat a good dinner at home, go listen to a good dance band for a while and call it a day at eleven p.m. Sure, I still say I'm lazy; the above would be doing what I want to do and therefore fun.

38—Q: What do you notice first in a woman?

A: Are you kidding? Her eyes—it says here.

39—Q: Do you rebel against routine?

A: No, it's a swell way to get things done.

40—Q: Which of your own movies is your favorite?

A: "Sing You Sinners"—because I actually got paid for hanging around a race track.

41—Q: What character quality do you think is most essential in a husband?

A: Faithfulness.

42—Q: In what way could your personal life be happier.

A: Only if I didn't have to work. Think of the extra golf I could play!

43—Q: What phase of movie-making irritates you?

A: The endless and inevitable delays. I like to get things over with so I can get out on that golf course.

44—Q: What is your honest opinion of Hollywood as a whole?

A: It's a good place to live and just like any other town except maybe everyone is a little more prone to rib things.

45—Q: What kind of entertaining do you prefer?

A: Casual get-togethers at home where folks drop in and everyone does something toward an impromptu show. It's fun to see the ham in other people as well as yourself.

46—Q: Do you run your home on a budget?

A: We try to—without too much success.

47—Q: When and where were you married?

A: In the sacristy of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood in 1929.

48—Q: Are you good at spinning yarns?

A: I think I'm good. Hope disagrees.

49—Q: What is your best dodge in ducking flat questions?

A: I ask another question.

50—Q: Are you good at remembering names and faces?

A: Faces, but not names. Usually when I get stuck for a name I say, "Are you still down there?" and try to wangle a clue from the answer.

51—Q: Does it embarrass you to be stared at in public?

A: I'm never aware of anyone staring. Usually they holler at me. It's not embarrassing; I like it.

52—Q: Do you lose your temper quickly?

A: I don't have any temper to lose. In fact, I can't remember ever getting really mad. I used to wrap a few golf clubs around trees when I missed a shot, but that's not losing your temper and, besides, I don't do it any more.

53—Q: Do you prefer brains or beauty in a woman?

(Bing chose the consequences: Give us a picture showing the Crosby "great lover" technique.)

54—Q: What do you find it hardest to forgive?

A: Disloyalty.

THE END



Don't breathe this to a soul—

but are we going to have

FUN in the JULY issue!

It's about FIGURES

Ever since ADAM the boys

have had an eye for the

outline of a pretty girl.

And EVE —don't imagine

she's been sleeping all these

years. She likes outlines, too!

SO

we're going to publish some

gorgeous color pictures of

gorgeous Hollywood stars

in—a-ha—bathing suits!

Just WAIT and SEE

our JULY issue!

JUNE DAY-DREAMERS



The younger set will call this "dreamy"; their older sisters will tag it "smart"; everyone will want a piqué, come summer, that isn't just another dress. This is it—a June day-dreamer worn by Deanna Durbin of Universal "Hers To Hold." The solid black top is sophisticated; the handblocked skirt, patterned in black and white stripes and bows, is colorful. Wear it and you'll look the way you want to look in June

June Day-Dreamers



One linen dress for every summer wardrobe; which one shall it be? If a girl's wise, she chooses one as fresh, as feminine, as this natural Irish linen of Deanna Durbin's. It has an appliqué of bright flowers to set it off and tiny pearl buttons fastening the front and one side of the skirt. Dress designed by Marjorie Montgomery

June Day-Dreamers



Sell-out for summer: Monica's Irish rayon tweed suit, brown with a white pin stripe. The piqué vestee and piping are the essential "touch of white"; the suit itself is an inveterate traveler. With it, Deanna wears a beguilingly feminine white fabric Leslie James hat with a brim that casts a shadow of success over every girl's eyes

Made for Marriage

CLOTHES TO MAKE YOU LOOK AS SMART AS A STAR



Be star-smart and gay as a bride should be in this Sanforized printed lawn (left) with green buttons, pleats stitched halfway down, smart green corded belt. Susan Hayward of "Reap The Wild Wind" votes it right into any girl's trousseau as a perfect a. m. to p. m. outfit

In all colors on white. Sizes 12-20. About $6.50

Be star-smart and romantic when your first guests come to call in "First Love," a soft Bemberg sheer with white hearts and locks and miniature white polka dots, a little heart-shaped pocket and collar crisp with white organdy. You'll adore it; he'll adore you in it!

In blue, gold, melon and navy. 9-15. About $7.95





For a list of stores where these fashions are available, please turn to page 88

Be star-smart and happy as the proverbial lark for your first marketing in this trim woven seersucker with its trick pockets, its discreet short sleeves—which make it a bet for days in town. The hat: A white sailor

Dress: In green, blue, brown or red with white. 12-20. About $8. Hat: Black, navy, high colors, light coffee, natural. A Janyth Ray model. 21½-23. About $5.95

'rousseau tip-offs, big hits at little :ost — chosen by star Susan Hayward, vorn by Connecticut reader Bernice Egan



Be star-smart and beautiful on the best day of all in this exquisite marquisette with its romantic skirt, quaint sleeves, lovely ethereal veil. Practical note: The skirt can be cut off later to give you a daytime "best dress," too

In white, pink, aqua, maize, blue; 9-15; 10-16. About $16.95. Veil in white, blue, pink, $6.95.



Be star-smart and just right when you go away in this two-piece suitlike dress of rayon mesh. The half-size is the answer to big girls' prayers! The hat: Off-the-face bonnet

Dress: In luggage, blue, green. 16½-24½. $14.95. Hat: A Janyth Ray in black, grey, navy, pastels, high colors. 21½-23. About $7.75



Be star-smart and up-to-the-minute when you tackle your first batch of dishes in this Sanforized striped pinafore dress that comes, too, in large sizes to make the big girls happy. It has the sanction of the W.P.B. for Victory workers, which, along with its big patch pockets and comfortable wrap-around style, should have you working in the pink

In red, blue or green stripes—sizes 16-44. In red, blue or green flower print — sizes 12-20. About $2.25

PHOTOPLAY'S *Star-Maker Fashions*

Look-Alikes

A Who's Who of stars. Can you tell these pairs apart? If you can, you're better than Hollywood's best



The face that made the biggest beauty mark on Hollywood was that of Hedy Lamarr. Newest contender for her title is up-and-coming Inez Cooper, a "spittin' image" model of the dark-haired Austrian. The one on the left is "sister" Cooper; at the right is Hedy



John Payne's profile pays off in feminine sighs. Now James Craig comes along, has a semblance of resemblance to John, ends up being paired off with Payne. At the right is a single-double, with Craig looking like Payne (far right) and Payne looking like Craig



This doubles match pairs up blonde Marjorie Woodworth, a Hollywood New Face, with the late Jean Harlow. Two to one, you can't tell these two apart. At the far left is Marjorie, 1943 edition of the never-to-be-forgotten blonde Harlow

"If Your Man's in Service

DON'T HAVE WAR DATES!"

That's what the men say! Their spokesman—John Shelton, husband of Kathryn Grayson



Kathryn Grayson, movie star, who prefers to be Mrs. John Shelton: "I'm going wherever John goes for as long as I can!"

In March Photoplay, Ida Lupino advised that "Wives Should Have War Dates!" From camps everywhere letters like the one below poured in. We set out to see how general this male reaction was. Judge for yourself!
—The Editors

Fort Sheridan,
Illinois

Photoplay-Movie Mirror,
New York City, New York

Dear Editor,

Many of us at this post who have been reading the March Photoplay have doubts about the article called "Wives Should Have War Dates." We feel it is going a little too far to interfere with the wives of men who have gone away to fight for their country.

So many homes are broken up by wives going out with other fellows. And now an article like this has been published the wives of service men will be more likely to do that sort of thing. Therefore, we, the service men of Fort Sheridan, feel such a statement should be contradicted and wives be made to feel it is their duty not to go out with other men while their husbands are away fighting to make this a free country for all of us.

Very Respectfully Yours,
Pvt. D. A. Sandora
Private Dale A. Sandora



Officer Candidate Shelton: "Men go to pieces at the thought of another fellow with their girl"

By Roberta Ormiston

"MEN in service get the jitters, even go A.W.O.L. sometimes because wives and sweethearts have war dates," John Shelton said. "In the months I've been in service, since enlisting after Pearl Harbor, I've been at three camps. At every one of those camps the men have thought about, talked about and worried about nothing but the girl back home—how she was getting along, what she was doing. . . .

"In fact," he continued, "I'm wholly satisfied the very first job any girl or woman has today is keeping her man in service happy and content, satisfied at all times that she's one hundred percent loyal and faithful.

"Women are doing swell work in defense plants, in various services, in the Red Cross, in Victory gardens, I know. But all of this is only half of what it is up to them to do for this fight; and the other half and maybe the most important half—although no romantic uniforms and no snappy insignias go with it—is keeping the morale of the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Corps as high as it will be if the men in those services aren't apprehensive about the girls they left behind them."

Officer Candidate John Price (which is Shelton's real name) was looking eloquently at his wife Kathryn Grayson when they were talking in the guest house at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, the Army's largest Signal Corps camp. Across the room three Army wives hailed Kathryn as a comrade, not as a celebrity, the star of Metro's big picture, "Private Miss Jones." In fact only a handful of people at that tremendous post know Kathryn other than as Mrs. John Price. Which isn't at all strange. For that's what she is, above all.

"Johnny," Kathryn said gently, "tell how that boy who was with you at that camp in Missouri went A.W.O.L. because he was so worried about his wife."

"At first," Johnny answered, "that guy began worrying because he wasn't getting letters as often as he thought he should. Then he began calling his home on the telephone—in the evening when she would have been home if everything was on the up and up. No answer. So he went over the hill. And came back finally to spend six months in the guardhouse.

"This happened to have been a case where a wife really had been behaving badly. It was tough on the guy. He began his suit for divorce the same day he stood court-martial. But lots of fellows have a bad time just because their wives or girls go out dancing. Obviously no girl goes dancing alone. Whereupon the imagination of the fellow who is away works overtime.

"Something happens to us in service. We've all the same kind of bug. We don't like civilians any more. It burns us plenty to (*Continued on page* 66)

The Truth about HOLLYWOOD COURTSHIPS

by "Fearless"



Bob Hope's wife Dolores took the first step in their courtship. He said "no"; they ended up married

What Craig Stevens had to do after proposing to Alexis Smith took nerve

THE scene is Kalamazoo. Boy meets girl. Boy likes girl. Girl likes boy. He asks for a date. She says "Yes." In the course of time they marry, have a couple of kids and live happily ever afterwards.

The scene is Hollywood. Boy meets girl. Girl likes boy. Boy likes girl. He, sometimes she, asks for a date. And now the old, but always fascinating, story takes a new twist.

The first time they are seen together in public they will be married off by all the columnists. The first time they kiss, no matter where they are, they will hear a click and see the flash of a photographer. The first time he eyes another woman, or she smiles at another man, they will read all about it with the morning coffee. Every present he buys her, or does not buy her, is broadcast by land and sea. If the girl is more than two years older than the boy, she is called a cradle-snatcher by the editorial writers. If the man is more than ten years senior to the girl he is humiliated by long sermons in the newspapers about how can such a marriage last with nonsubtle hints that she is taking him for his money and position.

This should give you a faint idea why so many Hollywood courtships are nipped in the bud before they can sprout into marriage. Love is a delicate plant at the best of times. It's something you can't rush unless both parties are willing. Roland Young, to give a brief example, was recently smitten by a girl I know. He's a shy old bird, is Roland, with a fear that amounts to a phobia against publicity on his private life. He was falling hard for this girl and she was rehearsing her "Yes" for when he would ask her to marry him. But she made the mistake of dining with him at Chasen's. The next morning their "romance" with interesting details was in the papers—"And I never saw Roland again!" the girl moaned some time afterward.

With all the hazards and pitfalls surrounding a courtship in Hollywood it's surprising that some actually do arrive at the altar. Even the ones that do run the danger of widespread publicity. No details, however intimate, are too sacred for the gossipy set, though, until now, they've been hidden from the general public. For instance, all Hollywood knew—and grinned over—the fact that Charles Boyer's proposal to Pat Paterson took place on a Saturday night. All the fancy jewelry stores were closed until Monday morning. But Charles was in a hurry. He

Debunking the old theory that love in Hollywood is just like love anywhere else. This is the alarming difference



"That's for me!" said Victor Mature when he first spotted Rita Hayworth. Her reaction caused sparks to fly

The way Alice Faye met Phil Harris was intriguing. The way they didn't get together was almost disastrous

couldn't wait until Monday to seal his love with a ring. So they dashed to Hollywood Boulevard and the million-dollar screen lover bought his Pat a dime-store engagement ring.

The columnists saw to it, too, that Hollywood was completely informed about all the facts, pleasant and otherwise, of the Tierney-Cassini courtship. They knew that Gene and Count Oleg Cassini met at a party given by Connie Moore and Johnny Maschio. They sat together and groaned about life in general. Oleg asked Gene for a date so they could do some more groaning. Gene said that would be wonderful. Only they didn't groan any more. From then on it was a case of fifty percent cooing and fifty percent fighting. The battles mostly took place on Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills. One night the argument overlapped into Bedford Drive. Oley was so mad he stopped the car because he couldn't drive, gesticulate and argue at the same time. So they parked. The fight ended with Cassini's proposing to Gene. She accepted him there and then. After their marriage, whenever they got into a fight, they drove through Bedford Drive. This doesn't happen so often nowadays because Oley is stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, and Gene has to make pictures here.

But it will be a long while before Hollywood forgets the quarrels of the couple. Once they got as far as the airport to elope but quarrelled and came back. Another time when Gene was sick through eating sweets, Oley showed up with a huge box of candy. Even when she is well Gene is not exactly mild-tempered. And that time she hit the ceiling! "How could you bring me candy," she screamed. "You know I can't eat candy!" Oley just smiled and said, "Well—why don't you open it?" Glaring wrathfully, Gene opened the box and there, under layers and layers of fancy paper, was her engagement ring!

Here's the truth about Franchot Tone's impetuous courtship of Jean Wallace. They were lunching with a group of men at the swimming pool of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Franchot was scowling and Jean was wondering what was the matter. Suddenly Franchot said, "Boys, I wish you'd sit back, or better still, go to another table. I want to be with the woman of my choice—alone." Which is a very different way of proposing. Nowadays Franchot prefers not to be alone with Jean. Not that he loves her less, but he loves his in-laws more. He says the



Hollywood's still talking about what Franchot Tone said during his courtship of Jean Wallace

big house he bought from Robert Montgomery is too small for two people and he generously invited Jean's mother, sister and brother to live with them.

TWO years ago, Jinx Falkenburg was in New York giving an interview to the boy who wrote the "Only Human" column for the New York *Daily Mirror*. "Miss Falkenburg," asked Tex McCreary, "what do you expect to be doing five years from now?" "I expect," replied Jinx, "to be married, with three children, a swimming pool, a tennis court and a big house." When Tex wrote his piece he added a facetious P.S. "She wants nothing pretentious!" Jinx was furious and when Tex called her for a date six months ago in New York, she accepted merely to bawl him out. When he proposed—soon after—he promised her three children, a swimming pool, a tennis court and a big house! Tex is now with the American fighting forces in England and, unless he returns here soon, Jinx is going here to marry him.

Alice Faye is still so in love with Phil Harris she can hardly see straight. It was cute the way they met. Alice, tired and greasy with make-up after a long day in the studio, went for a bite of dinner to Charlie Foy's restaurant in the Valley. She was alone, but that's what she wanted. Phil, who had just finished a long rehearsal and broadcast, dropped in a little later. He, too, was tired and glad to be alone. They sat opposite each other with an occasional stare. Charlie Foy, table-hopping between them, discovered they did not know each other. He introduced them. They talked about food and Phil raved about what a good cook he had and why didn't Alice come over for dinner some night? Alice said she would. But she's a shy girl and, when the time came, didn't show.

Phil began a barrage of calls and one night Alice came to dine, but the man she fell for was not Harris. She fell for his nine-year-old adopted son. She had to leave Hollywood on a vacation to realize that Phil was her man. She rushed back. During the intense courtship, Alice and Phil visited Charlie Foy's restaurant for sentimental reasons. And had the only spat of their lives!

THE easiest way for boy to meet girl in Hollywood is in a studio. Victor Mature found Rita Hayworth at Twentieth Century-Fox. Tyrone Power was knocked for a loop by pretty Annabella in the same place (in "Suez"). RKO-Radio played cupid for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

It was the first day of shooting on "My Gal Sal." Miss Hayworth in a costume that showed her figure as nature made it flounced past leading man Mature.

Vic stopped in his tracks, whistled and said, "That's for me!" "You're a fresh guy, aren't you?" said Rita in a huff, and for a long while—all right, a few days—confined the love-making strictly to the picture. But you have to be made of ice to resist Vic's real charm when he is out to get his gal. Rita is now crazy about Vic and they plan to marry after her divorce is final and he can get a wedding furlough from the Coast Guard in which he is now gun captain.

The way Lucille Ball got her man should be a lesson on the subject for every girl who is in love with a male who is not sure he wants to marry. During her courtship, Desi was in her Hollywood apartment once and casually mentioned that he'd left a book in his car outside. "I'd better get it," he said lazily (he'd just eaten some of Lucille's cooking and had that pleasant after-lunch sleepiness). Miss Ball was at the door before he could finish his sentence. "You stay where you are, I'll get it," she admonished him, and flew on the wings of love to get the book.

Desi was a little afraid of marriage—thought it might hurt his film career. But he succumbed under the soothing influence of Lucille's constant concern over his slightest need. Lucille, the city girl, Desi, the boy who lived in night clubs, are currently cooing and clucking like a pair of their own poultry on the farm they own in the Valley.

DOLORES READE was singing in a New York night club when Bob Hope strolled in with George Murphy and another man. Bob and George were then working in the hit stage show, "Roberta." The others had to leave and Bob was alone with Dolores at her table. She thought he was just a chorus boy but, being a nice girl, asked him to dance anyway. Bob said "No," which was wise. He is better at conversation. On arriving home Dolores said to her mother, "I've just met the man I'm going to marry. He's only a chorus boy but he's invited me to the next matinee of his show." She went, saw that Bob was not in the chorus but one of the leads. They were married a month later.

This marriage is one of the happiest in Hollywood. And we dare you to kid about Bob's face in her presence, calling him ski-nose, etc. Dolores thinks Bob more than cute. She thinks he's handsome!

Alexis Smith is as modern as they come in Hollywood—or Kalamazoo. But there's a real old-fashioned touch to her betrothal to Craig Stevens. After six months of hectic courtship, Craig asked the always popular question, "Will you marry me?" Alexis said "Yes."

The next day she startled him by saying, "You must ask my father for my hand in marriage." "But you've already said yes," he reminded her. Alexis insisted and Craig finally agreed to turn the clock back to Grandma's day. Tremblingly he approached Alexis's father, asked the same question that he had asked the daughter, received the same reply.

And that's where the old-fashioned aspect of the Smith-Stevens courtship ended. It has a strictly modern view towards each other's friendships for the opposite sex. Craig is now a corporal in the Army and can't see Alexis so much as he'd like to, but there are no jealousies or petty bickerings over the incidents that usually bother engaged couples. Craig didn't even mind when Alexis gave Private Richard Commins a gold identification bracelet inscribed—"With love from Alexis." And Private Commins is an old beau of hers!

THE END



FROM COLLEGE TO WAR INDUSTRY —Phylis tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, summer uniforms for the armed forces. She is one of 6 college girls being trained in a big Textile Company, to replace young men called to the services.

Phylis Gray

Another charming Pond's engaged girl —daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Henry Gray of Great Neck, New York. Her engagement to Ensign Allen Hughes Jones of Chevy Chase, Md., now with the United States Coast Guard Reserve, was announced September 15th.



PHYLIS AND ALLEN ARE SAILING ENTHUSIASTS: Her blue-green eyes are changeable as the sea. Her soft-smooth Pond's complexion has a delicate, rose-fresh beauty.



HER RING is exquisite—a shining solitaire with 3 smaller diamonds deep set each side in the platinum band.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"I GUESS girls all over the country are feeling extra grateful for Pond's these busy days," Phylis says. "A war job certainly doesn't leave you much time for fussy beauty care—so it means a lot to have a luscious, soft-smooth cream like Pond's to help keep your face bright and fresh, and soft-to-touch. It's the *grandest* cleansing and softening cream I know."

Here's how Phylis uses Pond's for soft-smooth cleansing!

She slips Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats—gently, quickly, to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Then—tissues it off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues off again. "It's a joy," Phylis says, "how made-over my face feels!"

Use Pond's as Phylis does—every night, for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll *love* it. And you'll soon see why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt are Pond's users—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream.

At beauty counters everywhere—all sizes popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

BRIEF REVIEWS

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Trio coming up in a triumph: Franchot Tone, Marsha Hunt, Gene Kelly in "Skyway To Glory"

√*AIR FORCE*—Warners: One of the most exciting air pictures ever filmed, with suspense riding with the crew of the *Mary Ann*, an American bomber, from the moment it lifts into the air through the Jap attack at Pearl Harbor to Wake Island and Manila. John Garfield does an excellent job as the head gunner and Gig Young, Jim Brown, George Tobias and the rest of the cast deserve special mention. (April)

√*AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY, THE*—Universal: Deanna Durbin, daughter of a missionary to China, pretends she married Commodore Harry Davenport just before he went down with his torpedoed ship in order to get her eight war orphan companions in the U. S. Soon enough she finds herself in all sorts of difficulties and head over heels in love with Edmond O'Brien, grandson of the late *Commodore*. (April)

√*AMERICAN EMPIRE*—Harry Sherman—U.A.: A Western in the grand manner, with Richard Dix and Preston Foster as partners who establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas. Leo Carrillo is the rustler who steals their cattle until the shoot-it-out sequence that is a piperoo. Frances Gifford is Foster's wife. (Mar.)

√*ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE*—M-G-M: *Andy* has three days left in Carvel before he leaves for college and during that time he gets himself engaged to two girls, gives a rubber check and helps his dad solve a case. Esther Williams is terrific in her swimming scene with Mickey Rooney. Ann Rutherford is back as *Polly*. (Mar.)

APE MAN, THE—Monogram: Another scarey one, with Bela Lugosi as a crackpot scientist who in his experiments turns himself into an ape and then proceeds to trap human beings all over the place. (May)

√*ARABIAN NIGHTS*—Wanger-Universal: Beauty in gorgeous color overshadows story and cast in this fanciful, farcical Arabian nights tale about a Caliph of Bagdad whose brother usurps his throne for the love of dancing girl Maria Montez. But the real Caliph, Jon Hall, moves unknown among her friends, winning her love and regaining his throne. (Mar.)

√*BEHIND PRISON WALLS*—P.R.C.: There's humor, satire and quite an impressive quality to this well-done little gem, with Alan Baxter as the over-idealistic son whose testimony sends his industrialist father, Tully Marshall, to prison. Gertrude Michael is the secretary and Edwin Maxwell the meanie. The direction by Steve Sekely is outstanding. (May)

BEHIND THE 8-BALL—Universal: The Ritz Brothers are back again in this story about a couple of murders in the midst of a summer theater production with the murderers turning out to be spies. Carol Bruce sings and Grace McDonald dances. (Mar.)

√√*CABIN IN THE SKY*—M-G-M: Ethel Waters and Rochester, in company with an all-Negro cast, bring to the screen a classic of Negro folklore. Lena Horne is the temptress trying to lure Rochester from his wife, Miss Waters, and such important entertainers as Rex Ingram, Willie Best, Kenneth Spencer and Louis Armstrong highlight the story. (May)

√√*CHETNIKS!*—20th Century-Fox: A thrilling story right out of the headlines about Jugoslavian guerrilias who refused to be conquered by Hitler. Hiding in the hills, Mihailovitch, Philip Dorn, constantly besieges the Nazi-held town in which his wife and children live, until he recaptures it. (April)

CHINA GIRL—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery, an unbelievably brash, reckless American newsreel cameraman in Mandalay, loses his job, gets involved with Japanese agents Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen, and falls in love with Chinese Gene Tierney. The story is hopelessly incredible, and Miss Tierney has little to do but appear Oriental. (April)

CINDERELLA SWINGS IT—RKO-Radio: *Scattergood Baines*, the homey philosopher played by Guy Kibbee, puts on a U.S.O. show to help Gloria Warren win a place in a New York show, and he even guides her from classical to jive music. Leonid Kinskey plays the music teacher. (April)

√√*COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN*—Columbia: A powerful war document, with a Commando raid highlighting a gripping story realistically told. Paul Muni gives a socko performance as the Norwegian fisherman who first submits to, then actively revolts against, the cruelties of the invading Nazis. With him in the struggle are Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Mar.)

√*CRYSTAL BALL, THE*—Cinema Guild-U.A.: Soothsayer Gladys George helps Paulette Goddard join up with Cecil Kellaway in a shooting gallery. When Paulette sees Ray Milland, who accompanies Virginia Field to the crystal ball gazer, she determines to take him away from her. And does she! William Bendix as Ray's chauffeur is terrific and we foresee a good laugh coming to you. (April)

EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal: When police chief Richard Dix goes after hot car and tire racketeers they threaten to expose the fact that Dix himself has a prison record, so Wendy Barrie, his secretary, and Don Porter, special investigator, foil the crooks and clear Dix of the charges. Lon Chaney is a standout as Dix's faithful chauffeur. (April)

√√*FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM*—RKO-Radio: A fine piece of storytelling about a woman who yearned to be a great flyer and achieved her purpose. Rosalind Russell is sincere and honest in the role so similar to the life role of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray is the brilliant flyer who wins her heart and then walks out on her. Herbert Marshall is the man who teaches her to fly and who wins her promise of marriage. (May)

√√*FOREVER AND A DAY*—RKO-Radio: This is the story of a London house and the generations who lived in it from its beginning in 1804 to an air raid in 1941. The brilliant cast includes Kent Smith, Ruth Warrick, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Ida Lupino, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland and many others. Admission paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town specifies. (April)

√*FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN*—Universal: Lon Chaney, Jr., is the *Wolf Man* released from his grave by robbers. When he seeks a recipe to eternal death he enters the ruins where the *Frankenstein* monster is supposed to have died, but the monster comes to life again and then comes horror. Ilona Massey gets mixed up in the proceedings. It's a chiller-diller, all right. (May)

GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE—Universal: A dual role story again, with Ralph Bellamy an Englishman who looks so much like Bellamy the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and be sent to England as a German spy. All this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious and it's Kaaren Verne, the German's sweetheart, who ruins the setup. (Mar.)

√√*HANGMEN ALSO DIE!*—Arnold Pressburger: Suspense rides high throughout this powerful picture of revenge upon the Czechoslovakians for the death of the German hangman, Heydrich. Brian Donlevy is the real murderer who seeks refuge with Walter Brennan and his family, who became embroiled with the Gestapo, while the underground carefully pins the murder on traitorous Gene Lockhart. (May)

HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR—Paramount: When *Henry*, played as usual by Jimmy Lydon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he meets movie star Frances Gifford, he returns home to find himself a sought-after glamour boy. John Litel is *Henry's* harassed father, Charles Smith is *Dizzy*, and Gail Russell is the town belle. (April)

HI, BUDDY—Universal: When the big fellows march off to war the going gets tough for the Hi Buddy club of East Side kids sponsored by the older boys. But "big brother" Robert Paige makes a hit singing with a girls' orchestra and finally returns to straighten out the club's financial matters. With Marjorie Lord, Harriet Hilliard and Dick Foran. (May)

HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO-Radio: Showing the ruthless Nazi indoctrination of German youth, this takes a German boy, Tim Holt, trained for the Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart,
(*Continued on page 74*)

SHADOW STAGE

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Many expensive luxuries are gone, but the good, basic things remain — richer and more valuable still. The moments we enjoy with intimate friends, the quiet, unhurried hours spent in places we love, these are solid treasures to store in our memory. For millions of Americans their richness is enhanced by another of life's finer things, a glass of friendly SCHLITZ... truly the beverage of moderation... brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Lush, Latin and Lethal

(*Continued from page* 41) Delegate to Santo Domingo on January 6, 1919, when a gilded stork dropped a dimpling daughter down the Embassy chimney.

"Si, si!" exclaimed Don Isadoro Gracia. "Splendiferosa! This shall be my leetle-a Maria Vidal Silas (pronounced See-lahss) y' Gracia. For her the life shall be only abulla pie y' creama."

From babyhood Maria, carrying her numerous names with the courtly grace of the true aristocrat, moved in brilliant circles.

SURROUNDED by splendor, Maria was taught that the small things of life were not for her, the great granddaughter of El Comte Gracia del Aragon. So it was that when she reached Hollywood two years ago, via a diamond-studded route and the Santa Fe, she was interested only in the best. What she got consisted chiefly of a cool spot for her heels, sales talks on private etching collections and Hooverian assurances that prosperity, for good little girls, lay just around the corner in a de luxe motor court.

All this came to pass while she was waiting for an option to be taken up. A talent scout had seen her face on a McClelland Barclay drawing and had ferreted her out. She had been given a three months' optional contract, due to expire at 10 a.m. on an autumn day. The autumn day came and the studio had done nothing. Exactly at 10 a.m., Maria told her lawyer she was proceeding to a rival studio.

Her chief complaint at the rival studio, Universal, was that she was being given inferior parts. However, she rejected no roles, nor did she defy authority. Instead, she confounded one and all by being punctilious and up in her lines. But this was only until the picture was finished. Once she was through with a role, she let down her hair, plucked off her false eyelashes and unloaded.

This explosive quality has, beyond question, established her as a personality to be handled with extreme care. Nobody is maliciously cooling her out now. By and large, she is being left pretty much to her own devices, which are many and frequently weird, but never dull.

SHE is, for example, a devout addict of astrology. She believes implicitly in doing what the stars tell her to do, even in social projects.

Maria's beauty is somewhat eclectic. She can turn it on, or off, at the will of the make-up department. Her coloring is somewhat of a surprise, but is accounted for by the fact that her mother was half Dutch. Senora Gracia was red-haired and fair, with hazel eyes, hence Maria's similar coloring.

The name, Montez, was an inspiration. She had read of the adventures of Lola Montez, that dynamic beauty of history, and decided that what Lola hadn't done to distinguish the good old Iberian name of Montez, she someday would.

Our heroine filed the Montez name in the back of her cunning little noggin and waited for the propitious hour to don it publicly. This came when, after two years of absorbing culture in a convent on the Canary Islands, she decided to run away.

In the course of her subsequent travels she met up with one William Gourley MacFeeters. MacFeeters was handsome, suave, debonair and somewhat elderly. By the time Maria was seventeen and a half years old he had interested her and her family in his large, aquiline bank account and his several plantations. On the day that Maria became exactly seventeen years and six months old, she married MacFeeters with high ceremony.

It wasn't long before life with the forty-year-old MacFeeters grew troublous and two years after the marriage they separated. She obtained a divorce last year, but it is not yet final, international complications having kept it suspended. This state of affairs she regarded as particularly unfortunate since she was by then in love with an Englishman. The beloved was an R.A.F. officer, of course. He could scarcely have been less and have done justice to Maria's idea of the fitness of things.

When he was reported to have been taken prisoner in Germany, certain of the local wiseacres opined that he was probably a figment of the colorful Montez imagination. This statement Maria hotly contended.

However, the two schools of thought have now vanished in thin air with the announcement of her engagement to the fascinating young French actor, Pierre Aumont, new star on the M-G-M horizon in "Assignment In Brittany." The betrothal followed hot on the heels of a meeting at "21" in New York not so long ago. It was there the sparks began to fly. They continued to fly all the way across the continent and after the two arrived in Hollywood.

"I sink," said Maria with becoming modesty, "he has a leetl crush on me."

This time no one can accuse the lady of exaggeration in the face of the recent announcement of their engagement. Wedding plans, however, must of necessity be a little vague at this point since Aumont, who has signed up with the Free French, will make only one more picture before returning to fight with his compatriots.

MARIA owns the most baroque collection of aquamarines and topazes on the West coast and often uses them for personal adornment. A topaz that would resemble the family door of a cocktail bar on anyone else looks exactly like a topaz on Maria, probably because she's accustomed to big things and wears them in a big way.

In dress, she likes white and prefers gowns that are inclinded to be snug around the brisket, a choice approved by the males. Only Hedda Hopper, the columnist, rivals her in the variety of her millinery, although Carmen Miranda frequently contrives a more complicated effect.

No woman in Hollywood, or anywhere else, for that matter, can make the sort of entrances Maria can. It might be said of her that she doesn't enter a room, she raids it. She is credited with having established a new Hollywood night-club record in this specialty when she made five separate and distinct entrances at Ciro's within an elapsed time of fifty-two minutes.

She is extremely good-natured when she isn't being coo-ed out, or suspecting she is, and accepts jibes at her admitted appreciation of public notice in a merry spirit.

One noontime she appeared in the commissary in a black and white ensemble that fairly permeated the premises.

"Where was Mrs. Astor today?" a casual player inquired later of Maria's luncheon escort.

"Mrs. Astor?" The luncheon partner nibbled like a carp.

"Yes," purred the casual player. "I saw you had her horse out."

Maria thought this was very funny and said so. In fact, she said, "I wiss I sink of something fonny like that myself."

MARIA'S progress in pictures was gradual, if noisy. She began her Hollywood career with a small role in "The Invisible Woman," worked the same shift in "Boss Of Bullion City," moved up a bit in lineage in "That Night In Rio" and then showed her medals and other interesting assets in "Moonlight In Hawaii." After this came "Raiders Of The Desert," "Bombay Clipper," "Mystery Of Marie Roget" and a second opportunity to display one of the world's most provocative torsos, "South Of Tahiti."

Then, after this training period, she was finally, in late summer of 1942, pronounced ready for *Scherazade* and "Arabian Nights," with the results mentioned hereintofore.

Although it established her as a star, according to the critics who draw money for knowing about these things, "Arabian Nights" left something to be desired insofar as Maria, personally, not professionally, was concerned. "There wasn't enough loff in it," she says wistfully. "I do not heff enough keesing."

But as to "White Savage," her latest vehicle, "Ziss is motch better," she said. "I kees motch and when I am not keesing, I am slepping somebody. Eet ees loffly."

In closing, we feel obliged to report that Maria is one of nine children. None of the others is like her. This would have been a little too motch.

The End.



Maria Montez, of the fabulous clothes, the fabulous temperament, with her fabulous fiance, Pierre Aumont, the Frenchman who makes all Hollywood ladies' hearts beat faster

something to remember . . .

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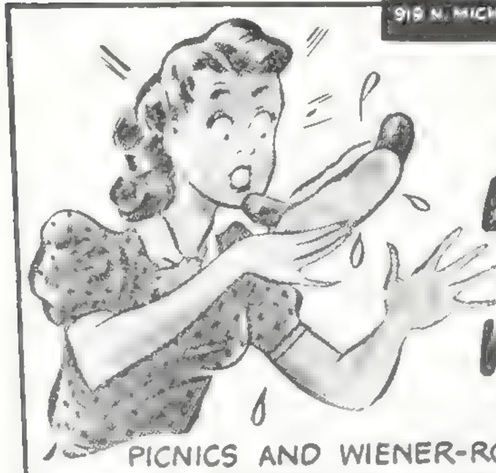
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(*from a letter by* J. W., Olympia, Wash.)

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(*from a letter by* R. S. P., San Jose, Calif.)

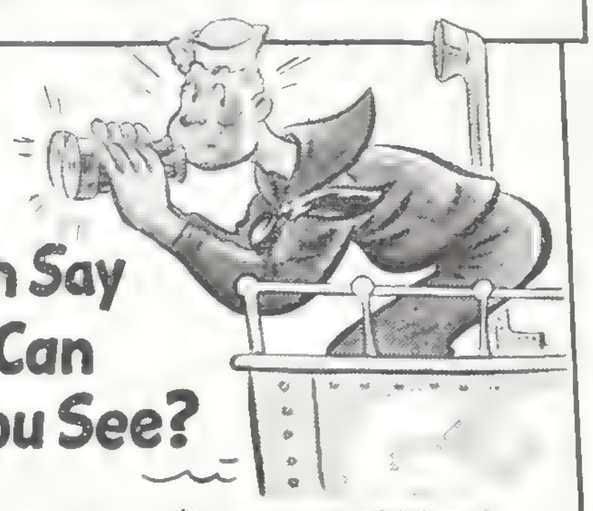
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(*from a letter by* G. J. E., Great Falls, Mont.)



Oh Say Can You See?

ON A SUB IT'S VITAL TO SPOT THE ENEMY FIRST! OUR LOOKOUT SAYS YOU CAN'T BEAT *KLEENEX* TO KEEP BINOCULARS CLEAN AND DRY!

(*from a letter by* M. B. F., U. S. Navy)

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(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

"Don't Have War Dates!"

(*Continued from page* 57) think there still are fellows who have enough time and money to get around and make themselves charming to someone we have the right to be with . . .

"To realize how important home and the woman—mother or sweetheart or wife—who represents home is to any fellow, just visit a service club of an evening," Johnny continued, his hand on Kathryn's. "Here at Monmouth where the telephones are up on a balcony the line waiting for the phones reaches around the balcony and down the stairs. Every conversation you hear is practically the same: 'Hello, Baby, how are you? What have you been doing? Do you still love me?' And you can tell—every time—by the expression on the face pressed to the telephone what the voice on the other end of the wire is saying.

"It's probably okay for some wives and sweethearts to have war dates when their men are away. Some fellows don't mind, I suppose. But the majority do mind, terribly. I know, for instance, that the only thing in the world that ever could make me go A.W.O.L. would be concern about Kathryn."

He looked down at her close beside him, her heart blatant in her strangely beautiful eyes. He pressed her hand. "Since Kathryn's been here I've been much happier, much more content," he said. "Which makes me a better soldier, a better student."

"It's so wonderful to be here—so we can be together as much as possible," she said. "Everything else seems unreal and far away. It's only two months since I gave up our furnished house in Brentwood, had my piano crated for an indefinite stay in a warehouse and packed Johnny's civilian clothes in moth bags for storage. But it seems years ago."

AT FIRST Kathryn lived alone in a house at Asbury Park. Asbury was desolate and lonely, with its lights blacked out since it was discovered they helped submarines spot ships passing out at sea. "You can't stay here alone like this," a Metro emissary who brought her out from New York insisted. She laughed at him. "If I don't mind, why should you?" she asked. And she stayed too. She stayed until John's lieutenant and his wife, who is expecting a baby, urged her to share their little four-room apartment at Deal Beach. Deal, several miles closer to Monmouth, was naturally her choice.

"Our apartment is like every furnished apartment in the world—only worse," Kathryn said laughing. "But we have fun. Under the circumstances, I do the fetching and carrying. The cooking too. Johnny, who's a wonderful cook, taught me. Often I also do the dishes—not because they're my stint but because I rather like doing dishes; it gives you time to think.

"But even if I didn't like to putter around a house it wouldn't matter," she went on, "as long as it meant I could be near Johnny and we could see each other for a few hours every day. I'm going wherever he goes for as long as I can. And if he goes overseas I'll try to find some work on the other side I can do—so I'll be on the same side of the world with him, anyway. Time enough to think about my singing and my career when this is over."

She doesn't swish around in any grand manner. Like dozens of other Army wives on the post she wears sweaters, big enough to afford the approved sloppy look. Between the hours when she can be with Johnny she takes a bus into town to shop or returns to the little apartment she shares with the lieutenant and his wife to do some mending or her laundry and Johnny's socks. Or she works in the service club, helping the hostesses.

"IT isn't curious, certainly," John said. "that men depend so much upon the girl they love—or go to pieces at the thought of another fellow's taking her affection from them. After all, when a guy is in service the chances are he's working pretty hard, even taking plenty of physical punishment. All of which is easy if there's no emotional strain at the same time. It's an emotional strain on top of everything else that makes fellows crack up.

"Naturally," he went on, "homesickness—and there's plenty of it—makes a fellow more emotionally susceptible. The more he thinks about the girl he left behind him the more dear and wonderful she becomes. It's the thoughtful little things, like Kathryn's washing out my socks every day and bringing me cherry pie because it's my special dish and reminding me the time is short to order uniforms, that I'll remember. The little differences of opinion, the little irritations that are bound to occur occasionally in everyday life together are all forgotten by the men in service when they're away from their women. The more we dream about the wife or sweetheart at home the more we feel a need of her. And the more we worry lest someone else take her from us.

"I know," he said, "that it isn't possible for the wives and sweethearts of the millions of men in service to be with them—as Kathryn is with me for these few months. But every last man in service is entitled to know that his girl is waiting—and not going out with anyone else, if that's the way he wants it and if that's the way he's going to continue as the happiest human being and the best soldier!"

The End

Come Wednesday, June 9

—or as close to that day as wartime transportation can get it to you, your July Photoplay-Movie Mirror will arrive. We've had to move our monthly date with you readers to meet Uncle Sam's needs. JUST BE SURE to reserve your copy in advance. We've been going like hot cakes at the stands and, the paper shortage being what it is, we can't promise to meet the full demand. We'd like to know that you are taken care of. So tell your newsdealer— *Now!*

China

(*Continued from page* 40) that load I'd never make it!"

"You haven't any feelings at all!" cried Carolyn. "All right, go on!"

"That's better," smiled Jones. "Now come along."

Carolyn turned her back. "No. I'll take my chance with the others."

The girl's stubbornness stirred Jones into a flash of anger.

"Wake up!" he said. "This is me, Jones, dishing out good, common horse-sense to a screwball dame. For Pete's sake, hop off that pink cloud you're on and let's get out of here!"

Carolyn was adamant.

"Listen, Miss Brent. I'm giving you your last chance! The way you go on, anybody'd think it was *our* war!"

"It is!"

"Listen again, Joan of Arc," Jones said angrily. "My business is selling oil. If the Chinese want it, I sell it to them. If the Japs want it, I sell it to *them*. And if they want to annihilate each other, that's their business!"

Carolyn's voice shook with anger. "You should be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, Mr. Jones. Now, please go."

Jones' good-looking features went hard. He shrugged his shoulders, walked to the front of the truck and said, "C'mon, Johnny, let's get rolling."

AT that moment a vague figure detached itself from the side of the road and fell forward in a faint. Impulsively, Jones rushed to her side with a flashlight. It was a lovely Chinese girl.

Carolyn gasped, "Tan Ying!" She started working over her frantically.

"Why, she's a young girl!" Johnny was saying. Jones looked up. He ran his flashlight along the faces of the group. Huddled together were the twenty girls, some very lovely, all of them frozen and exhausted . . . all of them glaring at him.

"Who are they?" Jones asked Carolyn.

"Some of my students."

"You knew they were in my truck?"

"I put them there," said Carolyn, quietly.

Jones was about to reply when a powerful beam of light flashed along the bend, followed by the roar of a motorcycle. As it approached the truck, they saw it was a Chinese Army dispatch rider. He shouted some words without stopping.

Carolyn's face turned white.

"What's the matter?" asked Jones.

"The Japs have taken Mei-ki. Their patrols are already on the road."

Jones watched as she tenderly helped the ill Chinese girl to her feet. A deep silence enveloped them. Then, out of it, in slightly clipped English: "Mr. Jones, sir!"

Jones turned, stared into the barrel of a Mauser pistol, then into the face of Lin Wei. It was wreathed in smiles.

"Please to get into truck with all the others or you must excuse me if I blow your head off."

Jones saw he meant business. Sheepishly he said, "Well, what are you all waiting for? Let's get going!"

JUST before dawn the truck suddenly skidded to a stop in front of a clumsy Chinese wagon, laden with straw and drawn by two buffaloes. A wheel was missing and the wagon was staggered crossways in the road. Jones, angered by the delay, jumped out and strode over to the two young farmers standing helplessly by.

"All right!" he said to the elder of the two. "Get that thing off the road!"

What's all this about hands?



Seems to me there's been a lot of fuss recently about women's hands. I read about this woman's red hands. Or that woman's rough hands. Or some other woman's ugly hands.

And more often than not the cause of all the trouble turns out to be . . . *soap!*

Somehow, that doesn't make sense. I do all my own housework and my own laundry. And I know *I've* never had any of these hand problems . . . I think American women can have the best soap in the world.

Maybe I'm just lucky.

And sensible. I *always* use Fels-Naptha Soap.

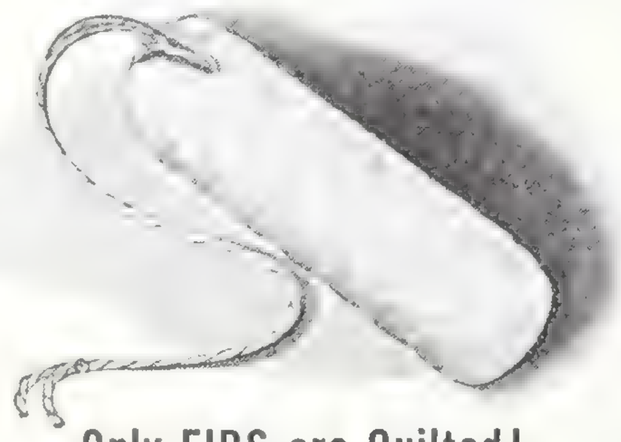


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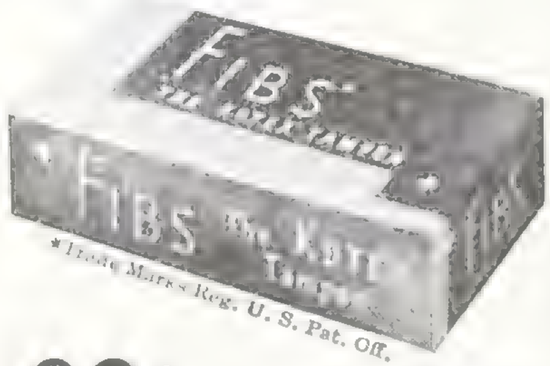


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Lin Cho, tall, lean and steely-eyed, looked Jones over carefully. Then deliberately, he turned to Lin Wei who had come up. "Who is this—gentleman?"

"An American," answered Lin Wei, "who sells oil. Some of our women are riding in his truck."

Lin Cho stared at Jones coldly. "This isn't a good road for you to travel," he said in clipped English.

"Yeah? Why?"

"Ten miles from here Japanese troops are advancing from Shanghai."

"How do you know?" demanded Jones.

"It's my business to know. And there are enemy patrols behind you."

"So what? I've got a pass."

Again Lin Cho gave him a disconcerting stare, as Carolyn joined them.

"You have Chinese girls in your truck," said Lin Cho. "What about them? They have no passes."

"That *my* headache," Jones said shortly. "I'll think of something. . . ."

At that moment a burst of machine-gun fire and the roar of a speeding truck were heard in the distance. Calmly Lin Cho said, "It's the enemy. Go quickly. Do as he says," nodding toward Lin Wei.

They rushed back to the truck. Lin Wei this time stood on the running board. As the truck pulled out, the heads of all the Chinese girls could be seen gazing admiringly after Lin Cho. Especially Tan Ying, a pretty, eager-looking girl of nineteen. She watched his retreating figure as she saw what he was doing. For in his hand he had a bottle filled with liquid. And Tan Ying knew that the bottle, thrown at the proper moment, would completely obliterate the oncoming truck and all its enemy occupants. She knew, also, that "farmers" all through China were doing the same thing to the arrogant Japanese.

Jones leaned out towards Lin Wei. "You know those guys?"

"Yes sir," Lin Wei's face was wreathed in smiles. "They are my first and second brothers."

They heard the remote sound of an explosion and the following clatter of machine-gun fire. Lin Wei beamed more than ever. He knew that meant one less enemy truck.

Suddenly, from inside the truck Jones heard the anguished cry of a baby.

Johnny's face appeared. "Listen, boss. Miss Brent says Donald Duck—"

"Who!"

"The baby. We named him that. Anyway, Miss Brent says he needs milk and Tan Ying's folks have a farm near here—and a cow."

Jones shrugged his shoulders with resignation. "Okay. Where is it?" he said.

THE frightened faces of the old farmer and his wife relaxed as Tan Ying jumped out of the truck. They were still safe! Johnny, Carolyn and Jones got stiffly out. Carolyn held Johnny back. She wanted to speak to him alone. Johnny beamed. Anything for Miss Brent!

"Mr. Sparrow, could you help me persuade Mr. Jones to take us to Chungtu?"

Johnny gave her a startled look. "Gosh, Miss Brent, that's a seven-day hitch! And Miss Brent, Mr. *Jones!*"

"Oh, couldn't we talk him into it?"

"Well, it's like wrestlin' a mule. But if anybody could do it, you could. Get me?"

Carolyn nodded solemnly.

"Yes, Mr. Sparrow. I get you."

While Donald Duck, very much the spoiled darling of the household, was being fed, Carolyn was carefully explaining her plan to Jones and the others. Drawing a small map, Carolyn pointed out how one road led to Shanghai, now occupied by the Japanese. The other, after seven days, would bring them to an old temple in Chungtu, where the girls could carry on their work without danger from Japs or their bombs.

Jones was furious at being put on the spot. He explained he had an appointment in Shanghai. He would take them as far as the fork in the road but Chungtu was definitely *out.*

Carolyn faced him squarely. "Mr. Jones, you have an appointment in Shanghai. How important it is, I don't know. But these girls have an appointment in Chungtu. And their appointment involves the destiny of China . . ." Jones started to interrupt, but Carolyn silenced him. "And their job is to educate millions of Chinese, to teach them how, working together, they can help toward the building of a free China. We've *got* to help them!"

Jones lit a cigarette speculatively. He stared at her, then, inhaling deeply, tossed the burnt match at her feet. Carolyn glared at him and turned away. Well, the devil with them all, he thought. Trying to shame him into being an errand boy for them! He had his own destiny to work out and it had nothing to do with China!

OUTSIDE, near the barn, Jones discovered a pool hidden by several bushes and trees. He brought out his shaving kit, took a quick dip and started to shave behind one of the clumps of bushes. With his sense of well-being definitely improved, he was singing the little song softly to himself when he heard the sound of splashing in the pool and the voices of the Chinese girls commenting on him in distinctly unflattering terms.

Jones stepped deeper into the shrubbery, hoping they wouldn't see him, but Tan Ying spied him and approached shyly.

"Mr. Jones, when are you going to kiss Miss Carolyn?" she asked naïvely.

His face unexpectedly broke into a grin. "Am I supposed to?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered. "In American films, men always shoot people and kiss girls." Her laughter trailed back to him as she ran away.

His eyes were mildly speculative as he closed his shaving kit and started toward the truck. Suddenly he was arrested by sounds of masculine voices in song. Marching toward him was a column of men with rifles and machine guns swung across their shoulders. They were all young, bronzed and tough. Johnny and Carolyn came toward him.

"What kind of an outfit's that?" Jones asked Carolyn.

"Guerrilla fighters."

"They look tough."

"They are," Carolyn said proudly. "What are they singing?"

"Dig ditches, build the roads! Blood and sweat we gladly give. For a China free and strong!"

At the head of the guerrillas was Lin Cho, looking every inch the leader.

After they had passed Jones called out that he was leaving. For Shanghai! Any-

ATTENTION, AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS—*Next Month!*

Don't miss the life of an autograph hound, Virginia Weidler. It's by the author of "The Youngest Profession," Virginia's new picture that's based on the delightful stories published in Photoplay

one who wanted a two-day lift to the fork in the road could come along. "And make it snappy," he added.

Carolyn looked at the girls, at Johnny, at Lin Wei—and shrugged her shoulders. "I guess we'd better go along," she said, quietly.

As they all piled in, there were sudden tears in the eyes of old Tai Shen, the farmer's wife. She had fallen in love with Donald Duck. They were taking her daughter Tan Ying. Couldn't they leave Donald to her and her husband?

Carolyn looked dubious. "Do you think it's safe—with the Japs coming?"

Tai Shen looked astonished. "Who but wild animals would hurt such a small one?" she asked.

Johnny spoke quietly. "Maybe it's better, Miss Brent. If we take Donald, we've got to take the cow."

So it was decided, and among tears and farewells they were off. Jones and Carolyn rode in front, the others in back. As they started climbing the mountainous road, Carolyn leaned back, very tired.

Several hours later she awoke. Reaching for her bag, she examined herself in the mirror.

"Heavens! I look awful!" she cried, as she started applying lipstick.

Jones stared at her.

"*You* using lipstick is like a traffic cop powdering his nose!"

"Oh, is that so!" Carolyn bristled. "Well, now that I think of it, I had a parrot like you once. The most obstinate, stubborn, bad-tempered bird I've ever seen. I tried everything sweet, but to no avail. However, I finally managed to cure him."

"Yeah? How?"

"I wrung his neck!"

Carolyn looked at Jones slyly. He gave her a baleful glance. Suddenly she started to giggle. In spite of himself, Jones did the same, until soon they were laughing uproariously. As Carolyn caught Jones's eye, something in his expression made her turn away quickly. It made her feel warm and tingly inside. A strange feeling, she thought, for someone you—hate.

IN the back of the truck, nineteen girls were trying to reason with Tan Ying. For hours she had been fighting something within herself. Now she was determined to fight it no longer. She was going home! The thought of her aged parents alone with only Donald Duck for companionship and comfort was too much. The girls saw the condition of the farm, didn't they? It was run down for want of strong, young hands. They had no son—only her! She *had* to go back. And the girls weren't to tell Miss Brent. She didn't want her disturbed.

Before anyone could stop her, Tan Ying jumped off the truck. With tears in their eyes, the girls waved until the pathetic picture of Tan walking in the dusty road was out of sight.

Up front Jones was saying, "Well, don't try to recruit *me!* The Japs have always been good business and you can't expect me to hate them for that. Matter of fact, I've got some pretty good Jap friends in Tokyo."

Carolyn just looked at him as Johnny stuck his head through the canvas flap.

"Hey, boss! There's a Jap plane in back of us—down the road a way."

Carolyn cried urgently, "Stop the truck!" And to the occupants in the rear, "Everyone out! Get off the road! Scatter and lie down!" She turned to Jones. "You, too!"

They threw themselves against the available rocks, which seemed to vibrate under the terrific impact of the roaring, screaming plane. They could see the



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pilot's face behind the class-enclosed cockpit as he started cutting loose with the forward machine gun. A cone of lead, its progress marked by a flash of tracer bullets, whipped up the dust of the road into little spirals, cross-stitched the top of the truck, ripping it into ribbons and filling the air with splinters of fabric and woodwork.

JONES'S eyes followed the plane as it thundered down the road. "Why, the dirty buck-toothed son-of-heaven!"

"Probably one of your good friends from Tokyo," remarked Carolyn.

As Jones gave her a wry look, Johnny called out, "Look! He's coming back!"

The plane, its shadow racing ahead of it on the road like a fantastic bird, was heading directly for the truck. Suddenly, from behind a pile of rock near them, they heard the staccato bark of a heavy machine gun. A split-second later, the fighter plane burst into flames; smoke trailed behind it like a black plume.

Jones and the others watched in amazement as the plane dipped into a shallow dive, spinning on its belly and exploding about a hundred yards away from them, lighting up the terrain with its flames. Simultaneously, a group of camouflaged, steel-helmeted men could be seen running toward the wreckage.

Jones followed. In the group of guerrillas was Lin Cho.

"You boys shoot that down?" Jones asked with a grin.

"He did," someone said, pointing to Lin Cho.

"You did all right, brother," Jones grinned, handing him a cigar.

Suddenly Carolyn rushed up. "Mr. Jones, we've got to go back! The girls just told me Tan Ying has gone home. We've got to get her!"

"Well," said Jones. "What's wrong with her going home, if that's what she wants?"

"But you don't understand! The Japs may get there. You don't know what that means!"

"You left the baby there, didn't you?"

"But Tan Ying's a girl—and lovely! Don't you see? We've got to go back!"

"Well, if you think I'm going back every time one of your girls is mislaid, you're crazy!"

Now Johnny Sparrow spoke up. "Boss, with or without your okay, we're going."

Jones whirled. "*You're* going! Like the devil you are. Give me those keys!"

Johnny rushed to the truck and reached the seat just as Jones started in. Johnny spread his palm, pushed it in Jones's face and sent him sprawling. Jones got up and came after him. Johnny hopped out and landed a wild haymaker on Jones's chin. In a second, Jones was back, wading in and slugging cleverly. A left, a right, then a pile-driver punch to the jaw, and Johnny was lying at his feet. Johnny looked up and smiled at Carolyn ruefully.

"What did I tell you? Isn't he terrific?" he asked, rubbing his chin.

Jones looked at him and massaged his knuckles. "I was going anyway," he muttered. "That clip on your chin was for opening your big mouth."

As he got into the driver's seat, Carolyn jumped in.

"Hey, where do you think you're going? You stay here with the girls."

"No," cried Carolyn. "Tan Ying's my responsibility."

Briefly his eyes studied her with unaccustomed warmth. Then he started the motor just as Lin Cho came up to the truck. Handing Jones his machine gun, he said, "You may not need it, but you can always shoot wild geese."

AT THE farm, Tan Ying had wasted not a moment getting to work. Balanced on her shoulders was a long bamboo stick from which buckets of water were suspended at either end. Chang Teh, her father, sat at the barn, milking the cow.

Suddenly the sound of motorcycles brought him to his feet. He watched, with cold numbness, the three young Japanese dismount, unsling their machine guns and come toward him.

Chang Teh forced a smile. The three soldiers smiled in turn. Simultaneously, with a quick, sustained gesture, one of the soldiers detached a hand grenade, jerked out the pin with his teeth and tossed it in a high arc. It entered the barn, rolled beneath the cow and exploded with a deafening roar. There was a geyser of debris, smoke and flame and the heavy straw became ignited, spewing up thick smoke in the morning air.

Chang Teh stared in horror at the brutal devastation. Great tears filled his eyes. He looked toward the fliers with a helpless gesture. Still smiling, one of them squeezed the trigger of his machine gun. There were two quick bursts and Chang Teh fell in a pool of blood and milk.

With mild curiosity, the soldiers noticed old Tai Shen standing in the doorway, too stunned to move. Donald Duck was in her arms. Beside her, petrified with fear, was Tan Ying. . . .



New trick for old tires gets the smiling okay of Joan Crawford and husband Phil Terry. "Recapping," a preservation process, should be done while tires are still not too worn, will give you more mileage, more bravos from the U. S.

AS the truck carrying Carolyn and Jones climbed to the rocky crest of the divide overlooking the valley where Tan Ying lived, they saw black smoke spiraling up in the direction of the farm. Their eyes met in a single unspoken fear. Jones's face tensed as he jammed his foot on the accelerator, rocketing the truck down the tortuous road to the plains below. As they reached the turn-in of the farm house, he cut the ignition.

"I want to go in quietly," he explained, "just in case. . . ."

He hopped out. Carolyn followed.

"Get back in the car."

"No." Carolyn's chin was set. Her eyes blazed. "I'm coming with you."

Jones saw the futility of argument. He shrugged, reached into the cab and pulled out the Mauser pistol. He handed it to her.

"Have you ever handled one of these?"

"Yes."

"Come on, then. And stay close." She obeyed.

With his submachine gun in the crook of his left arm, Jones crept stealthily toward the house. Just ahead of Carolyn, he came upon the sight of the dead farmer. He tried to stop her but she was too quick for him. He saw the horror in her face, but no sign of faltering. Together they approached the doorway. There sprawled across the doorstep were the bodies of Tai Shen and Donald Duck.

Carolyn uttered a soft cry. Jones reached for her arm.

"Steady—steady," he murmured.

Carolyn drew a deep breath.

"I'm all right," she said, between clenched teeth.

FROM the interior came a piercing scream. Carolyn and Jones froze, then dashed in the direction of the sound. Leaning against the wall in the meager living room were the submachine guns of the Jap soldiers. On the table were their steel helmets.

Emerging from an inner room, the three startled monkey-faced men saw Jones and Carolyn. Little treacherous grins of nervousness twisted their lips as Jones poised his machine gun.

"All right—over against the wall!" Jones ordered between his teeth. Carolyn looked at him, wondering, waiting for the answer to some questions she had been asking herself, questions strangely and suddenly important to her. He made a gesture toward the inner room. Tan Ying. Of course, Tan Ying. She ran toward the room, her heart heavy with foreboding.

One of the soldiers spoke: "Please—you English?"

A hard smile froze on Jones's lips: "American," he said.

With evident relief, the Jap grinned, nodded to the others. Their nervous, cackling chuckle filled the silence.

"Then please," said the talkative Jap, "everything all right! Japanese and Americans good friends. Yes?"

"Yeah—sure," said Jones softly. He kept waiting for a sound from the other room. He tried to shake off that feeling of desperate concern, that sense of suddenly being a part of something. It was all tied up very tightly with this Carolyn dame who had somehow suddenly opened a room in him that had been empty for years, maybe all his life. He looked at the little evil eyes of the Japs before him. With a curious smile, a faraway look in his eyes, his finger tightened on the trigger. . . .

A war could never disturb Jones—but a woman could. Especially a woman as daring as Carolyn Brent. For the surprising conclusion of this moving love story
See July Photoplay-Movie Mirror





My Wartime Honeymoon

(*Continued from page* 23) Martha and Mitzi and I played theaters. Sometimes we played "Nissen huts," tin-roofed barracks about eighty feet long in which a small platform served as the stage. Saturdays, supposedly, were our days off. Every week end we returned to the very grand Hotel Savoy and by noon on Saturday our rooms were something to shock the august management. The handkerchiefs we laundered were pasted against mirrors and windowpanes so they would dry smooth and look ironed. Lingerie and stockings hung from shower bars, bedposts and chandeliers.

But after Tommy came into my life, those precious week ends were spent with him every time he could get away.

Then one night when Tommy and I were planning to be married I woke up screaming. It was appendicitis. They did a grand job for me at the hospital. I was there only eleven days, just long enough to miss the tour in Scotland. You can't call quits even for a day over there without missing something. I must say, however, that my days in the hospital served me well. I telephoned everyone with whom I had even a bowing acquaintance and begged for coupons. I needed nine coupons for the wedding dress I had ordered at Hartnell's and seven for my shoes. I got them finally. A boy in Tommy's squadron, about to leave for North Africa, gave me fifteen he had left.

We wanted a double ring ceremony and it wasn't for lack of trying that I didn't get a ring for Tommy. There just wasn't a man's wedding ring to be found anywhere. Tommy was able to get a gold band for me. But it is his signet ring, wound round and round with dental floss so it won't slip off, that I wear as an engagement ring.

We were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption on Warrick Street. I had my lingerie for the something old, my dress and veil and shoes for something new, Mitzi's pearls for something borrowed and Kay tucked a blue ribbon down the front of my dress for something blue.

Our wedding cake was divinely beautiful. But it was a fraud, fashioned of fluted, crimped paper. I had to pull off the paper to cut the plain cake which reposed inside.

Life in England is like that these days—and very good, too.

A DAY or two before Tommy and I were to be married I learned we girls were scheduled to leave for North Africa at five o'clock on my wedding afternoon. But, to prove every cloud does have a silver lining, weather conditions postponed our flight. Tommy and I had two days in London together.

Later, learning it was ceiling zero everywhere around, Tommy rushed down to our embarkation base. Two hours after he arrived we took off. It was then, without saying a word to anyone, that I promised myself I would get back to England before I returned to the U. S. A. some way, somehow.

Everyone who hears how Kay and Martha and Mitzi and I spent weeks together on tour, sharing uncomfortable accommodations, sometimes under the strain of danger, suspects we aren't the friends we were when we started out. They're wrong. Strangely enough, we're even better friends.

We owe this to a system we worked out Once every week we held an open meeting. At this time we agreed to register any complaint or grievance while we could still do it in a friendly way, before rancor or bitterness had raised its destructive head. "What do I do that gets on your nerves?" I asked, opening the first meeting.

Kay, bless her, told me right off—and started all of us being equally truthful. "*If you sing once more as we walk into a place . . .*" she threatened. I hadn't known I was singing under my breath much of the time. But after that I watched myself —plenty!

FOR sweaters and Patricia Morison's advice I'll be forever grateful. It was Pat who suggested sweaters comprise the major part of the fifty-three pounds of luggage, including the weight of the luggage itself, which I was allowed. Patricia, just back from England as we were leaving, said, "The boys are fed up with uniforms, you know. And you can't take anything which needs cleaning or laundry. So, you take —in a word—*sweaters!*"

I wouldn't have made Africa if it hadn't been for the sweaters I took because after our tour of the British Isles my one evening dress was beaten.

The boys were so nuts about evening gowns and silk stockings and perfume—and we had such a limited supply of them —that we saved what we had for our shows.

Africa wasn't any bed of roses, but we hadn't expected it would be. We had no hot water to shampoo our hair, for one thing. I could manage my pompadour well enough, sans shampoo; but my back hair I tucked into a snood. Above

all, we tried to look pretty as possible for the boys. And there never was a moment when we weren't glad we had gone.

The boys at the African front need entertainment badly. There are no cafes or dancing places, few movies, theaters are tabu because of the danger of disease and all service men are obliged to be off the streets when the curfew sounds. At the sight of Kay, Mitzi, Martha and me riding in a jeep the boys—they didn't know we were coming to Africa—stood open-mouthed. They couldn't believe they were seeing women with white faces wearing civilian clothes.

ALWAYS, of course, I was thinking of Tommy. Always I was pleading with the authorities to permit me to return to England for a week or two when the tour was over.

While I was in Africa Tommy and I were not able to communicate with each other in any way. I did write him once or twice and he wrote to our California address. But telephones and cables weren't available.

Because of Tommy I had a more personal interest in the boys—their morale—the conditions under which they lived. And there's one score on which I want to reassure everyone. Our boys in Africa are being well fed. I saw them devouring butter and peanut butter and jams. They deserve these "extras" and more.

The boys like romantic songs of five to eight years ago. "White Christmas," too, is a great favorite and when they want anything they let you know it a thousand voices strong. "Take It Off," really "Strip Poker," is another song they adore. And in a fox-hole one night in Africa we all did rather well with "A Long Way to Tipperary."

"What," everyone asks, "is the outstanding impression you have about our boys over there?" The answer is easy. None of the boys would come home before it's over if he were given the chance, irrespective of how much he misses those he loves back here. At a hospital in England I talked to an American who had had half of his nose shot away. He was frantic because he was being ordered back home for plastic surgery. "Time enough to patch up faces when this thing is over," he protested. And that's the way they all feel.

At last the word I'd been pleading for came—I could have two weeks in England before returning to the United States. I've never seen anything more beautiful than the plane which took me to England and Tommy. As it stood there on the field it seemed like some wonderful bird in some wonderful fairy story.

The instant I stepped out on English soil I telephoned Tommy, of course. I ran for the telephones the way the African natives run for the shelters when the air raid blows. You can't run faster than that. Tommy was out flying—somewhere up in the wild blue yonder—but I left word for him to call me at the Savoy and started up to London.

"How did you ever manage to get back?" he asked over and over when he came to the hotel that night. "I didn't even dare dream you might make it."

"The authorities in North Africa are in a state of collapse," I told him. "They would have moved heaven and earth to get rid of me after the barrage of arguing and pleading I let loose. . . ."

That night we went dancing at the 400 Club. Much of the time, however, we just sat across the little lamp-lit table staring at each other.

In fragments we did manage to talk practically and decide I must move out to a little guest house near Tommy's base. He would be busy, of course, but this way we could be together those nights he wasn't working.

It was a sweet place. I loved our little room. And I think during the two weeks we lived there we struck down roots that will hold us fast whatever the years may bring. They weren't any ordinary two weeks. I always kissed Tommy good-by believing he would be safe but aware he might not be. At first when he was flying I tried to count the planes as they went out and as they came back. I never became very adept at this, however, and after a few days abandoned the practice. It seemed sheer wicked waste to shadow our happiness with unnecessary fears.

SOMETIMES Tommy got off early and we took the tube into London—went to a movie, had tea in an ABC shop, or walked in Hyde Park. It's thrilling to be in love in London. You feel part of a great human river flowing through the years. . . .

At other times Tommy and I would walk through the blacked-out country around his airbase to a little "pub" and talk and talk, bridging the rest of the war and planning how we would live and what we would do finally back home in Southern California.

Our two weeks together went swiftly, as swiftly as time always goes when you're terribly happy.

"The next plane I shoot down will be for you," Tommy told me when I was leaving and once again we were saying good-by.

But wait till you see me with my Tommy—when the boys come flying home!

The End.



TERESA WRIGHT, *Samuel Goldwyn star, and* JOSEPH COTTON, *both starring in* "SHADOW OF A DOUBT," *a Universal Production.*

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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 62*)

Bonita Granville, and carries them through the conflict of New Order versus human decency. Both Tim and Bonita give good account of themselves in the tragic business. (Mar.)

HI YA, CHUM—Universal: Trekking westward is a merry little party of small-time vaudevillians, the Ritz Brothers and a sister team, Jane Frazee and June Clyde. The girls keep on helping the Ritz fits out of the trouble they always get into. Robert Paige is the romantic lead. (May)

HOW'S ABOUT IT—Universal: The Andrews sisters play elevator operators who yearn to be heard before an audience—and need we say all their yearns come true? Another little plot involving a suit against songwriter Robert Paige by Grace McDonald wanders around among the Andrews. Buddy Rich's band plays sweet music and Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary. (May)

✓✓*HUMAN COMEDY, THE*—M-G-M: One of the finest human documents ever to appear on the screen is this picture showing the effects of war on a small-town community. Mickey Rooney takes on the job of night telegraph boy to help his family when his older brother, Van Johnson, is called to arms. John Craven, James Craig, Jack Jenkins, Frank Morgan and the whole cast do wonderful work. (May)

✓*ICE CAPADES REVUE*—Republic: Thrills on ice, with Ellen Drew a farm girl who inherits her uncle's ice show and starts injecting new life into the performances. Several of the skating numbers are terrific. Richard Denning is the romantic lead, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense, and skaters Vera Hruba, Mergan Taylor, Jackson and Lyman and Phil Taylor provide the thrills. (Mar.)

✓*IDAHO*—Republic: We think you'll enjoy this Western about a reformed judge who is framed because he tries to rid his community of vice and gambling. Ona Munson runs the gambling house, and Roy Rogers is the hero who is engaged to Virginia Grey, the judge's daughter, and foils villains Dick Purcell and Arthur Hohl in fine style. Smiley Burnette provides the comic relief. (May)

✓✓*IMMORTAL SERGEANT, THE*—20th Century-Fox: The quiet heroism of a group of British soldiers lost in the Libyan desert is beautifully told in this heart-piercing story with Henry Fonda as the bewildered shy young corporal who upon the death of his hard-bitten sergeant, Thomas Mitchell, leads the remnant of his little band back to safety after a triumphant victory. (April)

✓✓*IN WHICH WE SERVE*—U.A.: Noel Coward wrote, produced, directed and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. It tells the story of a British destroyer from its inception to its final death struggle at the hands of a Nazi sub. Clinging to a life raft the half-dead survivors remember their homes and the events that made up their lives. It's pure artistry. (Mar.)

✓*IT COMES UP LOVE*—Universal: Donald O'Connor starts squarely on the road to stardom as the young hep-catter who refuses to be taken in by debbie Gloria Jean, but in order to please his aunt, Louise Allbritton, he agrees to see Gloria—and it comes up love. Both Miss Allbritton and Frieda Inescort are out to land Ian Hunter, Gloria's father. (May)

✓*JOHNNY DOUGHBOY*—Republic: Jane Withers plays a dual role in this—a movie star tired of being cast as a child on the screen and a youngster who has won a contest as her double. When such former kid stars as Bobby Breen, Spanky McFarland and Cora Sue Collins yearn to put on a Junior Victory Caravan, they appeal to Jane to help. Patrick Brook is a juvenile worth watching. (April)

✓*KEEPER OF THE FLAME*—M-G-M: When reporter Spencer Tracy tries to write the life of a dead national hero, he finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man's widow, Katharine Hepburn. His investigations lead him to a startling discovery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case. The first part of the picture is very good, but the rest is heavy-handed. (April)

KID DYNAMITE—Monogram: The Dead End kids are here again, with Leo Gorcey playing the bully and Bobby Jordan the kid who eventually turns on Gorcey and beats him up. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall are all over the place and Pamela Blake and Benny Bartlett are mixed up in it, too. (April)

LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY—Columbia: Isobel Elsom is a silly social-minded matron who tries to marry off her son to the daughter of a millionaire and hires twelve guests, among them Bert Gordon and Jinx Falkenburg as phony Russians, to impress her victims. Jinx registers strongly and Douglass Drake does some good work. (April)

MADAM SPY—Universal: A silly, ridiculous story, this one, with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Don Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. She isn't, of course, but a lot of time and film are wasted on the whole thing before Don catches on. (Mar.)

✓*MARGIN FOR ERROR*—20th Century-Fox: Otto Preminger is magnificent as the loathsome German pre war consul-general to this country, and Milton Berle is excellent as the Jewish policeman assigned to guard him. Through Berle, Carl Esmond, the German's secretary, and Poldy Dur, the maid, become imbued with Americanism. Joan Bennett is good as the German's wife who is suspected of his murder (April)

✓*MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE*—20th Century-Fox: In this shorter than usual movie, Jack Benny and his ever-faithful Rochester reap several healthy chuckles. Benny is a small-town lawyer in love with Priscilla Lane and honest to the point of starvation. When Rochester hits on the idea of publicizing Benny as the meanest man in the world, success promptly hits him on the head. (April)

✓✓*MOON IS DOWN, THE*—20th Century-Fox: About the Nazi invasion of a small Norwegian town, this is grippingly real and beautifully acted by Henry Travers as the mayor, Lee J. Cobb as the village doctor, and Dorris Bowdon. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the Nazi commander and Peter Van Eyck the Nazi lieutenant who succumbs to loneliness. (May)

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Republic: The Weaver Brothers take a long-promised vacation to California and then forego the restful life to recruit the student body of a snooty boys' school to help harvest the land of a departed Jap. (Mar.)

MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR, THE—Warners: John Loder, an Englishman loyal to his German ancestors, is the instigator of all kinds of trouble. Eleanor Parker and Bruce Lester, a young Army officer intent on reopening a mine, are the romantic leads. (May)

NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: Loretta Young and Brian Aherne are a young married couple who move into an aparment building that houses all the victims of one blackmailer. Of course someone has to get murdered and the place is full of strange characters wandering around mysteriously. (Mar.)

✓*NO TIME FOR LOVE*—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is a high-powered magazine photographer who photographs sand hog Fred MacMurray and then can't get him out of her mind. When her pictures cause him to lose his job, she hires him as her assistant. The story tries very hard to be very funny but is only fairly so. (April)

✓*OUTLAW, THE*—Howard Hughes: After two years Jane Russell and Jack Beutel finally make their screen appearance in this story of *Billy the Kid*, with Miss Russell disappointing and Beutel showing great promise. Despite its many ludicrous moments, it holds attention. Thomas Mitchell is the sheriff and Walter Huston *Billy's* bad-man friend. (May)

✓*PITTSBURGH*—Universal: John Wayne, an ambitious coal miner, goes overboard in arrogance, deserts Marlene Dietrich for social Louise Allbritton and finally meets his come-uppance in defense work. Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl. It's all as familiar as an old shoe. (Mar.)

✓*POWERS GIRL, THE*—Charles Rogers-U.A.: A good little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carole Landis as sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. For the story, there's the timeworn theme of the big sister who wants a career more than anything and the meek little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy. (Mar.)

QUIET PLEASE, MURDER—20th Century-Fox: George Sanders is a thief of rare editions which he reprints and has sold by his aide, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft and when German agents enter the picture complications and more murders occur. (April)

RHYTHM PARADE—Monogram: All about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room, which stirs up a terrific hornet's nest. Ted Fiorita's orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowry and the Mills Brothers head the cast. (Mar.)

SECRETS OF THE UNDERGROUND—Republic: John Hubbard, district attorney, and his girl friend, Virginia Grey, find a corpse in a trunk, which almost leads to Virginia's death. As if this weren't enough, Nazi agents forge War Stamps and the women's auxiliary defense corps jump in and helps clean up the Nazis. (May)

✓✓*SHADOW OF A DOUBT*—Universal: Under the brilliant direction of Alfred Hitchcock this becomes a masterpiece of suspense. Between Teresa Wright and her uncle, Joseph Cotten, there exists a warm bond until slowly suspicion that he is a murderer creeps into her mind. Both give wonderful performances, as does MacDonald Carey. (April)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON—Universal: In this episode, the famous sleuth, played by Basil Rathbone, and his faithful friend *Doctor Watson*, Nigel Bruce, block Nazi agents in their attempt to steal the four separate parts that make up a secret British bombsight. Lionel Atwill, as usual, plays the enemy. (April)

SILENT WITNESS—Monogram: Frank Albertson, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market, is in love with Maris Wrixon, a beautiful investigator for the District Attorney. But no sooner does Frank reform than he is accused of murdering the D.A. Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear him, a police dog steps in and exposes the killer. (Mar.)

✓*SILVER SKATES*—Monogram: One of the best skating revues yet produced. The work of ice star Belita is show-stopping and the clowning of Frick and Frack on ice is a riot. Kenny Baker sings engagingly, and Patricia Morison as his real heart and owner of the show is so good. (April)

✓*SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT*—Columbia: Janet Blair comes to the fore with a neat, provocative performance as the young songwriter who gets shoved into the star spot of a show angeled by gay divorcee Cobina Wright Jr. Don Ameche is the press agent, Jack Oakie an old vaudeville star, and William Gaxton the show's producer. It's gay. (May)

✓✓*SPIRIT OF '43, THE*—Disney: This Donald Duck short subject was produced especially for the Treasury Deparment and has Donald working in a defense factory and torn between spending his money and putting it away for income taxes. Fascinating submarines, tanks, planes and battleships parade across the screen. (April)

✓✓*STAND BY FOR ACTION*—M-G-M: Good war stuff, about how four men take over a destroyer. At sea they pick up a cargo of babies afloat in a lifeboat and eventually meet with a Jap battleship. The men are Charles Laughton, Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy and Walter Brennan. (Mar.)

✓✓*STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM*—Paramount: All the Paramount stars are in this lavish musical—Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, etc. It tells how a telephone operator at the studio, Betty Hutton, in love with sailor Eddie Bracken, gets Victor Moore to pretend he's an executive when Eddie and his shipmates visit Hollywood. Fun. (Mar.)

✓*STRANGER IN TOWN, A*—M-G-M: Frank Morgan is a Supreme Court Justice who goes on a vacation and meets local attorney Richard Carlson, who's running for Mayor. Through Morgan's advice Carlson eventually ousts the crooked opposing party. Porter Hall is the small-town judge and Jean Rogers the very pretty girl in the case. (May)

TARZAN TRIUMPHS—RKO-Radio: *Tarzan* (still Johnny Weissmuller) puts on a one-man blitz when the Nazis attempt to overrun his domain. Frances Gifford, princess of a lost civilization, provides the feminine interest. Johnny Sheffield is *Tarzan's* son (May)

✓*THEY GOT ME COVERED*—Goldwyn-RKO: Bob Hope is the none too bright foreign correspondent brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. When he goes to visit his girl, Dorothy Lamour, in Washington, he becomes embroiled in a spy ring, a phony wedding and honeymoon with Marian Martin and a beauty parlor mix-up. Newcomer Lenore Aubert scores heavily. Plenty of fun. (April)

✓*THREE HEARTS FOR JULIA*—M-G-M: Ann Sothern is a member of an all-girl orchestra who resents the absences of her foreign correspondent husband, Melvyn Douglas, so Lee Bowman and Richard Ainley, both in love with Ann, persuade her to divorce Douglas, who has his own ideas on the subject. (April)

TRAITOR WITHIN, THE—Republic: Don Barry is a truck driver whose wife, Jean Parker, is jealous of the heroism accredited to the town mayor, Ralph Bellamy. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars. (Mar.)

TRUCK BUSTERS—Warners: All about the battle between independent and organized trucksters, with Richard Travis resisting the efforts of Don Costello and his mob of organized racketeers to run him out of business. Don't waste your time. (April)

✓*TWO WEEKS TO LIVE*—RKO-Radio: When *Abner*, played by Norris Goff, is erroneously told he has but two weeks to live, his partner, *Lum*, played by Chester Lauck, decides to rent him out for hazardous ventures. Rocket ships to Mars, bombs in a violin case and Nazi plots befall *Lum* before he finds the doctor has committed an error. (May)

✓*WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME*—Universal: Allan Jones, as the soldier hero who secretly rejoins old friends to avoid Marla Shelton and gets accused of being O.W.O.L., does some of his best work in this very good little musical. Jane Frazee is the singer, Evelyn and her magic violin score a solid hit, but young Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan all but steal the show. (Mar.)

✓*YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER*—Columbia: Romance in rhythm, with Fred Astaire an American dancer in South America. He meets Rita Hayworth, who thinks he's in love with her and falls in love with him, but Fred wants only to dance in her father's night club. The two stars' dancing numbers are marvelous, Adolphe Menjou is very good; so is Xavier Cugat's orchestra. (Mar.)

YOUNG AND WILLING—U.A.: A group of penniless boys and girls, ambitious to be stage stars, share an apartment in order to exist. Unbeknown to playwright Robert Benchley they dig up one of his old plays and put it on. William Holden, Eddie Bracken, Susan Hayward and the others shouldn't be wasted on such trivia. (May)

✓✓*YOUNGEST PROFESSION, THE*—M-G-M: Laugh and enjoy yourself over this story of autograph hounds, with Virginia Weidler, president of a fan club, seeking autographs at all costs. Edward Arnold plays her long-suffering father and the guest stars who are very neatly placed in the story are Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson, William Powell, Robert Taylor and Lana Turner. (May)



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Ten Knights in My Hollywood Date Book

(*Continued from page* 21) Whitneys make a fuss over him. He won't make any scintillating quips that you'll hurry to write down in your memory book, but he'll dance expertly if not spectacularly, light your cigarettes for you and stand up quickly when anybody comes over to the table to say hello. If you like champagne, he's the boy who'll buy it for you.

You'll get no hot foots from Randy—just a good wholesome evening of relaxation on the slightly social side.

Milton Berle: If you love laughs, you'll love this Knight and, if you laugh long enough, he'll love you. You'll be a one-woman preview audience for all the gags he's trying to whip into shape for his next radio broadcast or benefit. He'll kid with the waiter, anticipate the comedian's punch lines when the floor show is on and keep you in stitches with his switches.

Of course, don't think you and Milton will be alone on this party. A date with him inevitably includes his seven script writers and possibly Ma Berle for sound effects. "A funny thing happened to me today," Milton will remark—and one of the gag men will quickly think up what it was that happened. "I've got a hotel room that's so small—" he'll begin and instantly the scripter in charge of small hotel room gags will supply that one.

The bubbly Berle won't drink anything stronger than bottled water, but it will affect him like a gallon of Chablis. Even on the dance floor, he'll clown with the bandleader or any ringsider who happens to be looking. Back at the table, he'll take out a deck of cards and do tricks to mystify you.

He'll squire you everywhere—from the big cafes with floor shows to all the swank spots with celebrity patronage. And you'll discover that there's one comedian in the world who doesn't want to play Hamlet or direct the Second Front, and hasn't got a broken heart. All Milton wants is to play Berle.

Jon Hall: You might think that before an evening with Jon, a girl ought to spend a few hours at the YWCA pool improving her swimming and diving, but really that's not necessary. Neither is a close-fitting sarong.

Jon doesn't make any rules for his femme companions. You'll find he's a character right out of Saroyan. He loves people and he's one actor who doesn't think he'd be a million times better than Gary Cooper or Cary Grant if those so-and-sos at the studio weren't trying to stifle his genius.

He'll take you to dinner at a place where the food is good and preferably exotic—Hawaiian or authentic Chinese. He loves to dance and it doesn't take much urging to get him into the conga line. He won't click his heels or kiss your hand, but neither will he tell you the story of his life; and he'll be so polite and eager to please that you'll decide if all men were like Jon, psychoanalysts would go out of business for keeps.

He'll be gentle and boyish and make you feel small and feminine, the way very big, very broad-shouldered men always do.

Heavens, what am I saying?

George Raft: If you like a good steak, apple pie, no drinks, sporting events and Latin music practically without pause, here is your ideal date bait.

George won't ask you if you've read any good books lately, but he may throw some World Series scores at you and you'd better catch them; and if you know any bantam-weights by their pet names, that will help you socially, too.

An evening with George is easy to figure out in advance. He'll arrive in a nostalgic mood and the night will be spent wandering around inspecting a collection of beat-up billiard academies, deserted basements, dance halls and barber shops where his memories lie waiting to be picked up. George is a walkin' fellow, so you'll do well to wear stout, comfortable shoes for the occasion.

You will also be smart to take a few easy lessons in how to get around the dance floor because George is only interested in rumba numbers and numbers who rumba.

His conversation will be informative, but not overwhelming. If he tells you his wife doesn't understand him, you can believe every word of it.

Peter Lorre: Any femme would be justified in preparing herself for a rendezvous with the lead-eyed Lorre by sticking on all her false eyelashes and real emeralds and hoping for an evening of trap doors, international villains and switched wine glasses—but don't dream of it, fair lady. In the flesh, Lorre doesn't blend with paillettes and vampire glances; he is a sweet little fellow with the sad look of a wounded raccoon and you will probably wind up trying to mother him.

He'll dress for the festivities in a tweed jacket—or, if it looks like a formal occasion, a tan polo coat—and he'll meet you in a big lobby where he can introduce you to "Ben Hecht and the most charming refugees." He'll order you a drink (Scotch and soda for him) and call you "little lady," even if you're six feet three; he calls all girls "little lady" and all men "Daddy."

He'll take you to the most expensive restaurants but urge you to eat hot dogs, because they're his personal idea of heaven, and if he doesn't consume several during an evening you can start asking him if he feels ill. Don't count on any waltzing, because you're probably taller than Peter and he never dances out of his size. But he'll ask you to feel his muscle (it's hard) and tell you how tough he is—at tennis.

You'll meet more people in an evening with Pete than you've ever met in your life before, because he is the world's champion introducer, but practically none of them will be spies, beachcombers or jewel thieves. After a while you'll begin to relax and it's quite safe, because he never throws a girl down an elevator shaft or in front of a speeding truck unless cameras are grinding.

Really, he won't even offer you a reefer.

Charles Chaplin: If you look appealingly wistful on your date with Charlie (an expression you can achieve by thinking of your last pair of nylons) you may find yourself the leading lady in his next picture. It's happened that way before with many a sweet-faced unknown—and a few of them even became his wives.

The night you go out with him is your night for brilliant conversation—listening to it, I mean. Charlie will make up for all those years of poignant muteness on the screen by talking a blue streak, chiefly about the state of the world and what Chaplin thinks of it, and he will deliver his conversational gems as if he expected you to be taking them all down in shorthand.

Intellectual though he is, you may pick up a "character" or two in your amblings about town with Chaplin and don't be surprised if you wind up in a rowdy fun-

joint because Charlie often does, whether he's on a solo flight through the bistros or accompanied by a lady of wit and charm.

You'll have a good time, though, if you take it in stride and don't become too impressed with his verbiage or too romantic over his wistful charm. Charlie is dynamite in the field of *amour* because he has what none of the other boys hereto examined possesses—the intangible quality of making you feel that maybe he needs the right woman to give him the happiness that fame and money obviously haven't given him, and that you're the gal.

When you begin to get that feeling, say no to the nightcap and take the nearest taxi home.

George Sanders: A girl goes on a date with George at her own risk—but who wouldn't risk it?

He's the easy-to-get-but-hard-to-please type. If you're wearing a silly hat, don't expect him to compliment you on it; just consider yourself lucky if he doesn't knock it off your head. If you powder your nose at the table, he's liable to break it. (The nose or the table, makes no difference.) If you're late for the date, don't be surprised if he trips you as you make your smiling entrance.

But if you're the type who likes to do jigsaw puzzles because they're so tough and adores wearing tight shoes because it's such a relief to take them off, Sanders is your *homme fatal.* Are you in the market for a good inferiority complex? He's your dish. He gives the impression —real or faked—of being able to see through women the way you can see potato chips through a cellophane bag.

When you set your appointment with George, steel yourself to expect the lovable rogue to turn up anywhere from two hours to three months late, possibly wearing a beard or riding a bicycle; and prepare yourself to get stuck with the check. Don't run to the door anticipating orchids; if George buys any, he'll wear them himself.

But you won't be bored—that's a guarantee. Even if you've heard that one about "women are strange little beasts" before, you'll become fascinated when it's your shin that's being kicked while he intones it.

If you're a spoiled belle, jaded with flowers and candy and swains who are putty in your lily-white hands, Sanders makes a nice change. Just a cynic at twilight, that's George.

And now, if you're quite comfortable, dear reader, the alarm clock will go off at any minute.

The End

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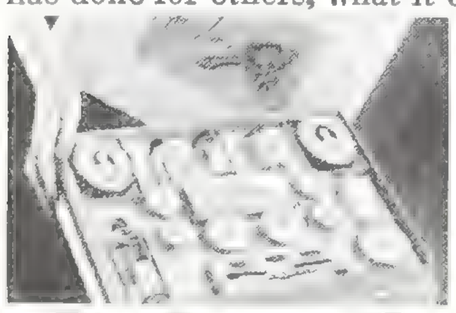
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Kiss Me for Luck

(*Continued from page 47*) spending money for nonessentials, they found all their joy and recreation in their walks home at night, their telephone conversations, in—just being together.

And yet that wasn't enough, not nearly enough. Each night the parting became harder, each time the good-night kiss stirred a hunger that haunted her rooms long after he was gone and dogged his footsteps all the way back to the hotel.

One day he was at her apartment, trying to work in the crowd—its catcalls, shouts, criticisms—in one of his routines. "I feel like that one-man orchestra we see going around the streets." He stopped short. "This is where I need Roy."

So he was still afraid to go out on his own. "Phil," she said softly. "I could learn the accordion."

He winced and turned on her in a burst of temper. "I won't work with you. I told you that long ago and if that's what's in your head—get it out. A man's got to be something by himself or nothing at all."

"But your—future wife can help you, Phil," she pleaded.

He softened suddenly, came swiftly to her and tilted her chin up. "We'll have a little house when I get going. You'll take care of it. You know—geraniums in the window, honeysuckle vine on the porch—"

After that Betsy didn't offer advice or criticism, except when he asked for it.

AT the end of three weeks Phil didn't go to his new agent, Al Lonergan, because "things aren't in the shape I like them to be." Betsy thought they were, but couldn't say so. The fourth week went by and Phil was still making excuses.

Then, at the end of the fifth week, something happened in her affairs which pointed the way to handle the situation. He was standing at her door after bringing her home. Betsy drew a deep breath and plunged. "It seems silly," she said, keeping her voice casual, "for us to be paying two rents."

"Two can't live as cheaply as one," he answered gruffly. "That's hooey."

"Two can starve more cheerfully than one!" This was mean and low, about the meanest thing a girl could say to a man. But she was saying it *for him, to help him.*

"That's all our marriage would mean to you?"

"What else? I'm out of a job now, myself."

"Betsy!"

"Well—I've had six weeks at The Blue Lagoon. That's a long time for one of those joints. They want new faces."

"Something's bound to turn up, Betsy."

"Not this time—I don't think." She went on chattering, painting a discouraging picture.

Phil broke in. "I've still got a little money. Do you think I'd let you starve?"

She let her last dart fly. It was the most hurtful of all, but if it worked—

"You'll need that yourself, won't you?"

Phil didn't come in for a hot drink that night. Before he had reached the gate of the court, Betsy had flung herself across the bed, fully clothed, and great sobs shook her body. How could she have done this to him, who needed her faith so much? But she hadn't really lost faith in him—and so, crying and grieving, arguing with herself and silently apologizing to Phil—

The telephone drilled into her brain and as she stumbled to get to the instrument, she wondered who could be calling in the middle of the night. But it wasn't the middle of the night. The sun slashed across her eyes like a knife. She must have slept in her clothes.

"Honey—I woke you up—"

Her heart turned over. That was Phil and he wasn't angry. His voice was confident—almost! "That doesn't matter."

"I'm seeing Lonergan at two-thirty."

Then she had helped him! The world was bright again, the flowers outside sweet in their gay colors. "Oh Phil."

"I love you, Betsy."

Precious words. The most precious in the world.

AT five o'clock dinner was under way. Betsy sat down on the top step of the entrance to her bungalow to wait and when she saw Phil turn in at the entrance, she raced around the court to meet him, straight into his arms.

Unabashed before eyes that must be watching, he kissed her, and although he said at once that Lonergan had showed no great enthusiasm, she knew Phil was going to keep on, if only for her sake.

Indoors he kissed her again, long and luxuriously, as if her love were something to be savored, a lasting beauty, not one to be snatched at quickly.

The dinner was perfect. Phil clowned all the time he was helping her clear up. Then Betsy put a Tommy Dorsey recording on the machine and when the music began to play, Phil opened his arms wide.

They didn't talk, then. They danced. He had never danced before, with Betsy. and now, feeling her a featherweight of loveliness against his heart, he felt strong and rich in his love.

Like honey pouring out of a crystal pitcher, Betsy thought. That's the way we dance together. Oh Phil, don't you see how it would be if we did everything together—work together, too? I always knew from the first I could be your perfect partner.

BETSY had not entirely exaggerated her own chances, or rather lack of them, for employment. Her own agent could find nothing suitable for her. At first, the freedom was delightful, although the blessing was mixed, for although she had plenty of time to play with Phil, he naturally did not wish to get too far away from the telephone. That meant they merely spent their time between Mama's hotel and her apartment, with an occasional walk in the evening.

The spell of that night when they danced wore off. Sometimes she thought, in despair, that they acted like an old married couple. A kiss when they met and when they parted, long silences which were not comforting, hours spent together because they seemed to have nothing else to do.

Finally Al Lonergan called one day. There was a spot for Phil. One night, more if he made good.

"Of course I'll go," said Phil.

The instant Phil stepped out into the spotlight, he had his first case of stage fright. The audience was smarter than he'd thought, waiting to be mowed down. He couldn't relax. He was trying too hard.

It's nothing. Twelve minutes. Take it easy. Relax. A lady bets on a horse. So what? You've been through it dozens of times. Here's where Betsy always laughed. Nobody's laughing now. Easy. Relax.

Before the polite patter of applause marked the finish, *he knew he was not putting it over.* He was dying for the third time. Once when Chet ran out, then when Roy deserted.

The second and midnight shows were no better. He'd known all along he couldn't do it. He should have told Betsy before she bothered with him.

Lonergan spoke only once on the way

home. "You need more work, Jordan. Also a partner—I think. You can't carry all that yourself."

HE seemed to crack up after that. He didn't read the papers or Variety, didn't rehearse or take exercise. He scarcely came to Betsy's apartment. When she went to Bosco's, she found him sitting in the lobby staring, or in the garden—staring. After a while he didn't even want to go into the garden, but Betsy bullied him out, and he would sit with her hand squeezed in his, but he seldom spoke.

All Betsy could do was to sing and dance. She might amuse Phil that way, so she began to burst out into snatches of song occasionally, then to emphasize the song with a few taps. She made the periods longer. It felt kind of good to be in action again, even only for a few minutes at a time.

She never remembered at what moment Phil began to take notice. But once he was aware of her activity, she really tried. She sang and danced. She practiced pantomime.

Love made her wise. Heartbreak made her clever. One day she deliberately did something so clumsily that even the teacher back in her ten-year-old days would have winced. It worked. Dear God, it worked, for Phil kicked back his chair suddenly and shouted, "Stop! That's awful. What do you think you're doing?"

"I was trying to work out a tap from the Kentucky triple running step."

"That's not the way, then. Look Betsy—do it like this."

She was still as clumsy, but her heart began to melt so fast, she was afraid it would run out of her eyes.

"It isn't hard," he said impatiently. "No—like this. Come on—try it again."

Dear God—let him be angry, let him scold and call her four-footed. Let him be anything but the broken lump he had been.

He worked with her for nearly half an hour. She improved, not too fast. She must prolong this interest in something else beside himself. Suddenly he caught himself up.

"What the devil do I think I'm doing?"

"Teaching me something I need to know, Phil."

"What's it all for?"

Now Betsy was merely angry. "I have to earn a living," she retorted. "I've got to improve. I'm young. My life isn't finished. I have to do something! *I'm going on.*"

For a long time he was visibly struck into silence. The clock measured off eternity. "Maybe you're right," he said, breathing heavily. "You're young. You've got talent. There's a lot of work behind you. I guess—you ought not waste it. You'd better strike out for yourself, you understand—for yourself. I'm not in it. I'll help you—bring out what you have—"

He was all done in. He lay down on the sofa and covered his eyes.

PHIL gave her all she could take, which was plenty, though he did it without joy or delight. He was dogged about it. She knew he believed that she'd be through with him as soon as she was working steadily again. Let him think that, if that would help.

When he felt her routine was good enough, he told her she was ready, really ready, now that she had something she had never had before. She called Lonergan. Could she show him her work that afternoon? She could!

Three days later Lonergan called. A night club—girl taken sick to be replaced for that night.

This week she's a Bride again!





1 Last week she was only a wife... an *unhappy* wife...'cause her man never said pretty things any more... and he wasn't romantic! And guess what? Her face powder was all to blame! It just didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance... for its color was dead and lifeless... so her skin looked old! And so did she!



2 But one day... one *lucky* day... she tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... in the glamorous new shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! What a thrilling discovery for her... and for *you*, too... because there's a new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance all the natural, alluring youthfulness in *your* complexion, no matter what your age!



3 So now she's a bride again... a *joyful* bride... for her mate is attentive as the day they wed... thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives her! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-blended ...never *never* streaky! It's color-smooth... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, keeps you lovelier for hours on end!

4 And now there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet, color-harmonized to suit *your* skin-type perfectly! So, don't wait to win a lovelier, more glamorous complexion! You'll find Cashmere Bouquet in 10¢ or larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere!





The call had come to her at Bosco's. "You'll come with me, Phil," Betsy said. "I'll need you."

She was to do two numbers in each show. Phil spoke to the musicians, timed the numbers for them, warned them of a couple of complete pauses. When she emerged in her first costume, he inspected her, encouraged her. Before she was to go on for the first show, he went to the rear of the dining room to watch.

She skipped out as she always did, the little girl with her basket of goodies, the child slipping an apple to teacher. She looked about fourteen, cute as a bug, every man's first sweetheart. His sweetheart. Phil couldn't help it. He was proud of her poise and diction, her grace and winsomeness. The audience was not precisely cold, nor yet was it enthusiastic. They enjoyed her. They didn't warm up quickly enough.

"You're dancing with your head, Betsy. Dance with your feet," he muttered.

Her second turn was to come later in the show. The appeal in her eyes, when he met her at the dressing room, moved him.

"I'm muffing it."

"No," he said. "It's not that bad. You'll feel your heart better the second time."

Her heart? Where was it? In him. She needed him now.

"I'm going to change my plan," she said. "I'm going to do your 'A Lady Bets On A Horse.'"

"That's crazy," Phil said. "You had no rehearsing. The band—"

"The band can make out," she insisted.

Again Phil stood in the rear, but this time he was truly nervous. It was easier to get up yourself and try something new than to see a loved one do it. She came on with a few bars of musical accompaniment, and she had changed her entrance. Instead of sweeping in purposefully as he had done, she minced in, searched up the tiers for her seat. consulted her ticket stub constantly, finally stumbled over somebody's imaginary feet and came down plop. By the expression on her face, she made it obvious she had fallen into a man's lap.

The audience tittered. Good! That was helpful to her. Within a few seconds, the audience stopped tittering, and a stony, bored silence prevailed. Phil didn't know where she cracked, what had happened. Her effort, too, was inadequate, and as he watched he thought he was dying another death, a slow, lingering torture which went deeper than any other suffer-

CAN YOUR HAIR STAND A "NASAL CLOSE-UP"?

If you want men to keep their distance—maybe it doesn't matter.

But remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin. Many girls also have a tendency toward oily hair, which can easily form an odor. Check up on yourself . . . your hat, your hairbrush . . . your pillow.

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HOLLYWOOD HOROSCOPE



Trouble ahead! Famed astrologer Matilda Trotter warns these stars of what they'll have to face, come June

THE month of June is filled with exciting Hollywood happenings. These are the most spectacular events that will occur.

In reading these predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because exact information concerning the person's birth was unavailable.

Hedy Lamarr: It looks as though Hedy will win her lawsuit against her studio, or in some way benefit, for beginning in June her star of fame rises to hit its peak in July.

As to her love life—and much has been written linking the names of John Loder and Hedy Lamarr—John's chart indicates an unforeseen development in his department of home.

If he and Hedy are planning a secret marriage before his divorce is final, they should banish the thought. The stars indicate that such a step would cost him loss of prestige, money, and possibly even a contract.

Mary Astor: She stands a very good chance of crashing the headlines in June.

The fiery Mars conjuncting Mercury threatens to bring private matters into the limelight, while Saturn, the planet which obstructs and takes away, will be conjuncting the unpredictable Pluto in her money house. Added to this, on June 18, the full Moon is in her eighth house in opposition to Pluto. This suggests financial loss through a marriage, business partner, or lover.

Look out, Mary! Your stars warn you to beware of scandal which can lead to loss of reputation and money.

Humphrey Bogart: The Bogarts may stage a battle in June which will bring them unhappiness unless they are very careful.

Mayo's stars warn her to use *caution* in words, writings and actions. Uranus and Saturn are in her house of home instigating sudden change. At the same time, the transiting Mars comes to an exact conjunction with Mars in her money house. This indicates the possibility of a blow-up over money.

Humphrey Bogart's career aspects are wonderful for the next two years.

However, in order to make the most of these good aspects, he *must* guard his health, being careful of colds contracted in chest or bronchial tubes and of accidents to hands, arms, chest and thighs.

The fiery, hotheaded Mars passing through his house of home in June indicates and substantiates the blow-up already suggested in Mayo's chart.

According to all planetary indications, Mars, god of war, is going to be plenty busy in the Bogart domicile in June.

ing he had known. *She was flopping with it as he had done.*

Suddenly he was infuriated at the audience. She wasn't that bad. He even recognized there was a charm in her work, and a tomfoolery which no man could get into it. *He could not let her down. He could not let her be crucified as he was.*

Phil didn't stop to think.

Tearing a sheaf of checks from his checkbook, he passed through the audience waving them as the bookies wave their paper money. He called out prices, summoned to his command a clever patter of horse and racetrack jokes, and stopped for split seconds at tables to collect bets and scribble receipts. The audience, caught suddenly by the appearance of a partner from nowhere, half rose, craned to see what was happening, began to laugh. Phil knew he was gathering that audience together, that when he finally reached Betsy, all attention would then be focused on her.

She was a good enough trouper to realize what he was doing. When he got halfway down the room, she had adjusted herself. She was craning, too, calling to him, "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Bookmaker!" "Oh dear, he's going to sell all his tickets." "I called you first, my good man. Over here—over here." She danced a little and she sang a bit as the excitement mounted, and when finally he reached her, she was keyed to hairline sensitivity. She'd pick up every cue he gave her.

He was here beside her. This moment which he had believed was truly the darkest of her life had become a triumph. *He was here.* If they didn't put the sketch over—all right. He had come to save her in a way she believed he would never take again. This was Success.

They tossed dialogue at each other as if it had been rehearsed. Fun and eagerness and fire transmuted the very air about them. And finally when Phil muttered to her, as the winner was coming in, "You'll collect the bet," she nodded. She collected her bet, and spontaneously threw her arms about him. Their kiss was realistic, and they made it long, cheered on as they were by the audience. Nobody believed that this duo had not been arranged.

Out of their desperation had come genuine satire and comedy, out of tragedy, fun and laughter. They were recalled six times. The manager pranced about them and said he was calling Lonergan at once. He wanted them for weeks, for months, for as long as they would stay. He'd give them better spots, three acts. Did they know there was a talent scout out there tonight, one of *Van Dirk's* scouts? He'd asked about them.

Well—well! They looked at each other and burst out laughing.

BETSY was sitting at the kitchen table and drinking hot milk. The fragrance of dawn drifted in through the open window, but the sky was still dark. Phil sat opposite, watching every spoonful, adoring her.

"We caught something there, Betsy," he said.

"Did you feel it too, Phil?"

"Maybe it was just for the night—"

"I don't think so. We caught something and pinned it down, Phil. It's ours forever. I know."

"It looks like it, Betsy," with wonder in his voice.

"Why are you so surprised, Phil?"

"*We did it together.*"

She put down her glass and locked her arms around him. "And you thought you were only doing it to save me."

"I wouldn't have rushed out, if I'd stopped to think."

And so in saving her he had saved himself, restored himself, fulfilled her dreams.

"I always said I wouldn't work with anybody."

"Am I—anybody?"

"You're everybody to me, Betsy."

"Oh Phil, there's no disgrace in needing a partner. We need partners for living—husbands and wives."

He agreed. Maybe nobody worked alone, even if the partner wasn't visible or known. Indeed, holding her close, he realized there was a wonderful sustaining beauty in partnership, especially of two who would be husband and wife, a joyous service each could perform for the other.

"So there was a Van Dirk scout there tonight!" Betsy murmured, laughing.

"So tomorrow he'll call Lonergan, and Lonergan will call us—"

"So we'll say not yet, thank you—"

"That's right. This time we don't care to rush. Anyway, tomorrow we have a date with the preacher."

"Phil!"

"Did you think I'd forgotten? Didn't you know how hard it was for me?"

She was almost asleep in his arms. He kissed her softly, lingeringly, unwilling even to relinquish her to sleep and dreams.

"We can wait to break into pictures," he murmured. "We have two lifetimes for waiting now—yours and mine. But the preacher won't be kept waiting a moment."

She was really asleep now. He carried her into the bedroom, laid her gently down and went swiftly out into the dawn that was creeping through the city. As he crossed the court he raised his arms high, stretched slowly as far as he could reach, as far as the stars, twinkling up there on the biggest marquee of all.

The End.

How MUCH* are YOU smoking?

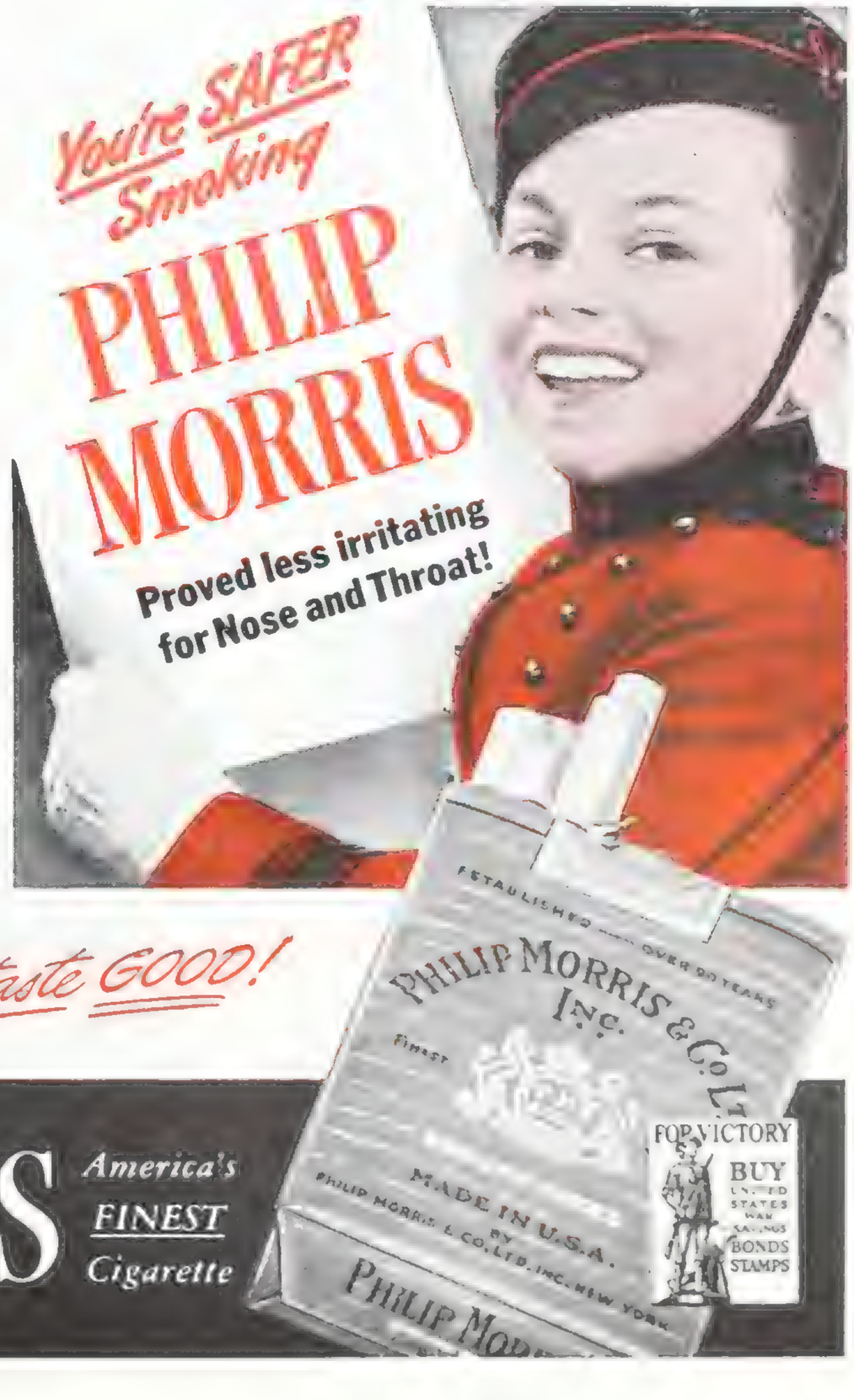
*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

WHETHER *you* are smoking *more*—or smoking *less*—note this:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely or definitely improved!

That was reported in medical journals by distinguished doctors—their findings in work with actual men and women smokers.

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And do they taste GOOD!

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FOR YEARS, I used to dose myself with a terrible-tasting medicine whenever I needed a laxative. And *what* that stuff did to me! I'd feel the effects for a whole day afterwards. It was just *too strong!*

THEN I TRIED another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But, instead of giving relief, it only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*





I WAS A "DUMB BUNNY" for not having discovered Ex-Lax sooner! How *pleasant* it is to take! You eat a little tablet that tastes just like chocolate — and that's all there is to it! Ex-Lax works so well, too. It's not too strong, not too mild... *it's just right!*

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Diary at the North African Battle Front

(*Continued from page* 27) famous French soldier, has arrived at Gibraltar by submarine. He escaped France and was smuggled here with his young son and members of his Military Staff.

This is a great coup for us. He will prove invaluable. I am introduced to him in the War Room of the Fortress Tunnel. He is tall and thin, and does not look a day over fifty. His eyes are gray and cold, his mustache rather long and pointed. He rarely smiles. You feel the presence of great strength behind the slender frame. He is at all times intense. What he has gone through and his hatred of the Nazis have been chiseled into his features. He is not a man with whom I would like to argue. We cross our fingers. The next twenty-four hours will tell the story. Will the French really fight us? Are we walking into a Nazi trap?

November 8th.

"D Day!" This is *it!* The battle for North Africa has begun!

News flashes into the War Room from every point of contact. It is bewildering! A sea battle rages off Casablanca! Our troops are landing at Algiers and Oran! The French are resisting!

Hours pass. No one has been to bed; sleep is out of the question. News is flashed from Algiers. American forces have taken Admiral Jean Darlan into custody—a sort of voluntary custody. But whatever it is, we have him! He is a powerful figure in North Africa. The French Fleet is said to be loyal to him and to him alone. If we deal with him at all, it must be purely on a military basis. Anything that may possibly save the lives of American soldiers and permit us to get going against the Nazis is worth trying. After all, we are not at war with the French. If we can take Darlan into camp and secure the cooperation of the French Fleet and the military and political factions over which he exercises great authority, we should do so. I hope General Eisenhower lets nothing deter him. This is war. We can settle the political side of it when the Germans are dead.

I hear that General Eisenhower is sending General Mark Clark to Algiers in the morning to confer with Darlan. My request to go along is granted.

General Clark is a grand person, idolized by his fellow-officers. Tall, lanky and good-looking in a strong, masculine way, despite his prominent nose, he reminds me of an American version of Basil Rathbone. There is something forcibly honest and direct about him.

November 9th.

We are assembled on the airport runway at 10 A.M. for the flight to Algiers. This is no ordinary flight; we expect trouble.

We take off in the rain and meet our air escort as we circle high above the Rock. It is a comfortable sight to see those Spitfires on all sides of us.

We are about twenty minutes from the city of Algiers when the first alarm is flashed over the radio: Nazi planes ahead!

We circle in the clouds for the better part of an hour. Presently we are over Algiers, a great rambling city, its white Moorish buildings glistening in the late afternoon sun.

We are ready to fight. The crew are at action stations, portholes open, fingers on triggers.

Suddenly planes sweep to our left, followed by more black puffs, some quite close to our ship. Geysers of water rise into the air alongside the transports and battleships below us. It dawns on me that the ships in the harbor are being bombed from the air. We fly high to avoid the ack-ack. We circle the airport several times and finally land with a thud.

All hell has suddenly broken loose. Planes now come at us from all directions. It is difficult to distinguish our own from the enemy's.

It is getting dark suddenly. The sky is alive with the colored tracer bullets. A Nazi plane crashes near by. Another explodes in the air and floats down, a mass of brilliant yellow and scarlet flames.

I still can't seem to understand that this is really a battle and I am in it. I seem to be a neutral observer, someone entirely out of danger, and although I was petrified when the first bomb dropped close I honestly had no lasting fear.

Total darkness comes swiftly. The ack-ack stops and the sky is suddenly empty. One by one the Spits come home to roost. We stumble around in the darkness and eventually locate the airport office and learn to our delight that we have shot down fourteen Jerries and lost only four Spits.

American soldiers are guarding the field. We had taken it by force earlier in the day with but few casualties. RAF pilots who had fought in the air battle are now huddled in the crowded hallways, talking of the scrap. They consider it a "good show."

The General's aide eventually shows up with two Arab-driven autos and we pile in and head for Algiers. We see one of the most inspiring sights an American could ever wish for. Coming down the road in the moonlight is an advancing column of doughboys. Shirts open, sleeves rolled up, their helmets caked with mud, their canvas leggings and field jackets torn and soiled with the grime of battle, they look for all the world like that great scene from "The Big Parade." Each soldier wears a tiny American flag sewn on his left sleeve below the shoulder; this means of identification saved many a life. On frequent occasions the French refused to fire on Americans.

We eventually reach the St. George Hotel. We were ordered to carry our pistols at all times.

I find out that I have been assigned to live with the hotel manager and his family. I am to use a cot in the parlor. They prove to be very pro-American and give me the lowdown on the local situation. The Algerians are ninety per cent pro-United Nations—or, to be more explicit, pro-American. They detest the Nazis.

Food, of course, is scarce, as the Nazis have systematically and scientifically robbed North Africa. I am out of cigars, which, to me, is next to starvation. But who cares? I wouldn't miss this show for all the cigars in Havana.

November 10th.

In daylight, the city is very much like any French Mediterranean seaport. It is colorful and quite modern. Arab women, veiled and always in white, are everywhere. American soldiers with machine guns set up ready for action guard the intersections.

After a busy day, I had no sooner hit the hay when a member of General Clark's staff stuck his head in the door and asked me to be ready in fifteen minutes to go out on a special mission.

The conference was held downstairs in what was formerly the hotel dining room—a large Moorish room. General Giraud

sat on a plush-covered bench, rather to one side. He was as conspicuous in the gathering as a star actor in a spotlight.

We followed General Clark and Mr. Robert Murphy into the foyer. Robert Murphy is a most engaging personality. Tall, clean-cut and rather young for such an important diplomatic assignment, he nevertheless impresses one with his straightforward manner and knowledge of his task.

General Clark talked privately for a moment with General Giraud and then went on into the conference room, followed by Murphy. I learned that Darlan was already in the conference room. I stood aside with the other lesser American officers, discussing the event in low voices and wondering what the score was. The French officers remained apart. General Giraud came out of the conference room and resumed his seat on the bench. When he nodded to me in recognition, I joined him and we talked generalities. An aide came out and led the General back into the room. Hours passed.

After awhile, Admiral Darlan came out of the room. This was my first look at him. He was all I anticipated—short and heavy-set, with a pasty face and dark, deep-set eyes which shift around the room. He seemed nervous and strained. He was conscious of his stature and wore extra high heels. I was introduced to him, and while he tried to be pleasant, it just didn't come off.

As near as I can make out, the political situation is quite involved. I am positive that neither General Eisenhower nor General Clark will ever accept any substitute for Giraud as Chief of the Army. I am confident Giraud can take care of himself in this delicate situation, but if he can't, I am sure that Eisenhower and Clark will take care of matters for him.

November 11th.

Armistice Day. Things are moving quickly now. The "peace treaty" has been signed! Darlan is to be High Commissioner of North Africa, or something of the sort, and Giraud head of the Army. Three rousing cheers for Eisenhower and Clark!

November 13th.

Today General Clark was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General. General Eisenhower made the promotion. It is impossible not to be impressed by General Eisenhower's smile, warm and glowing as an Arizona sunset.

November 16th.

I am sick—a mild touch of dysentery. Pinned down to a bed at the St. George, I have time to realize fully how lonesome I am for Virginia and the babies. They seem millions of miles away, and Hollywood and the studios are something in another world. What wouldn't I give to have just one day at 546 Ocean Front!

If I wrote down all the times I have thought of home since the start of this assignment, I am afraid it would consume more pages than the account itself. This is the most unpleasant phase of war—separation from those we love. Yet I have no right to complain. I am lucky to be alive.

November 18th.

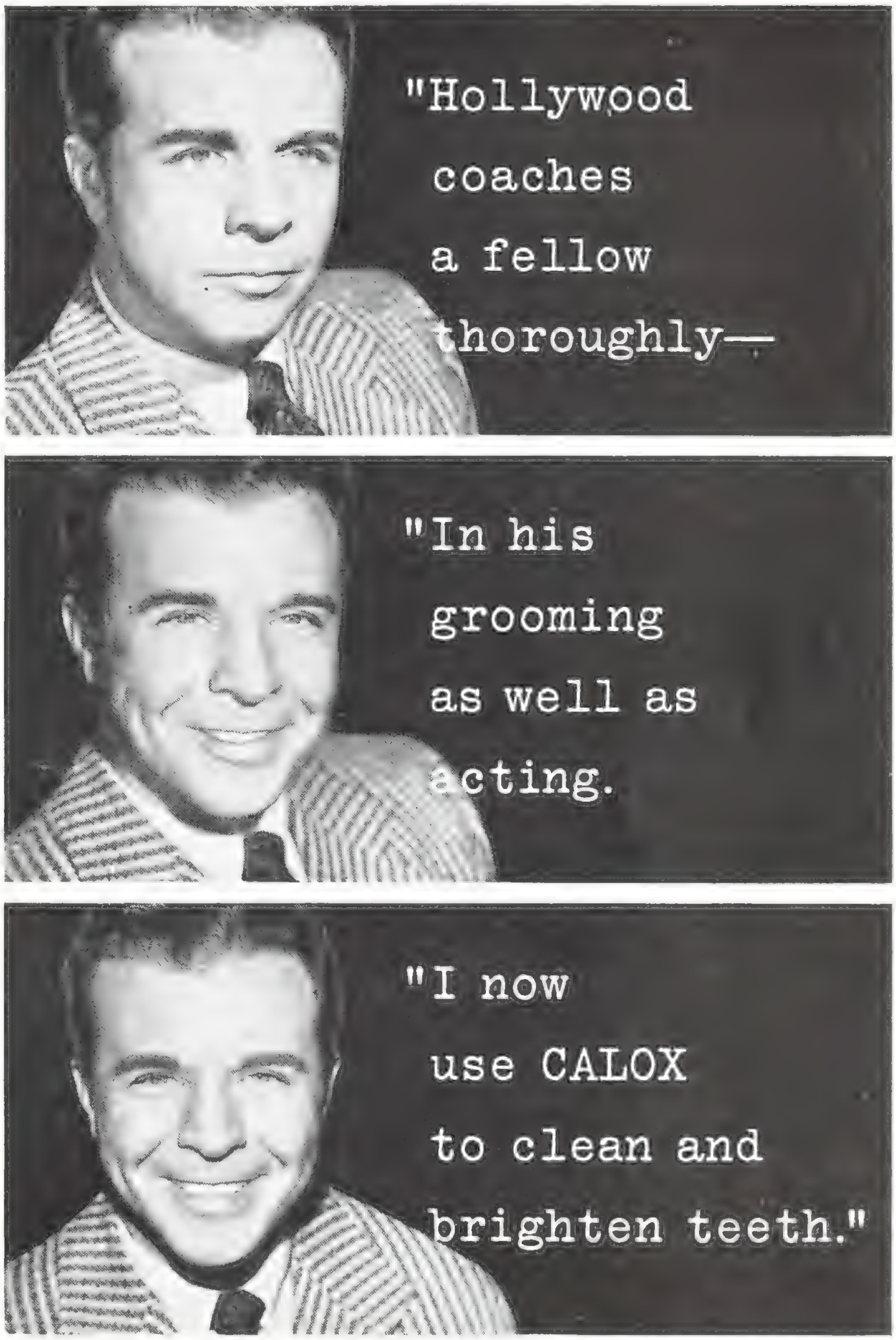
I have collected eight of my best combat cameramen and we are headed for Tunisia.

Lieutenant Klein is to drive the truck and I shall lead the way in my trusty Chevrolet.

Arabs are a source of continual fascination for me. The women work; the

DICK POWELL speaking:

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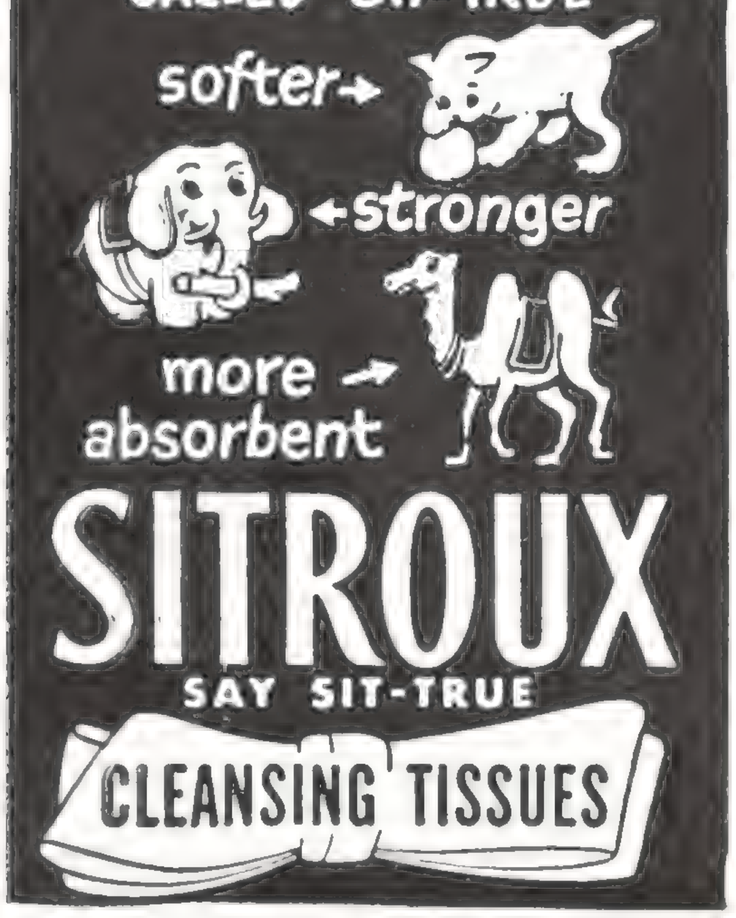
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men give the orders. They always seem to be going somewhere. On the roads by day or night, you pass small herds of them.

November 19th.

Started out at dawn. It is a hell of a road, choked with motor convoys, narrow and steep in places, but scenically picturesque. The country here is very much like Del Monte and Cypress Point; in fact, all of Algeria reminds me of California. The V for Victory sign has swept North Africa. Wherever we go, we are greeted by upraised hands, fingers forming the V. Native children wave at us as we pass. They catch on quickly; already they have mastered enough English to ask for "chew-hing-gum" and "cigarette Americaine."

The days are pleasant here, but the nights are next to freezing.

November 22nd.

At Souk el Arba I headed for Headquarters to check in. As I was about to enter the building, something made me look up. Directly over my head a flight of planes came into view, not more than 2,000 feet up.

It all happened in a sudden shocking instant. Bombs rained on us from every direction, it seemed, including the earth. Plaster flew off the walls. Machine-gun bullets splattered on all sides. A terrific explosion seemed to cave in the building, and down the road toward the airport, a bomb landed in the ammunition which exploded and sent flares of live bullets rocketing in every direction.

I flattened out on the floor and hugged the wall as another terrific explosion shook the building. Our own ack-ack opened up; the din was deafening.

The moment they turned away I grabbed my camera and headed for the airport, which was by now a mass of flames and billowing smoke.

Officers and men alike pitched in to salvage what they could. Ugly clouds of black smoke blotted out the sky.

I had my flask of brandy, and I passed it around freely. In the middle of this, the rats came over again. We were caught on the runway with no shelter or protection of any kind and had to make a dash for it.

This time, like everyone else, I was damn well frightened. I wasn't alone. There wasn't a soldier on the field who didn't light out for the nearest tree or ditch. The Nazis made one sweep and went on.

As we were excitedly discussing the events of the day, Sergeant Edwards spotted a new attack coming in at a higher level.

How long it lasted I will not attempt to say. It might have been five minutes or an hour.

Sometimes the planes would come as low as a few hundred feet. A Messerschmitt dove right over our heads not higher than the treetops, its guns blazing and black smoke pouring out of the tail.

I let go with my Tommy gun and fired three clips in all, and while I know some of my lead hit home I probably did no damage, yet there was always the chance that one lucky shot might strike a vital spot. Exhilaration and a feeling of supreme satisfaction swept over me. I wanted to shoot more and more. I could feel my heart pounding, and afterwards I was surprised to find myself out of breath and sweating.

In the excitement I had managed to sit in a lovely platter of cow dung. Thank heaven for that extra pair of britches!

Momentary fright is a peculiar thing. In odd moments I discussed the subject of battle conduct with several seasoned campaigners. They all freely admit their momentary fright and call any man a liar who claims he isn't afraid when the going gets really hot. But the soldier to worry about and send home to a base is the one who worries *before* things happen and continues to sweat and look pale and drawn *after* they have happened. This man will never stand up and fight back if he has to. But the fact that you run for cover and duck and hold your breath and hug the dirt and say a quick silent prayer at the very moment of acute danger has nothing whatever to do with fear.

November 23rd.

During the night our troops captured about forty Italian paratroopers. We photograph them. They are a happy lot, delighted to be out of the war. They pose for us and do acrobatic stunts, anxious to butter their bread on the *right* side this time.

November 25th.

This is the day set for the advance on enemy-held ground positions. We are on the north flank aimed at Mateur.

We hide the truck in a farmyard halfway from Beja to the Front and take the Chevrolet, with myself at the wheel and one cameraman on each running board to watch for attacking planes.

Three times in an hour we had to abandon the car and take to the ditches. Suddenly we halted. I could hear machine-gun firing not far away. Five hundred yards down the road a Nazi tank column had clashed with our tanks and a detachment of the enemy was now taking pot-shots at us from the farmyard I could see just ahead. This was the firing I had heard.

The British battery opened up. We could see a group of Italian and German soldiers run out of the farmyard, waving white handkerchiefs as a token of surrender. This is something we could not miss. You do not often get a chance to photograph German soldiers at the very moment of surrender—and this was it.

We got some interesting stuff. There were about forty Italians and ten Germans. The Germans wouldn't mingle with the Italians and were none too pleased to be photographed, but we took care of that.

There was firing of every type going on all around us now.

The person who coined the phrase about there not being any atheists in a foxhole certainly knew his business, and I might also add that there are no social lines in a slit-trench. On our way back to the truck this evening after the battle had cooled off, we had a Messerschmitt dive at us, or in our general direction, just as we passed a unit of huge black Senegalese soldiers who were guarding a deserted railroad crossing. I wound up in a hole with the biggest and blackest man in all Africa. And was I delighted! His broad shoulders and thick chest were as good as a stone wall and, as we crouched together in the tiny hole, practically in each other's arms, I wondered what Hitler would do in a similar situation. I am sure I know the answer.

November 26th.

When I asked for volunteers to go back to the forward position, the boys all clamored for the chance.

We camouflaged the car in the grove and went forward on foot. After a few miles we climbed a barren hill and had a good view of the tank battle.

A wrecked and burning Nazi tank stood out on the horizon. A British battery of ack-ack guns moved in alongside us.

When the Jerries flew over, as they did several times in an hour, the Tommies gave them a warm reception.

Tonight the owner of the farm where we have headquarters gave us a wonderful dinner: roast turkey, potatoes, home-made brown bread and good Algerian brandy. Thanksgiving, after all.

This is the first time I have not been with my wife and the children on this day. I think of them constantly.

November 27th.

With the exception of a dogfight right above us in which a Spit got the better of a Jerry, we had an uneventful day.

One of the boys digs down in his musette bag and comes up with a package from home—a package he has skillfully guarded until now—homemade fudge. He passes it around bravely, and although we feel like criminals, we can't resist the temptation.

Whenever you ask a Britisher about the results of a battle or of a particular incident connected with combat, he will invariably reply: "Good show." No matter if the going has been tough and bitter, no matter if he has just flirted with death or come a cropper, it is always: "Good show."

The Yanks were quick to appreciate this typical example of British understatement and now it has become a favorite expression.

November 28th.

Up at dawn, and it is freezing. Just as the sun came out and the convoys on the road started to move, we saw an amazing and most disturbing sight. Two Messerschmitts were actually chasing four Spitfires. There was no mistaking it. The Spits were going as fast as they could with the Nazis right on their tail. Not once did they turn to fight. We were a most discouraged group as we watched it. It was not until later in the afternoon that I heard the lowdown. The Spits were without ammunition, and, furthermore, they had gone into the air without a bullet among the four of them hoping to keep the enemy engaged and away from the convoys on the roads below. Tonight after dinner we drank a tall one to the RAF.

You cannot possibly appreciate what *good* food means to soldiers in the field. If you can look forward to a full mess kit, then you will very quickly find yourself taking everything else in stride. I notice that the boys always come back with a bounce after we have eaten well. Food may not win this war, but it will go a long way toward it. When I think of what I have wasted at home I feel a little ashamed of myself.

November 29th.

"Good show." The tire collapsed at a railroad junction. As we stopped to fix it, I was amazed to see Colonel (secret) in a jeep coming in the opposite direction. I flagged him and learned that General Eisenhower and General Clark were in the following car on their way to an important conference. I had a most enjoyable chat with the Generals. They were particularly interested in the spirit and morale of the American soldiers with whom I have been in contact. After all, these boys are meeting the enemy for the first time. They (the Generals) have nothing to worry about on this score. The boys have been well trained; they know their job, they are eager to get at it.

December 1st.

Jerry has no idea what is in store for him. For six hours we have passed convoy after convoy of American soldiers, guns and

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1

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SILVERPLATE

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armored vehicles. It is a wonderful, thrilling sight. The boys are rarin' to go and itching for a fight.

At dusk we locate the secret headquarters of the American "Combat Command." Looking at the headquarters war map in the candlelight, I am surprised to learn that the battle area has radically changed almost overnight. News reaches us that forty Nazi tanks have suddenly cut down from the North and sliced between Tebourba and our own present position. This means that the main battle will be fought to the west and south of Tebourba. The Nazi Panzer column is now somewhere about ten miles to the northeast of us.

The Nazis have a great advantage in this theatre. Because they hold the airports we must have three times as many planes as they have, or we must somehow establish new forward airports and blast the Nazi fields off the map.

December 2nd.

Although I am not aware of it, this is to be the most exciting day of my life as far as combat action is concerned.

I learned that our scouts had located the position of the Nazi column during the night and contact was momentarily anticipated. This coming clash might very well decide the entire Tunisian campaign.

The atmosphere at Headquarters was tense as I selected Lieutenant Klein and Sergeant Chapman to accompany me to the forward positions. We headed down the road to Tebourba, hell-bent for election. The Lieutenant took the wheel. I was the air observer in front; the Sergeant the air observer in the rear, with the job of looking back and nothing else. I might add that the Sergeant wore rather thick glasses.

I had not noticed this until suddenly, out of the blue, our truck leaped upward by the force of a tremendous explosion. An ear-splitting crash deafened us and we were lifted out of our seats as the diving roar of a Nazi plane swept down on us from behind. In a flash I saw flames and black smoke pour out of the third vehicle on the road behind us. I saw more bombs in the air on their way down and heard the horrible spit of machine-gun bullets that seemed to be tearing the earth apart right at our feet. Somehow or other we all managed to get out of the truck. I dived headlong into a shallow ditch. I did not move or look up. My ears rang, and I was out of breath.

How many planes were in the attack I shall never know, but it was the neatest job of sneak convoy raiding I ever want to witness. They came from the sun, with motors off, and now as we heard them roar away and knew we were safe, we clambered gratefully to our feet and looked over the damage. A number of vehicles were afire and there were heavy casualties.

We got back in the truck, sore as hell, and went forward with the flow of traffic. Everything moved forward in a mighty American cavalcade.

The Jerries came over three times in less than twenty minutes, and we were in and out of the truck so frequently it got funny. An American half-track plunged directly into the snipers' grove, firing at every tree and bush in a grim determined effort to clean out the place.

We took advantage of this moment to run the gauntlet. Taking a good start, we gave the sturdy old bus the works and fairly flew through the hot spot. It was a tight squeeze. I know now exactly how a clay pigeon in a shooting gallery feels.

We were now about three miles from Tebourba.

I located the Headquarters half-track and talked with Colonel (secret) and his officers. The attack was all planned. The Panzer column had been located and, as we talked, a battery of American artillery in the woods alongside of us opened fire on the enemy positions.

The tanks roared down the road and the battle began in earnest. It was difficult to see, difficult to follow and more difficult to photograph. On several occasions I could actually feel the nearness of the enemy fire as machine-gun bullets whizzed by or splattered in the trees.

At this point the Nazis opened up on us with their heavy artillery. The ground shook and shook until you felt that the trees would topple over.

Darkness came and we ran the gauntlet again past the snipers on our way back to Headquarters. As we drove, we could see large fires behind us lighting up the horizon. A Sergeant in a jeep flagged us down at the road junction. He suggested that it might be advisable for us to pull off the road for a spell; an enemy patrol was thought to be somewhere between us and Headquarters. We pulled over to the side of the road and chewed the fat for a while. The Sergeant hailed from Ohio. He pointed out a farmyard a quarter of a mile away across a plowed field and remarked that it reminded him of his father's place outside Columbus. Funny how everything in North Africa seems to remind everybody of home, no matter what part of America we come from.

A sudden burst of machine-gun fire shattered the stillness. We tumbled out of the car and crouched down in the ditch. The firing stopped as abruptly as it had started, and in a few minutes, a half-track came by to tell us the road had been cleared.

December 3rd.

Sat in on an impromptu conference with a squad of French soldiers who had sneaked through the Nazi lines and escaped from Tunis. They are eager to join us.

They are surprised and delighted to know that Giraud is the Commanding General of the French Forces in North Africa. However, as one of them said, "What does it matter—Giraud or De Gaulle—as long as we fight?"

We drove on and reached Bone at 3:30 in the morning. What a different city. Building after building had been hit and glass and rubble fill the streets.

Before leaving Bone on the last trip, I had left my bags and extra equipment in Room 240 at the Hotel D'Oriente; so I parked the truck on the deserted street outside the hotel and stumbled my way in the darkness to the room. I was so sleepy I could hardly undress. The moment I closed my eyes, the siren went off. Glass flew out of the windows, but I made up my mind, come what may, I would not budge. I have not been in bed in 2,000 years, more or less. I am going to sleep out the night if it kills me.

December 4th.

I awakened and looked at the morning light through the dislodged shutters. The hotel seemed strangely quiet. I rose and found that the lights were still out of order. When I tried to introduce my teeth to a tooth brush, the water was also off. So I dressed and started for the dining room on the bottom floor.

On my way downstairs I didn't pass a soul.

By now I became aware of a decided change. Something had happened.

I retraced my steps to the lobby and went out into the bright sunlit street. I looked about, and suddenly became conscious that the street in front of the hotel was completely deserted except for a

gendarme who stood at the crossing a block away. He saw me, reacted and started to wave his arms frantically in my direction.

I saw that the intersection had been roped off and that no less than half the remaining population of the town kept staring at me with popped eyes and bated breath, as if I were Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, or Orson Welles fresh from Mars.

By now, of course, it was quite obvious to me that on unexploded bomb or something of the sort had fallen somewhere in the vicinity. The complete story I learned a few moments later. It seems I had had *company* for the night. To be more explicit, I had slept with a couple of unexploded 500-pound bombs. They had lodged on the opposite side of the hotel the day before. The entire neighborhood had been evacuated since yesterday.

After trying to communicate with AFHQ at Algiers and failing, I decided to fly there.

I located the air photographs and made arrangements with Lieutenant Colonel Elliott Roosevelt to have his squadron take more of the same. I contacted him in the foyer of the St. George and arranged a conference for the following day. He has made quite a name for himself as a real fighting soldier. President's son or not, out here he stands on his own feet. He has just come back from a flight over Sardinia, one of many aerial-mapping trips he has made over enemy territory.

December 5th.

During my absence, Algiers has become, in a sense, an American city. American vehicles crowd the streets, and our soldiers are everywhere.

I had dinner with H. R. Knickerbocker and slept in a *real* bed.

December 6th.

My travel orders have been issued. I am to fly in the morning with General Clark and General Doolittle to Oran, where I will collect the film, proceed to Gibraltar by air and thence home to edit the first War Department feature-length film photographed in and under actual battle conditions.

December 10th.

As the huge plane headed out to sea bound for Trinidad and home, I looked long at the receding African coastline. The sun had gently disappeared into a bank of gray-blue clouds. Now shafts of golden light gave to the Dark Continent a sort of halo effect like a monster crown spread out over the whole world. I watched until the last thin line of land blurred and vanished. It made me think of things—things I will never forget, moments that will stay with me all my life.

A fellow-passenger dropped into the seat at my side and offered me a cigarette. "I understand you've just come back from the Tunis Front. How was it?"

For a moment I couldn't think of the right reply—or of any reply. The man looked at me with what I presume was rapidly growing curiosity and not a little annoyance. After all, it was only an ordinary civil question, and he was by all the laws of civilization entitled to a civil reply.

"Good show," I answered, and this time I meant it.

The End.

Colonel Zanuck's exciting pictures that were described in this diary will appear in your theater soon as a Warner Brothers film entitled "At The Front."



A portrait by Maria de Kammerer

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by Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

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Gus Blass, Little Rock, Arkansas
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Lansburg & Brother, Washington, D. C.
Furchgotts, Jacksonville, Florida
Rich's, Atlanta, Georgia
H. P. Selman, Louisville, Kentucky
Grover-Cromin, Waltham, Massachusetts
Kline's, St. Louis, Missouri
Kline's, Kansas City, Missouri
Kline's, Detroit, Michigan
Franklin Simon Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Kline's, Cincinnati, Ohio
Home Store, Dayton, Ohio
Kerr Dry Goods, Oklahoma, Oklahoma
Bedall Company, Portland, Oregon
A. Harris & Company, Dallas, Texas
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J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Michigan
Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y.
Lady Duff, Schenectady, N. Y.
Dolsky, Akron, Ohio
Halle Brothers, Canton, Ohio
Meyer Frank, Portland, Oregon
A. Harrison, Dallas, Texas
Thalheimer Bros., Richmond, Virginia

Mesh Suit

May Company, Los Angeles, California
Lane Bryant, Chicago, Illinois
Newman's Cloak and Suit, Decatur, Illinois
W. H. Roland, Springfield, Illinois
Newman's Cloak and Suit, Waukegan, Illinois
Newman's Cloak and Suit, Davenport, Iowa
Newman's Cloak and Suit, Des Moines, Iowa
Wolf and Dessaur, Fort Wayne, Indiana
Benton's Cloak and Suit, South Bend, Indiana
Lane Bryant, Baltimore, Maryland
Filenes, Boston, Massachusetts
Lane Bryant, Detroit, Michigan
Newman's Cloak and Suit, St. Paul, Minnesota
George B. Beck, Kansas City, Missouri
Lane Bryant, St. Louis, Missouri
Lane Bryant, Brooklyn, New York
Lane Bryant, New York, New York
Dey Brothers, Syracuse, New York
Meyers Company, Greensboro, North Carolina
Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Lamson Brothers, Toledo, Ohio
Lane Bryant, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
J. Goldsmith, Memphis, Tennessee
Newman's Cloak and Suit, Green Bay, Wisconsin
Newman's Cloak and Suit, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Seersucker Suit

Lawrence, Montgomery, Alabama
Marston Company, San Diego, California
Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C.
Estelle's, Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Reliable Outfitters, Macon, Georgia
Leopold Adler, Savannah, Georgia
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Illinois
Stewart & Company, Rockford, Illinois
W. H. Roland, Springfield, Illinois
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Indiana
Stewart & Company, Baltimore, Maryland
Stewart Dry Goods, Louisville, Kentucky
Doyle's, Billings, Montana
Kresge Department Store, Newark, New Jersey
Wechsler's, Passaic, New Jersey
Gorton Company, Elmira, New York
Stern Brothers, New York City, New York
Wallace Company, Poughkeepsie, New York
B. Forman Company, Rochester, New York
Addis Company, Syracuse, New York
Belk Brothers, Charlotte, North Carolina
Ideal Dry Goods, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Joseph Horne Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
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Printed Lawn Dress

Burger-Phillips Company, Birmingham, Alabama
Korrick's, Phoenix, Arizona
College Shop, Tucson, Arizona
Mantell Martin Company, Stamford, Connecticut
Suggenheimer's, Waterbury, Connecticut
Lansburgh & Brothers, Washington, D. C.
Style Shop, Atlanta, Georgia
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Illinois
W. H. Roland, Springfield, Illinois
Wolfe & Dessauer, Fort Wayne, Indiana
D. H. Holmes & Company, New Orleans, Louisiana
Hardwick's, Malden, Massachusetts
Sheridan's, Quincy, Massachusetts
Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Kline's, Kansas City, Missouri
Martin's, Brooklyn, New York
J. N. Adam Company, Buffalo, New York
Lord and Taylor, New York, New York
McCurdy's, Rochester, New York
Kresge Department Store, Newark, New Jersey
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Belk Brothers, Charlotte, North Carolina
Halle Brothers, Cleveland, Ohio
H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, Ohio
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G. M. McKelvey Company, Youngstown, Ohio
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Kaufmann Department Store, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
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Scrubbs, Vandervoort & Barney, St. Louis, Missouri
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Union Company, Columbus, Ohio
H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, Ohio
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C. F. Hovey, Boston, Massachusetts
The Hub, Baltimore, Maryland
George P. Peck, Kansas City, Missouri
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Stern Brothers, New York, New York
Day Brothers, Syracuse, New York
L. Bamberger, Newark, New Jersey
Rollman's, Cincinnati, Ohio
J. A. Brown, Oklahoma, Oklahoma
Frank & Seder, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
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If no store listed here is within convenient distance of your home, write to us:

The Fashion Editor
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
205 East 42nd Street
New York City, New York

It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.

Be sure to specify your choice by using the name by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 24) the attitude that money can buy the only things in life. How wrong is she?

George W.

Dear Private W:

Frankly, I think that you have taken an interest in a girl who is not the right one for you. When you state that she has the attitude that money can buy the only things in life worthwhile and ask me how wrong this girl is, I can answer that in one word: Entirely.

Never have any illusions that marriage would reform a girl with such a viewpoint. If you couldn't give her everything she wanted, she would make life miserable both for herself and you.

Why don't you wait until the war is over before you try to select a wife?

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette Davis:

You may think it strange of me, asking you this. I have very short eyelashes. I have brown eyes and brown hair and I think if I had longer eyelashes it would improve the looks of my eyes.

Could you tell me how you and other movie actresses grow such long eyelashes?

Gayle C.

Dear Mrs. C:

The truth of the matter is that very few of us have the luxuriant eyelashes we appear to possess. I might say that, in this respect at least, the majority of us owe a great deal to the make-up artist.

However, there are a number of things that you can do to make your eyelashes appear thicker and to make them grow. A good mascara, carefully applied, will give your lashes body and castor oil applied sparingly each night should do wonders toward encouraging growth.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am an eighteen-year-old boy in the Coast Artillery. I am six feet tall, weigh 180 pounds and am neat and well-groomed. I believe my physical appearance is suitable to either stage or screen work with the exception of one thing—my two front teeth have a slight space between them and the enamel is a little bit mottled.

I have asked many dentists to remove the stain (which, incidentally, was caused by a mineral and fluorine content in drinking water) but they have told me that if they remove the stain the process will ruin the teeth.

Miss Davis, could you please recommend a good dentist? After this war is done I am going to a prominent dramatic school in California, but I fear that unless I get these teeth fixed, it will tend to ruin my chances. After all, an actor has to have a handsome smile.

Private Marlow F.

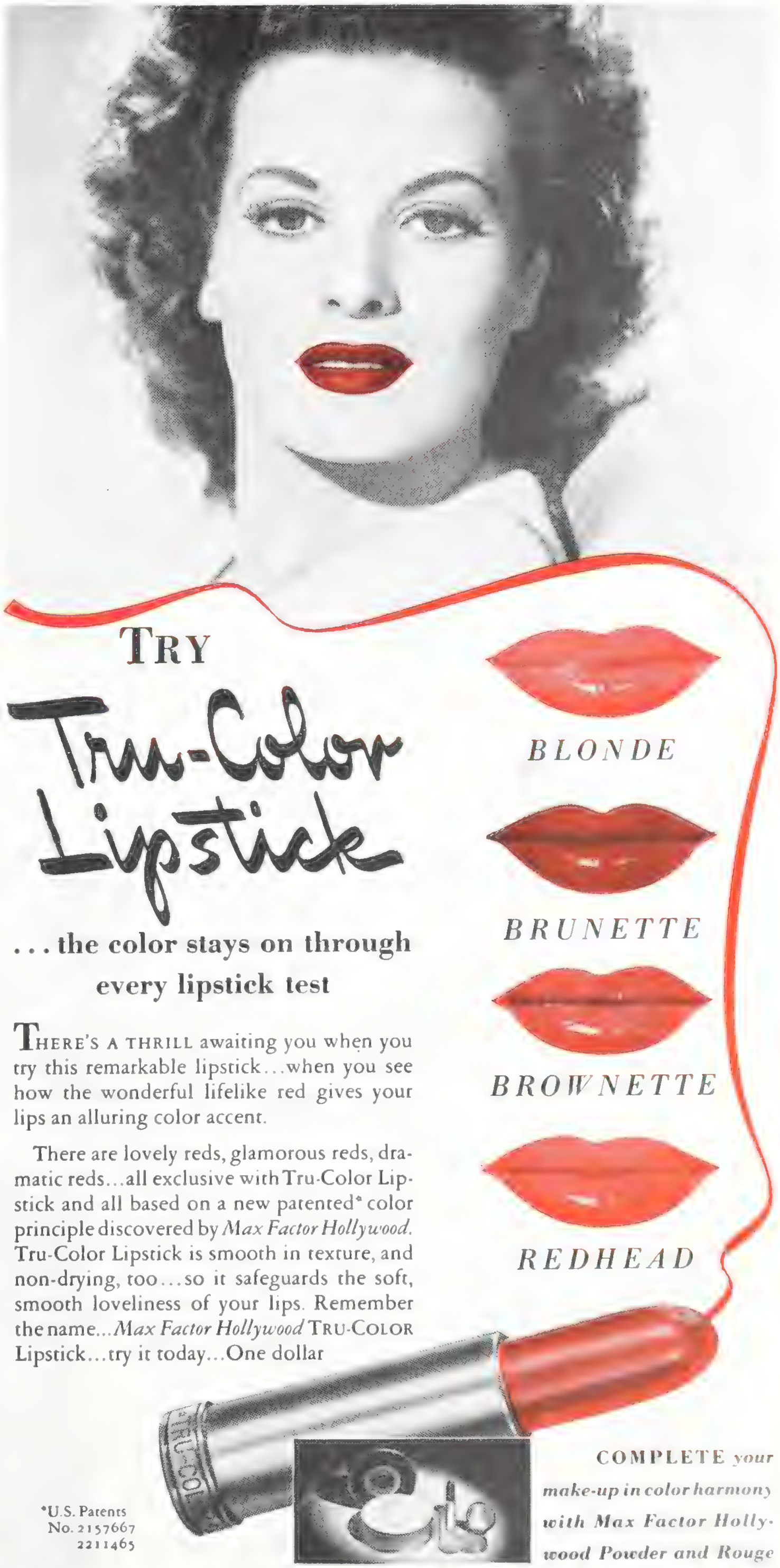
Dear Private F:

I spoke to a dentist about your problem and he assured me that fluorosis is quite common in large areas of Southern Colorado and Texas. Here is something very interesting: It seems that the same minerals in the drinking water that cause discoloration also serve to form extremely hard, beautifully shaped teeth.

For this reason you are uniquely fortunate, because the discoloration and separation won't interfere with your stage or movie chances. In pictures, actors or actresses who don't have perfect teeth can obtain porcelain caps. These are featherweight and can be applied during working hours. You need have no worries that your teeth will be a handicap.

Bette Davis.

MAUREEN O'HARA in RKO-Radio's "This Land is Mine"



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THERE'S A THRILL awaiting you when you try this remarkable lipstick...when you see how the wonderful lifelike red gives your lips an alluring color accent.

There are lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on a new patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood.* Tru-Color Lipstick is smooth in texture, and non-drying, too...so it safeguards the soft, smooth loveliness of your lips. Remember the name...*Max Factor Hollywood* TRU-COLOR Lipstick...try it today...One dollar

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These rugged woven sandals that have brought cool comfort to so many thousands of American feet in recent years are still available for immediate delivery at no increase in price. Each pair is an original creation, beautifully handcrafted in natural beige leather that ages to a deep tan (also in white, plain weave). Send foot outline, mention shoe size. We guarantee a fit in any size for men or women.



Please send pair Huaraches
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Address
The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FÉ—NEW MEXICO

Dear Miss Davis:

I am married and have a little boy five years old. I have been married six and a half years, but about two years ago I found out I didn't love my husband.

But now, Miss Davis, I have met another man whom I am sure I love. This man is married also, but he and his wife have been separated several different times. I am sure he loves me.

He wants to marry me, but he says he wants me to be sure I want to get a divorce, for he wants me to be happy. He says I can take my boy with us. That, Miss Davis, is my trouble. My son wants to stay with his Daddy, and he doesn't want me to leave home either.

I haven't yet told my husband that I am in love with another man and want to leave. I am twenty-three, my husband is thirty-five and the other man is only twenty-two. What should I do?

Cynthia T.

Dear Mrs. T:

It seems to me that the first thing to consider, in this situation, is the fact that both you and the man you say you love are running the risk of doing great damage to the lives of a great many people. You say that this man has been separated from his wife several different times—yet each time they must have patched up their quarrel and been reunited. This would indicate to me that there is some very strong tie between them.

Have you ever asked yourself why they have separated so often? Perhaps the very thing that causes misunderstanding between them might also create friction between you and this man.

And what of your own home, and your little boy? It is only natural for him to love his father and to want his home to remain as he has known it. You must have questioned your little boy about wanting to leave his father or you wouldn't know his opinion. In a way, this was unfair, because it must have given him a sense of instability that is bad for children. Psychologists will tell you that a child needs to feel safe, loved and protected.

Actually, no one can solve your problem except you yourself. It may be that your husband has behaved in some manner to kill your love for him. It may be that there were always great personality differences between you and that the daily wear of association has increased their importance in your eyes.

However, as I say, only you can find the answer to all this difficulty.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

My face is long, thin and plain and my hair is short, dry, brittle and lifeless. There is no way I can arrange it to become my unfortunate face. The reason why I am mentioning my face and hair is because I am afraid it is keeping me out of the romantic world.

I am past twenty-five and have never yet had a date with anyone of the opposite sex.

During my school days I was always considered as being funny-looking. You can imagine how I felt when I was called by rude names, especially as I hadn't done anything to deserve them. Even my mother, at times, has called me ugly.

I do not even have any close friends. Although I do have old school friends, they merely smile and pass on after speaking to me on the street.

What would you advise a girl of twenty-five to do when she is finding herself growing to be an old maid?

Mona L.

Dear Miss L:

It just so happened the day I was answering your letter the editor of a prominent woman's magazine was on the set, so I asked her for advice on your problem. She said there are success schools in New York City which have helped girls far more handicapped than you are, and trained them to be attractive, popular, and happy persons. As I understand it, the course is given by mail. You supply these people with a photograph, full figure as well as face, of yourself. They diagnose your problems and prescribe for you.

There is only one way to take a course of this kind. If you really want to change —which you seem to—you must seriously apply yourself to their suggestions.

Let me know how you progress.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am seventeen and I am very much in love with a soldier who is stationed in California. We have written many letters and we have decided that we want to be married. There is only one thing troubling us: We are second cousins.

I would like to know if there is any possible way we could be married.

Virginia W.

Dear Miss W:

I telephoned the Los Angeles County License Bureau and explained your problem. They assured me that you and your



The author of "What Should I Do?" turns the actress of "Old Acquaintance": Bette Davis listening to a problem (purely fictional!) of new star Gig Young

sweetheart could be married here in California, as we have no state law against the marriage of second cousins.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

God gifted me with a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice. I have studied for five years during which I sang over the radio, in concert and on the stage with success. Now, I want to try my luck in New York.

I have an aunt who is ready to give me one hundred dollars to go there, but unless I have a job as soon as I arrive, I couldn't go far on that money. If I could extend my musical studies I'd make the Metropolitan Opera easily. Please don't think for a moment that I am bragging.

What would you do in my place?

Yvonne R.

Dear Miss R:

By stating that your aunt would give you one hundred dollars, did you mean that such a sum would have to cover your transportation, as well as your living expenses until you found employment?

If so, I frankly don't believe it will be enough.

However, before you make any plans whatsoever, you should write to the Metropolitan and make some arrangements for an audition. Then you should get in touch with some of the larger employment agencies and learn what opportunities for work would be open to you.

You can secure the addresses of employment agencies from a N. Y. paper.

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette:

To make a long story short I have been going to business school, much as I've hated it and wanted to quit, but now I have a chance for a job. If I save from now until next August, I will have nearly $700.

Do you think, since I have studied dancing for six years, that it is silly of me to want to go to New York so "darn" bad that I don't care if I have to dance in a cheap night club for a start, as long as it is dancing and New York?

I want to be successful, but I just don't feel that I could be happy in a small town pecking a typewriter when in my heart I want to dance.

Kitty M.

Dear Miss M:

If you actually have $700 saved by August, you should try your luck in New York by all means. In addition to that nest egg, your business training has given you a profession on which you can always depend in an emergency.

I like your spirit very much. I find that a great many people have no inclination to help themselves; but you are planning ahead with intelligence.

As for dancing in a night club, some of our greatest performers have secured their start in humble spots. The thing to remember is: No matter how small your start is, don't let it have any effect upon your work. Do your best and keep your eyes on your ultimate goal.

Bette Davis.

The End

If—

you would like to have your problem answered by Bette Davis, Hollywood's famous advice star, write to her in care of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, *8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and if your letter seems to her to present a universal issue, she will respond in these pages.*



Military Objective

Captured by Her Evening in Paris Make-up

Fair target for the delightful devastation wrought by her loveliness!

And what man could resist such enchantment? Mist-softness of Evening in Paris face powder . . . delicate blush of rouge . . . brilliant silken allure of lips touched with Evening in Paris lipstick.

Surely this is a loveliness combination to capture the heart of the bravest hero!

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Evening in Paris

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"REGULAR PAIN doesn't go with a regular job!"

KEEPING at it means more now. Days off from work, even housework, are harder to spare. So to save time, save *yourself*—with Midol! Rely on it regularly for swift relief of your functional menstrual suffering—cramps, headache, and miserable depression.

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Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

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We CAN!



Lucille Ball, trying new tricks in a wartime kitchen

The most modern way to do the biggest job for yourself and Uncle Sam

BY ANN HAMILTON

THEY are Hollywood pioneers 1943 style, Lucille Ball and husband Desi Arnaz. They live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley and although they know that it may be only a week or a month before Desi's fatherland Cuba taps him on the shoulder and says, "Into service you go," instead of having a last gay holiday together they are sticking at home and doing what the government has asked all of us to do. They are raising a Victory garden and canning fruits and vegetables. They have another good idea, too—to trade part of their apricot crop for a share of a neighbor's grapes so that both households will have greater variety.

The garden is Desi's province and Lucille heads the canning department. "When I first thought about canning I was scared to death," Lucille admitted. "But honestly I think I could do anything now."

Successful canning, she feels, is only a matter of following directions exactly.

Fruits, tomatoes, pickles and preserves, she said, can safely be canned by the open-kettle method; but vegetables and meats must be processed; that is, packed into jars and then cooked in a pressure cooker, steam cooker or hot water bath canner. The water bath is probably the simplest equipment for beginners. Use a large kettle with a close-fitting cover, large enough so that the jars will not touch each other during processing, deep enough for the water to cover the jars at least one inch and with a wooden or galvanized rack that will hold the jars at least a half inch from the bottom of the kettle.

TOMATOES (Open Kettle)

Select firm, ripe tomatoes. Wash in cold water, let stand in boiling water one minute, plunge into cold water and remove skin. Cut out cores and any soft or decayed spots. Boil for twenty minutes, adding salt to taste. Pour into hot, sterile jars (jars, lids and rubbers should be sterilized by washing, then boiling for 20 minutes) and seal each jar as it is filled.

PEAS (Water Bath)

Cover shelled peas with boiling water and boil three minutes for small peas, five for large. Pour peas and liquid into hot sterilizing jars, adding one-half tsp. salt to each pint jar. Seal or partially seal (be sure to read directions given you with the jars to see whether jars should be completely sealed or only partially sealed) and place in water bath which has been filled with hot water. Cover and process for three hours, counting the time from when the water begins to boil. Water must boil during entire processing time; if it boils away add more boiling water.

BEETS (Water Bath)

Select young tender beets. Wash, leave on tap roots and an inch or so of stem. Boil until skin can be removed easily, then cut off roots and stems. Pack into sterilized jars, cover with boiling water and add one-half tsp. salt to each pint jar. Seal or partially seal and process for two and one-half hours.

CABBAGE (Water Bath)

Select firm cabbage, wash and cut into pieces that can be packed easily. Cook in boiling salted water (one and one-half tsps. salt to one qt. water) until tender. Pack into hot sterilized jars, cover with fresh boiling water, seal or partially seal and process for two hours.

SUMMER SQUASH (Water Bath)

Be sure the squash is young and tender. Wash, cut off stem and blossom ends and slice or dice. Steam until tender, pack into hot sterilized jars and add one-half tsp. salt to each pint jar. Seal or partially seal and process for three hours.

NEW POTATOES (Water Bath)

Take freshly dug potatoes. Wash and scrape potatoes, boil for ten minutes then pack into hot sterilized jars, adding one tsp. salt to each quart jar. Cover with boiling water, seal or partially seal and process for two and one-half hours.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 15)

. . . fighting mad! Miss Granville's portrayal of *Anna* was spectacular and I'm the sap who said, "Spectacular things don't impress me." There are many girls who need convincing and I hope every one of them sees "Hitler's Children."

Ardyce Pfanstiel,
San Antonio, Tex.

$1.00 PRIZE

Thinking Out Loud

ISN'T Ingrid Bergman quite the loveliest thing this side of heaven?

Why doesn't Ginger Rogers get her hair cut? It looks awful. Don't you think she was much more attractive as a blonde?

Isn't Robert Sterling just like your own big brother?

Don't you agree that Alan Ladd is the screen's Mr. Dynamite?

Wouldn't you love to have Ann Sheridan and Barbara Stanwyck for your big sisters?

I wonder if we'll ever know whether Vic Mature was really that way or whether he was just the victim of the publicity department.

Aren't we lucky to be able to turn on our radio and shake with laughter at the inane jokes of Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Red Skelton instead of shaking with fear at the insane shouts of a dictator?

Fay Hicks,
Guelph, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION

SPRING is here and a young girl's fancy turns to—clothes. Here are the stars I'd consult to create a perfect costume:

A gay, morale-lifting hat designed by Rosalind Russell.

A soft two-piece suit chosen by Janet Gaynor. (Of course, I'd hope for tips from Adrian!)

Shoes by Betty Grable. (With her dancing feet, she ought to *know* about shoes!)

A corsage of spring flowers, as an extra touch, arranged by Ann Rutherford. (She's like a breath of spring, herself.)

Boy, wouldn't I lead the "Easter Parade"!

Evelyn Walker,
Conroe, Tex.

I HEREWITH enter my protest against cluttering up the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror with pictures of actresses displaying "crazy" hair-dos.

To illustrate my point, take a quick glance at Ginger Rogers on page 25 (April issue). Then if you are a glutton for punishment, turn to page 27 and see what a mess Betty Grable has made of herself with her "up-roached" coiffure, as my little niece calls them. On pages 48 and 56, Rosalind Russell and Joan Crawford do a thorough job of de-glamourizing themselves. Can anything be done about this? Perhaps you can ration crazy coiffures!

Ardis Hawley Snow,
Alexandria, Va.

WHAT'S in a smile? Take Spencer Tracy's, for instance. There is something about it that will warm your heart.

Next we'll say, "Come on, John Payne, give us a smile!" He doesn't smile at a moment's notice, but when he does—need I say more?

Virginia O'Brien even smiles—or does she? Anyway, Pat does. I like that smile of his. Why? Because his eyes smile, too. That's what I call a "double feature."

Leslie A. Holmes,
Anderson, S. C.

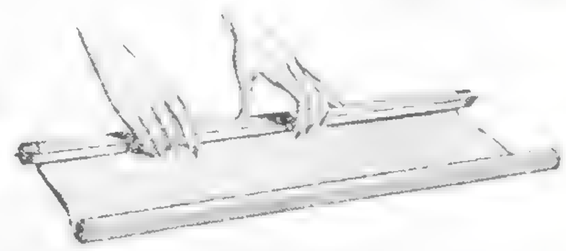


Now I buy good-looking, durable CLOPAYS at the 5¢ and 10¢ store

AND KEEP CRISP, FRESH SHADES AT MY WINDOWS ALL THE TIME

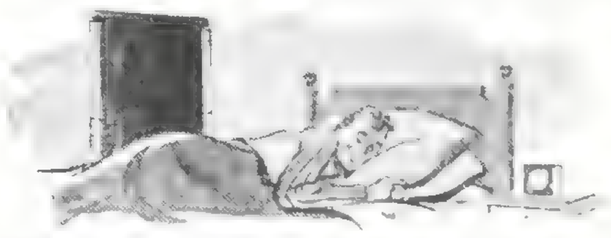


HONESTLY, THEY LOOK just like costly cloth shades! They're made of magical cellulose fiber, and cost so little—10¢, 15¢, 29¢—you can afford new CLOPAY window shades every year.



USE YOUR OLD ROLLERS! It's as easy as sealing a letter to attach CLOPAYS to old rollers. Just moisten the curved gummed strip. Smooth on. No tacks or tools needed. Saves money. Saves metal.

WHY PAY SO MUCH for window shades that you feel you have to live with them when they get dirty and drab? Join the millions of women who buy good-looking, durable CLOPAY Window Shades. They cost so little—you can change them, have fresh, clean, new shades every year. Get them at 5¢ and 10¢ and neighborhood stores everywhere. CLOPAY Shademores still 10¢, Lintones 15¢, Oil-Finish Washables 29¢, for the 36 in. x 6 ft. size, ready to attach.



FINE FOR DAYLIGHT SLEEPERS. CLOPAY Blackout Shades keep light out during day, keep light in at night—permit normal living during dimouts and blackouts. Cost only 39¢ up, with hold-down clips.

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WINDOW SHADES

If you find your store temporarily out of a particular size or color, we know you'll understand. An increasing part of CLOPAY production is devoted to direct war work.



Was she wrong when she said:

"Pleased to meet you!"

It's Etiquet, when introduced, to say: *"How do you do?"* Such phrases as "Pleased to meet you," "Glad to make your acquaintance," are incorrect. Avoid embarrassment from such mistakes. And avoid embarrassment from under-arm perspiration and odor! Use Etiquet—new *antiseptic* deodorant cream. More effective!*

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It's Etiquet *that stops under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days*



- **SAFELY STOPS** under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days. Use twice a week or oftener.
- **SAFELY STOPS** under-arm perspiration odor 1 to 3 days. 24% more effective than other deodorant creams tested.*
- **SAVES ON CLOTHES.** Prevents clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
- **ANTISEPTIC.** Pure. Soothing. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day.
- **WORKS FAST.** Disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on . . . dress . . . dash!



"BIKE TESTS" * prove Etiquet over 24% more effective against under-arm perspiration odor than other deodorant creams tested. Details sent upon request.

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LOOK FOR THE BLUE-PLAID JAR AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS. 10¢, 39¢.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

Etiquet *THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM*

A Letter to my Mother

(*Continued from page* 19) country, that sometimes we ended up wanting a lot of things that weren't good for us. Unless I'm mistaken, when it's all over, we'll have a lot saner sense of values.

Not to change the subject, but I'm still looking for a pitcher you haven't got. Found a little Indian one the other day, but remembered you had two in your collection and didn't send it. Have made it part of my life's ambition to find somewhere one of these days a pitcher you don't already have. I was telling the fellows you have about 500 pitchers in your collection.

Remember the time, Mom, after I'd flunked solid geometry twice in succession and you and Dad were despairing about whether I'd ever get out of high school and I pulled the old gag about threatening to burn down the schoolhouse so I could get out? But you gave me a talking-to and tried to explain to me that in order to get a lot of the things you wanted in life, there'd always be a lot of things you had to do that you didn't like. I've found that increasingly true ever since I've been away, but I never expected it to be true about the same things. After ten years or more I wind up with solid geometry and math at flying school again only now, Mom, I've *got* to pass it. I got through the first stage and feel pretty proud about it and know that half of it must be due to the prayers I asked you to say. Maybe the things you slough off in life you have to go back to. It's even possible that the reason we're fighting this war is because we didn't finish the last one the way we should have.

Give Aunt Rosie my love and you two hold down the fort. I hear Brother Pete is in line for promotion. I hope he gets it. I was awfully glad to hear that Brother Bill got the job he wanted in the shipyards. Hope he likes the work. Tell him it's too bad he couldn't have been a little younger to join Pete and me and that I'm proud of him.

When I see my daughter Julie on my trips home from camp, she seems more beautiful and talkative each time. Did I ever ask that many questions, Mom? Anyway, I'm going to write you soon again for some answers when I run out of information for Julie. She sends her love and, naturally, Mom, you know how you stand with me though I still don't write as often as I should. I think of you and Godmother and Aunt Rosie and everyone at home every day.

I love you, dear, and God bless you.

John.

Tune in the

BLUE NETWORK

Every day—Monday through Friday.

3:15 to 3:45 P.M. (EWT)

LISTEN TO—"MY TRUE STORY"—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in co-operation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this —

BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION

The Champ!

(*Continued from page* 31) Was A Lady." Then Hollywood discovered her. She became a leader in the "Sweater Set."

She is unlike most star actresses. She doesn't have a secretary, a personal hairdresser, or even a business manager. On the set her best friends are invariably the chorus girls and boys she dances with.

She likes plain American cooking, but highly seasoned. The pepper pot is always near her when she's eating.

She bathes in jig time. Five minutes is usually enough. She hates showers and likes to take a tub bath at least twice a day, one warm, one cold.

SHE abhors slinky clothes, favors sport things. She looks good in a sweater, and knows it.

She was very thrilled when she was invited to put her mark in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater, a sort of Hollywood Hall of Fame. It proved she was now a genuine movie celebrity. But instead of taking her footprints, as is the custom, they took her leg prints.

Her bedroom is done in light pastels. Her dressing table is piled with perfumes. She collects them as a hobby. She is always experimenting with lipstick. There have never been any objections.

She wears a nightgown to bed. She's tried pajamas, but doesn't like them. Her nightgowns run the gamut of colors, from white to purple. They're nearly all caught in the middle by a ribbon, and they're all of pure silk—or have been to date. She sleeps without a pillow and piles a mountain of blankets on herself. Regardless of the famous California climate, she says she's always cold when she goes to bed.

She loves to walk barefooted. She walks barefooted about the house and on the lawn of her Brentwood house. She believes walking barefooted helps her legs. She's the kind of a girl who can walk barefooted, wear a sweater and please her public.

HER biggest and most publicized romance was George Raft, and this is how it started: She first met George Raft when she was working in the chorus of Frank Fay's revue, "Tattle Tales." She and her sister went out with Raft and a friend. "I was a squirt of fourteen or fifteen then," she says. "I had to be home by twelve o'clock." After this initial meeting, she didn't see Raft again until she was married to Jackie Coogan and working at Paramount. Then Raft was a better friend of Coogan's than of hers.

It was long after her divorce from Coogan that Raft asked her for a date. He had a third party arrange the meeting. "He's a very shy person," she says. He took her to a "Bundles for Britain" party.

They went with each other constantly after that until Betty decided to terminate the romance, and this is why. After many talks between them George went East to discuss the matter of a divorce with Mrs. Raft, from whom he has been separated for years. He asked for a divorce again. It was practically the same story. He and Mrs. Raft, who couldn't agree on marriage, couldn't agree even on the terms of a settlement.

George's lawyers are still discussing the matter with his wife's lawyers and it looks as though George and Betty won't be able to get together again unless George can get a legal separation from Mrs. Raft.

The love problem of Betty and her "Honey" is certainly a much more difficult one than any they have faced in a Hollywood scenario.

The End

"Like he said... Gee, Monkey-face, you're the first welder whose hands I've ever kissed!"



GREASY grime left my hands rough as sandpaper. Just *wouldn't* wash off! Then I got wise to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream...yep, started using it *before and after* work. Say, Hinds helps against drying, ground-in dirt. Now my hands wash up soft and happy...whiter-looking than I'd ever hoped!

Smooth? You bet! I use **Hinds**—that **Honey** of a lotion!

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BEFORE WORK—housework or factory work—use Hinds. Tests prove grease and grime wash off faster, hands come out cleaner. Hinds skin softeners actually help guard your skin against drying, ground-in dirt.

AFTER WORK—Hinds again! Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look, a comfy feel. It *benefits* skin abused by work or weather.

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ALSO, HINDS HAND CREAM IN JARS. QUICK-SOFTENING, TOO! 10¢, 39¢.



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Irritation from ground-in grime makes hands unsightly, uncomfortable...makes work difficult and slow. Use Hinds before work, and after wash-ups, to reduce risk of irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis, if neglected.

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HINDS *for* HANDS

and wherever skin needs softening!



Change from "hair fussed" to "hairfixed" in a jiffy! Between beauty-shop visits, GRIP-TUTH, the modern HAIRTAINER holds every hair *securely* in place; exclusive "spring-tooth" action means GRIP-TUTH *can't fall out!* And that's especially important if you're a defense worker. Sold at all leading beauty salons, department stores, chains; card of one large or two small retainers, 25c.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept.F-2

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ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY—M-G-M: *Captain Pierre Matard, Bertrand Corlay,* Pierre Aumont; *Anne Pinot,* Susan Peters; *Elise,* Signe Hasso; *Jean Kerenor,* Richard Whorf; *Mme. Charlotte Corlay* Margaret Wycherly; *Col. Trane,* Reginald Owen; *Col. Fournier,* Miles Mander; *Albertine,* Sara Padden; *Capt. Deichgruber,* John Emery; *Capt. Holz,* George Colouris; *Jeannine,* Juanita Quigley.

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CHINA—Paramount: *Carolyn Grant,* Loretta Young; *Mr. Jones,* Alan Ladd; *Johnny Sparrow,* William Bendix; *Lin Cho,* Philip Ahn; *Lin Yun,* Richard Lwo; *Lin Wei,* Sen Yung; *Kwan Su,* Iris Wong; *Tan Ying,* Jessie Tai Sing; *Donald Duck,* Irene Tso; *Chang Teh,* Chinese Wah Lee; *Tai Shan,* Swo Yong; *Captain Tao-Yuan-kai,* Beal Wong; *Aide to Captain,* Bruce Wong; *Eurasian Women,* Tala Birell, Helena Kuo.

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EDGE OF DARKNESS—Warners: *Gunnar Brogge,* Errol Flynn; *Karen Stensgard,* Ann Sheridan; *Dr. Martin Stensgard,* Walter Huston; *Katja,* Nancy Coleman; *Captain Koenig,* Helmut Dantine; *Gerd Bjarnesen,* Judith Anderson; *Anna Stensgard,* Ruth Gordon; *Johann Stensgard,* John Beal; *Sixtus Andresen,* Morris Carnovsky; *Kaspar Torgensen,* Charles Dingle; *Lars Malken,* Roman Bohnen; *Pastor Aalesen,* Richard Fraser; *Knut Osterholm,* Art Smith; *Hammer,* Tom Fadden; *Major Ruck,* Henry Brandon; *Paul,* Tonio Selwart; *Frida,* Helene Thimig; *Jensen,* Frank Wilcox; *Mortensen,* Francis Pierlot; *Mrs. Mortensen,* Lottie Williams; *Petersen,* Monte Blue; *Solveig Brategaard,* Dorothy Tree; *Hulda,* Virginia Christine; *Helmut,* Henry Rowland.

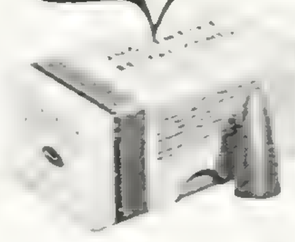
FALCON STRIKES BACK, THE—RKO-Radio: *Tom Lawrence,* Tom Conway; *Gwynne Gregory,* Harriet Hilliard; *Marcia,* Jane Randolph; *Smiley Jordan,* Edgar Kennedy; *Rickey Davis,* Erford Gage; *Goldy,* Cliff Edwards; *Mia,* Rita Corday; *Mrs. Lipton,* Wynne Gibson; *Inspector Donovan,* Cliff Clark; *Bates,* Ed Gargan; *Jerry,* Richard Loo; *Bruno Steffen,* Andre Charlot; and the Velma Dawson Puppets.

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HE HIRED THE BOSS—20th Century-Fox: *Hubert Wilkins,* Stuart Erwin; *Emily Conway,* Evelyn Venable; *Mr. Bates,* Thurston Hall; *Sally Conway,* Vivian Blaine; *Don Bates,* William T. Orr; *Jimmy,* Bennie Bartlett; *Clark,* James Bush; *Fuller,* Chick Chandler; *Jordan,* Hugh Beaumont; *Stokes,* Ken Christy; *Mason,* Robert Emmett Keane; *Hank,* Harold Goodwin; *Driver,* Eddie Acuff; *Butler,* Charles Coleman; *Mailman,* Syd Saylor; *Perry,* Emmett Vogan; *Carter,* Ralph Dunn.

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO—20th Century-Fox: *Trudy Evans,* Alice Faye; *Johnny Cornell,* John Payne; *Dan Daley,* Jack Oakie; *Bernice Croft,* Lynn Bari; *Sam Weaver,* Laird Cregar; *Beulah Clancy,* June Havoc; *Sharkey,* Ward Bond; *Douglas Dawson,* Aubrey Mather; *Ned Clark,* John Archer; *Lou,* Frank Orth; *Proprietor,* George Lloyd; *Missionary,* Frank Darien; *Burkham,* Harry Hayden; *Foreman,* Eddie Dunn; *O'Riley,* Charles Cane; *Auctioneer,* Frank Thomas; *Specialty Singer,* Kirby Grant; *Cockney Maid,* Mary Field.

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HIGH EXPLOSIVE—Paramount: *Buzz Mitchell,* Chester Morris; *Connie Baker,* Jean Parker; *Mike Douglas,* Barrie Sullivan; *Squinchy Andrews,* Ralph Sanford; *Jimmy Baker,* Rand Brooks; *Dave,* Dick Purcell; *Doris Lynch,* Barbara Lynn.

HIT PARADE OF 1943—Republic: *Rick Farrell,* John Carroll; *Jill Wright,* Susan Hayward; *Toni Jarrett,* Gail Patrick; *Belinda Wright,* Eve Arden; *Bradley Cole,* Melville Cooper; *J. MacClellan Davis,* Walter Catlett; *Janie,* Mary Treen; *Westinghouse,* Tom Kennedy; *Joyce,* Astrid Allwyn; *Brownie,* Tim Ryan; and Jack Williams; the Harlem Sandman; Dorothy Dandridge; Pops and Louie; the Music Maids; the Three Cheers; Chinita; the Golden Gate Quartette; and Freddy Martin and his orchestra; Count Basie and his orchestra; Ray McKinley and his orchestra.

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I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE—RKO-Radio: *Rand,* James Ellison; *Betsy,* Frances Dee; *Holland,* Tom Conway; *Mrs. Rand,* Edith Barrett; *Dr. Maxwell,* James Bell; *Jessica,* Christine Gordon; *Alma,* Teresa Harris; *Calypso Singer,* Sir Lancelot; *Carre Four,* Darby Jones; *Dancer,* Jeni LeGon.

ISLE OF ROMANCE—Universal: *Tommy (Chief Atamu),* Allan Jones; *Joan Holton,* Jane Frazee; *Eddie Dolan,* Andy Devine; *Mrs. Holton,* Ernest Truex; *Susie Dugan,* Mary Wickes; *Chief Nataro,* Nestor Paiva; *Luani,* Acquanetta; *Mrs. Holton,* Marjorie Gateson.

IT AIN'T HAY—Universal: *Grover Mockridge,* Bud Abbott; *Wilbur Hoolihan,* Lou Costello; *Princess,* Patsy O'Connor; *Kitty,* Grace McDonald; *Joe,* Leighton Noble; *King,* Cecil Kellaway; *Warner,* Eugene Pallette; *Harry the Horse,* Eddie Quillan; *Umbrella Joe,* Shemp Howard; *Chauncey the Eye,* Dave Hacker; *Col. Brainard,* Samuel Hinds; *Slicker,* Richard Lane; *Reilly,* Wade Boteler; *Grant,* Selmer Jackson.

LADIES' DAY—RKO-Radio: *Pepita,* Lupe Velez; *Wacky,* Eddie Albert; *Hazel,* Patsy Kelly; *Hippo,* Max Baer; *Updyke,* Jerome Cowan; *Kitty,* Iris Adrian; *Joan,* Joan Barclay; *Dan,* Cliff Clark; *Marianna,* Carmen Morales; *Doc,* George Cleveland; *Marty,* Jack Briggs; *Smokey,* Russ Clark; *Tony,* Nedrick Young; *Spike,* Eddie Dew; *House Detective,* Tom Kennedy; *Umpire,* Ralph Sanford.

NEXT OF KIN: *Beppie Leemans,* Nova Pilbeam; *Miss Claire, the dancer,* Phyllis Stanley; *Naval Captain,* Basil Sidney; *Private John,* Geoffrey Hibbert; *Private Jimmy,* 2nd Lt. Richard Norris, R.F.; *No. 23 (Mr. Davis),* Lt. Mervyn Johns; *Mr. Barratt,* Lt. C. Stephen Murray; *Major Richards,* Sqn Leader Reginald Tate; *Intelligence Officer,* Lt. David Hutcheson; *Mrs. "Ma" Webster,* Mary Clare; *The Colonel,* Frederick Leister; *Private Durn Ford,* Alexander Field; *Brigade Major,* 2nd Lt. Jack Hawkins; *The Brigadier,* Bresni O'Rorke.

SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS—M-G-M: *Peggy Evans,* Lana Turner; *Bob Stuart,* Robert Young; *Cornelius Burden,* Walter Brennan; *Baba,* Dame May Whitty; *Durstin,* Eugene Pallette; *English Gentleman,* Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Roanoke-Brooke,* Florence Bates; *Mr. Quill,* Howard Freeman; *Baldwin,* Millard Mitchell; *Jimmy,* Ward Bond; *Mitzi,* Pamela Blake; *Snodgrass,* Ray Collins; *Stanhope,* Paul Stanton.

THIS LAND IS MINE—RKO-Radio: *Albert Lory,* Charles Laughton; *Louise Martin,* Maureen O'Hara; *George Lambert,* George Sanders; *Major Von Keller,* Walter Slezak; *Paul Martin,* Kent Smith; *Mrs. Emma Lory,* Una O'Connor; *Prof. Sorel,* Philip Merivale; *Mayor,* Thurston Hall; *Prosecuting Attorney,* George Coulouris; *Julie Grant,* Nancy Gates; *Presiding Judge,* Ivan Simpson; *Edmund Lorraine,* John Donat; *Lt. Schwartz,* Frank Alten; *Little Man,* Leo Bulgakov; *Mr. Lorraine,* Wheaton Chambers; *Mrs. Lorraine,* Cecil Weston.

YOUNG MR. PITT, THE—20th Century-Fox: *The Earl of Chatham and William Pitt,* Robert Donat; *William Pitt (as a boy),* Geoffrey Atkins; *Mrs. Sparry,* Jean Cadell; *Charles James Fox,* Robert Morley; *Eleanor Eden,* Phyllis Calvert; *George The Third,* Raymond Lovell; *Queen Charlotte,* Agnes Loughlan; *William Wilberforce,* John Mills; *Lord North,* Felix Aylmer; *Dundas,* Ian McLean; *Sheridan,* Max Adrian; *Sir Evan Napean,* Bromley Davenport; *Smith,* John Salew; *Napoleon,* Herbert Lom; *Talleyrand,* Albert Lieven; *Lord Nelson,* Stephen Haggard; *Earl Spencer,* Stuart Lindsell; *Addington,* Henry Hewitt; *Sir William Farquhar,* Frederick Culley; *Coachman,* Frank Pettingell; *Gentleman Jackson,* Leslie Bradley; *Dan Mendoza,* Roy Emerton; *Mr. Melvill,* Hugh McDermott; *Lord Grenville,* Alfred Sangster.

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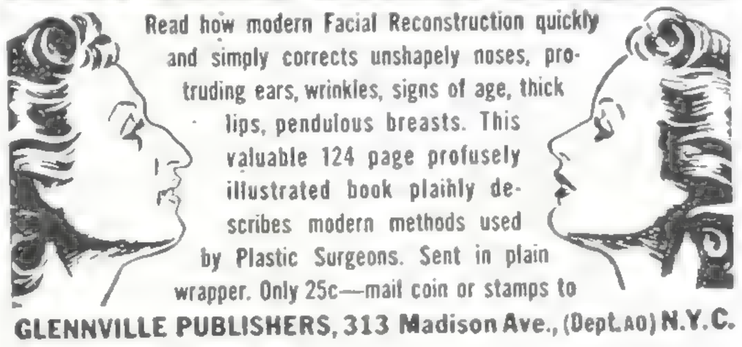
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The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page* 16) to an impersonation. And so well does Lana feign her amnesia attack even Bob, who knew her when, is puzzled.

Walter Brennan gives a sympathetic performance as the man of wealth who accepts Lana as his long-lost child. Dame May Whitty is splendid as the nurse.

There are times when the story plot grows thin around the edges, but Lana and Bob are strong enough to offset the dull moments.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance in the comedy manner.

✓✓ Hello, Frisco, Hello (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *A group of entertainers who climb to the top.*

PATTERNED to the formula that made hits of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Rose Of Washington Square," this musical, based on still another song hit of another era emerges a honey of a movie. Alice Faye, after a year's absence from the screen, returns to score a solid hit as the singer in love with John Payne, who can't resist the Nob Hill lovely, Lynn Bari. Alice's singing of "You'll Never Know" and the duet between John and Alice of the title song is one of those moments in movie history not to be forgotten. There is something wistfully plaintive in la Faye's voice that tugs away at the love strings of a body's heart. In her belaced, beplumed and befurbelowed gowns of the Gay Nineties, Alice is a picture of loveliness.

Payne gives one of the best performances of his career as the vascillating hero and Jack Oakie is just Oakie with his inimitable singing and strutting. Nostalgic memories flit about as we listen to such old favorites as "It's Tulip Time In Holland," "Shine On Harvest Moon" and "Doing The Grizzly Bear."

Laird Cregar hides behind a pair of massive whiskers as a prospector and June Havoc, who is given her best screen opportunity, makes the most of every second.

Your Reviewer Says: Miss this and you'll be sorry.

✓ Edge Of Darkness (Warners)

It's About: *Revolt of natives against Nazi occupationists.*

THIS is a story well told, well directed and, in several instances, beautifully acted, though at times it does go over the edge of darkness into black shadow.

Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan (not too well photographed) are Norwegian leaders of a revolution against Nazi oppressors. When arms arrive from England, the revolt flares into action only after rape and murder have made life unendurable for the Norwegians.

Flynn seems rather negative in his role as the fisherman; Ann is too repressed. Walter Huston and Ruth Gordon, as her parents, and John Beal, as the weak brother, are very good, indeed. Helmut Dantine earns his title of the despised Nazi leader. Mr. Dantine is so very tense one keeps wishing for one little sign of relaxed easiness. It never comes. Incidentally, Dantine is the highlight of the whole proceedings.

Charles Dingle, as the Nazi sympathizer, and Nancy Coleman, as the Polish girl en-

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slaved by Dantine, give polished performances. Summed up, "Edge Of Darkness" will have its chief appeal for the followers of Flynn and Sheridan.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture to make you think.

✓ I Walked With A Zombie (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A nurse who walks with the living dead.*

IT creeps along with eerie tread, a slow devastating dark thing that holds and fascinates. And while one is well aware it's so much hooey, the story is told with such conviction it can't be taken lightly.

The tale, told in retrospect, is that of a nurse who goes to the Caribbean where she discovers her patient is insane. On the island the natives proclaim the stricken woman a zombie, a member of the walking dead, and in order to help restore her to normalcy, the nurse becomes involved in weird voodoo hoodoo. Frances Dee is beautiful, dignified and charming as the nurse, which, come to think of it, may account in part for the plausibility of the tale. Tom Conway is the husband and Jimmy Ellison is so very good as his younger brother. Sir Lancelet, the famous calypso singer, Edith Barrett and James Bell complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Talk about "The Cat People!" Get a load of this one.

✓ It Ain't Hay (Universal)

It's About: *A pair of comics who annex a race horse by accident.*

IT'S Abbott and Costello, friends, which means it's a funny picture just on general principles and not because the story is too good (for it isn't) or the gags too fresh. With that pair they needn't be.

This time the lean and heavy pair attempt to replace the horse of a Central Park hack driver that Costello has helped hasten to its death by feeding it peppermint candy. Thinking they are swiping a worthless race horse, the lads, instead, steal Tea Biscuit, the champion, and the hullabaloo that ensues is typical Abbott and Costello fun.

Grace McDonald and Leighton Noble take care of the romance department. Little Patsy O'Connor leads off with a bit

Best Pictures of the Month

This Land Is Mine
Hello, Frisco, Hello
Next Of Kin
Desert Victory

Best Performances

Charles Laughton in "This Land Is Mine"
Una O'Connor in "This Land Is Mine"
Alice Faye in "Hello, Frisco, Hello"
Joan Davis in "He's My Guy"
Robert Donat in "The Young Mr. Pitt"
Alan Ladd in "China"
William Bendix in "China"



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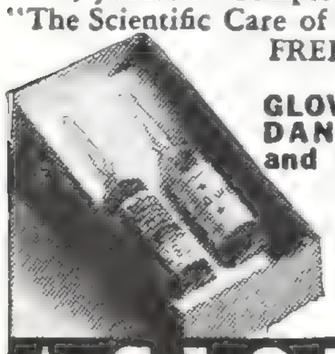
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of hit singing and Eugene Pallette is 400 pounds of frustrated efficiency. The music, incidentally, is pleasing.

Your Reviewer Says: Typical Abbott and Costello confusion.

✓ The Desperadoes (Columbia)

It's About: *A bad man who is almost hung for a crime he didn't commit.*

WHAT scenery! This technicolor masterpiece should be framed and signed by its cameramen artists, George Meehan and Allen Davey, and hung in movie's memory gallery, it's that photographically beautiful.

The story is off the beaten path, too, and tells of Glenn Ford, a young badman, who rides into Red Valley, Utah, in the early 1860's to rob a bank and, finding the job already performed by another, remains in town in order to see more of the beauteous Evelyn Keyes. When the natives decide Ford is guilty and decide to act thereon, Sheriff Randy Scott warns Ford and the result leads to a wow of a rousing climax.

Edgar Buchanan is a cutey-pie as the barkeep and Claire Trevor plays another of those shady lady roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauty plus entertainment.

✓ Hit Parade Of 1943 (Republic)

It's About: *A song writer who falls in love with a song pirate.*

LOVELY redheaded Susan Hayward goes over to Republic Studios and does a knockout job as a song writer, out to seek revenge on John Carroll who has deliberately lifted one of her numbers. But you know what happens, don't you? Susie and Johnnie go boom.

Eve Arden is swell with her smart-dame chatter and Gail Patrick couldn't be wenchier as the jealous female. The tunes are so tuneful and Susie does a swell job of singing. Why she isn't on top we'll never know. Republic, at least, has done right by her in this little honey. Freddy Martin's music is so oh-my-goshy.

Your Reviewer Says: Entertainment served to taste.

Isle Of Romance (Universal)

It's About: *Fakers who try to sell an island paradise.*

FROM their unending flow of minor musicals, Universal brings still another with Allan Jones and Andy Devine posing respectively as native chief and beachcomber of an island paradise. What's more, they even attempt to sell the island (which isn't theirs to sell) to wealthy Ernest Truex and wife, Marjorie Gateson, and almost succeed. The return of the natives breaks up the little scheme.

Lovely Acquanetta, Jane Frazee and Mary Wickes are neatly written into this tale of song and nonsense.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh well, nobody's hurt.

Buckskin Frontier (U. A.)

It's About: *The early fights for railway supremacy out West.*

ALONG comes another of those Harry Sherman Western films, famous for their scenic beauty, scope and action. In fact,

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there are moments when the scenic grandeur surpasses the action in this story, but once it gets going it's a fight to the finish.

The picture stars Richard Dix, who is fresh, believable and handsome. Lee Cobb as *Marr* is outstanding and, we may say, unusual in this type of film. Here is an actor what am. Jane Wyatt is a lovely and dignified heroine and Albert Dekker's good as usual.

The picturesque flow of wagon trains across the Western plains is beautifully photographed.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauty rising to action.

Hoppy Serves A Writ (U.A.)

It's About: *Outlaws who get lured over the wrong border.*

A GRAND little Western series are these *Hopalong Cassidy* stories, stories that never disappoint fans who like fast action in their outdoor epics. In this one, brave and handsome *Hopalong,* played as usual by William Boyd, leads the pursuit of robbers. The brigands cross the state border, but Sheriff *Hopalong* refuses to be blocked. Using a disguise he travels across the border and traps the rascals over to the right side—but the wrong side for the bad boys.

A fight to a finish between *Hopalong* and Victor Jory, the robber, is a lulu. Whewie, do those boys wrastle!

Your Reviewer Says: Outlaws out West.

He's My Guy (Universal)

It's About: *A husband and wife reunited through war work.*

IT'S getting to be a habit with Hollywood, this building movies around song titles, and we must say such pictures usually emerge hits. This is no exception. We leap to modify this statement somewhat, though, for without the ribald clowning of Joan Davis "He's My Guy" would be something else again.

Joan is an auburn-haired riot who creates a laugh a minute. Why the talents of this comedienne have been neglected, we'll never know.

Dick Foran and Irene Hervey, the estranged couple who are reunited through a defense plant show, sing several numbers delightfully. Gertrude Niesen, the little girl with the big voice, puts across her numbers in wonderful style. The Mills Brothers, Fuzzy Knight and the Dorene Sisters contribute a lot of entertainment, but it's Joan Davis who walks (and what a stride) away with the show.

Your Reviewer Says: Ha, ha, ha!

Ladies' Day (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A too energetic wife of a baseball player.*

THAT Eddie Albert, a fine actor if ever there was one, should be tossed into this potpourri of hot tamale nonsense, is a crying shame. Come to think of it, he looked unhappy, too.

The story has Eddie cast as a baseball player with a wife, Lupe Velez, who interferes with his work. As a result the wives of other players get together to keep Lupe in place.

Patsy Kelly and Max Baer are another husband and wife couple and among the bit players we may glimpse Jack Briggs, bridegroom of Ginger Rogers.

Your Reviewer Says: Forget it, friends.



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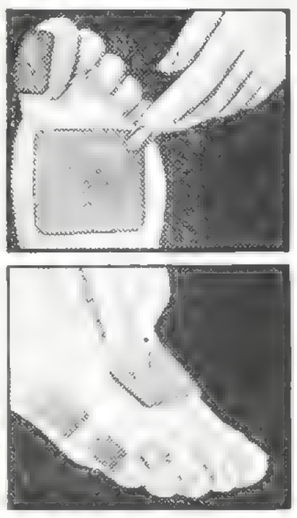
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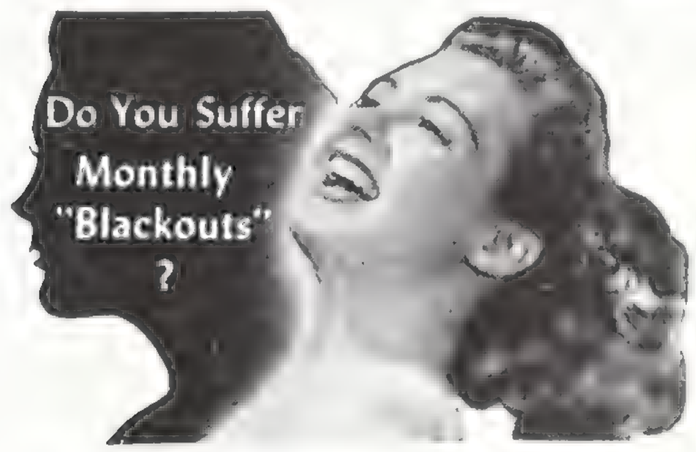
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Harrigan's Kid (M-G-M)

It's About: *An ex-jockey who coaches a new rider.*

BOBBY READICK makes his cinema debut as a young jockey trained in arrogance and dishonesty by ex-jockey Bill Gargan. And from where we sat the lad looked a good bet. Gargan (as always) is splendid in his role and rises to meet the neat finish. J. Carrol Naish and Frank Craven lend a lot to this little racetrack tale.

Your Reviewer Says: Not too good, not too bad.

✓✓ China (Paramount)

It's About: *Two Americans who join the Chinese in their struggle.*

RIGHT up that ladder of fame, rung by rung, climbs Mr. Alan Ladd to his lofty star perch. We doubt if even his absence in the Army can dim the movie-goers' ardor for 1943's boy wonder. Ladd has that something, that cold, calm, fascinating charm that women love and, what's more, he has it in a nice, blond, American way. The first screen bad boy to sport a crooked smile, a dimple and blond hair, Ladd is now tops in his field. Ask any woman who has seen him.

Slightly divergent (thank goodness) in character is Alan's role as the oil agent in China who refuses to take sides in the life and death struggle between the Japs and Chinese. Even the persuasive arguments of Loretta Young, a schoolteacher in China, who with her brood of children is rescued by Ladd, fails to daunt him until suddenly he comes face to face with the Japs' atrocities. From then on in it's a different story.

Right alongside of Ladd marches big and unpretty Bill Bendix, who is also rapidly forging to the top with his splendid work. As Alan's truck driver, Bendix is terrific. What a pair these two make.

Miss Young is very pretty and believable. Philip Ahn and Jessie Tai Sing lend strength to this strong-armed story of China.

Your Reviewer Says: Great stuff.

Corregidor (P. R. C.)

It's About: *The inevitable triangle during the siege on Corregidor.*

IT'S becoming more and more a habit with Hollywood producers to seize upon a name in the headlines of the news and build a story around it. Such a picture ("Casablanca") can be a fine story or, as in this instance, it can prove an effort not up to the action that prompted the headline news.

The action begins on the island of Manoi the day before Pearl Harbor is bombed. Elissa Landi, a woman doctor, arrives on the island to marry scientist Otto Kruger just as the bombing begins. Joining a party of American flyers whose plane has been shot down, Kruger and his bride make their way to Corregidor where Elissa meets her former fiance, Donald Woods. Together they give all possible aid to the wounded under terrific bombings until Kruger is finally killed, leaving Landi and Woods free to wed.

A fitting tribute to the heroes of Corregidor closes the film. Miss Landi is very good in her role and should be seen more often. Frank Jenks scores in his role of a soldier.

Your Reviewer Says: We pause to think.

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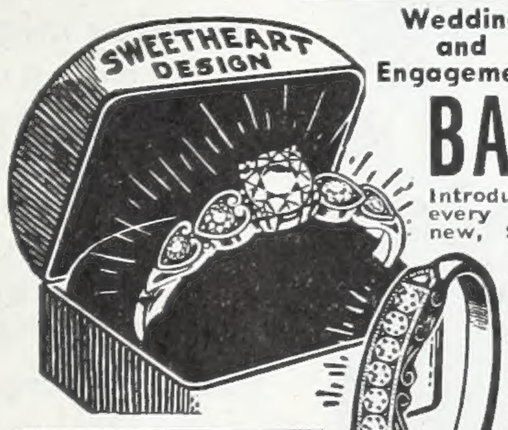
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✓ The Young Mr. Pitt (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *The political career of an English prime minister.*

ROBERT DONAT of "Mr. Chips" fame comes to the screen in a rather stuffy biographical tale that is beautifully acted and historically interesting, but as pure entertainment leaves much to be desired. With true British deliberation the story plods along ponderously, telling of the career of Pitt, who becomes prime minister of England at twenty-four and who weathers the storms of adversity and criticism when Napoleon's triumphs threaten to engulf England. So conscientiously does Pitt adhere to his duties he sacrifices his health and the one love of his life, coming at last to a fitting climax of a glorious and unselfish career.

Robert Morley, the English actor remembered for his work here in "Marie Antoinette," is convincingly real in his role of *Charles Fox*, Pitt's opponent in the House. Phyllis Calvert is impressive as the girl Pitt loves, and Raymond Lowell, as George III, stands out in his every scene.

The comparison between England's plight in the early 1800's with Napoleon's hordes an ever-present threat and today's similar situation with the Nazi hordes barking across the Channel is really remarkable.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy as a history book.

High Explosive (Paramount)

It's About: *The bravery of a nitro truck driver.*

CHESTER MORRIS washes out as an auto midget racer to take on the perilous job of driving a truck loaded with nitroglycerine. Morris is an expert in handling high explosives and also at casting big eyes at Jean Parker, secretary of the company.

When Jean's brother, Rand Brooks, is killed in a truck explosion, Chester is blamed and only redeems himself by bravely aiming a plane at a burning munitions plant in order to snuff out the blaze.

Things move always at a sassy rate of speed and all in all it's not such a bad little "pitcher."

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough.

He Hired The Boss (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *An all-time loser who finally hits the jackpot.*

STUART ERWIN is a sappy little office worker plodding along year after year, getting nowhere and hoping for a raise so he can marry his co-worker, Evelyn Venable. Finally fate takes matters in her hands and makes it possible, through a property deal, for Stuart not only to take over the business himself but to hire his boss, Thurston Hall, to work for him. William Orr is the boss's son and Chick Chandler is a city-slicker salesman.

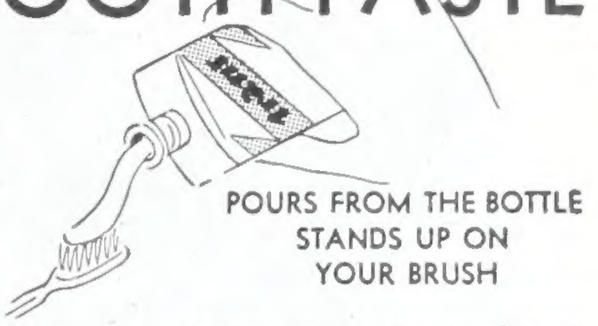
There's a certain homey quality about the story that's appealing somehow. As usual, Erwin's work bears a deep sincerity that carries weight and authority.

Your Reviewer Says: Homey as pumpkin pie.

✓ Air Raid Wardens (M-G-M)

It's About: *Two small-town failures who are consumed with patriotism.*

NOW—NO OLD TUBE NEEDED TO GET THIS *Bottled* TOOTH PASTE



POURS FROM THE BOTTLE
STANDS UP ON
YOUR BRUSH

Now thousands who want genuine toothpaste—but haven't a tube to turn in—can get it! Without an empty tube, you can get TRANS—*genuine* toothpaste. It conveniently pours from a bottle and *economically* stands up on your brush.

TRANS quickly cleanses and helps remove the dull film from the teeth, invigorates the gums with massage, and sweetens the breath, all without the use of harsh abrasives or other harmful materials.

Do not confuse TRANS with so-called "liquid dentifrices"; it is "bottled toothpaste," that cleanses without having to use soda along with it.

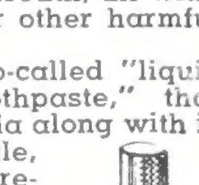
Before offering TRANS for sale, many people were asked to "prevue" it. *All* reported it the equal of any toothpaste they'd used—85% called it "the best." Ask for Trans Bottled Toothpaste at drug, department or 10c stores.



trans 25¢

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores.



Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME
25 Million Jars Already Used

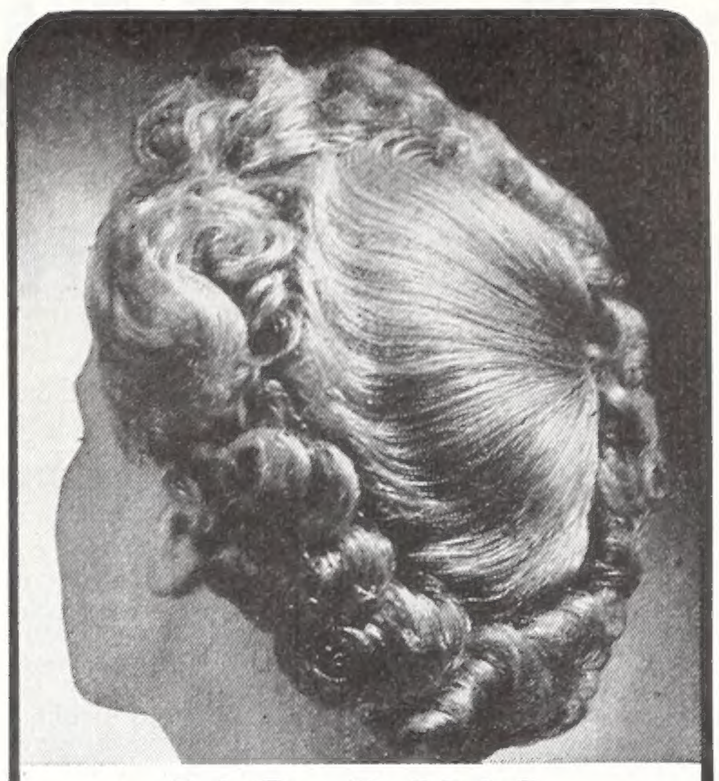
FREE



This ad entitles you to a beautiful Enlargement mounted in a De Luxe Studio Folder—both free. Just send this ad with photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. Or Oil Tinted sent C.O.D. for only 38c plus postage. Negs. 39c.
New York Art Service, 200 West 72nd St., N.Y. C.



Specially made for blondes. Helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes but 11 minutes for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights — keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. Sold at 10c, drug and department stores.



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

FILM DEVELOPED 25¢
24-HOUR SERVICE
Your Choice: 16 regular-size prints or 8 double-size (nearly postcard size) from your 8-exposure roll or negatives.
WILLARD STUDIOS • Dept. 14 • CLEVELAND, OHIO

TENDER, HOT, PERSPIRING FEET



Enjoy quick relief from uncomfortable, perspiring or odorous feet, by dusting them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Promotes foot health. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters.

Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

Gray Hair!



Don't be embarrassed by streaks and discolorations from inferior tints! Use Rap-I-Dol. Be sure of a *natural*-looking appearance with Rap-I-Dol's sparkling, highlighted color. Quickly applied — can't rub off — will not affect your "permanent"!

FREE! GRAY HAIR ANALYSIS!

Let us mail confidential analysis of your hair, and recommendation of Rap-I-Dol tint to match! Send name and address, with a strand of your hair, today!
(CAUTION: Use only as directed on label)

RAP-I-DOL DISTRIBUTING CORP.
151 West 46th St., Dept. 226 New York City

HOW we laughed! And how we've laughed at Laurel and Hardy in the past, and how we're still laughing at these masters of nuttery who close up their small-town bicycle shop and set off for the wars. However, branch after branch of the service refuses the pair and they finally return home to become air-raid wardens. Every possible blunder known to man is committed by the boys, until the chief warden can endure them no longer. On their own, the lads finally round up a gang of saboteurs and emerge heroes. Stan and Ollie are in rare form, with Edgar Kennedy going along for the laughs. Pretty Jacqueline White and Horace McNally are the slightly romantic twosome.

Your Reviewer Says: Funnier than a joke book.

The Falcon Strikes Back (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The amateur detective who finds himself framed.*

GEORGE SANDERS, the original *Falcon*, has now been eliminated entirely from this series with his brother, Tom Conway, supplanting him as the amateur sleuth with an eye for a pretty girl. In fact, it's this very weakness that leads Conway into becoming the victim of a brawl in a phony barroom. While he is unconscious, thieves use his car in a huge bond theft. When Mr. Conway attempts to explain to the cops, he finds the barroom gone and also his alibi. So, with the aid of his stooge, Cliff Edwards, and pretty Jane Randolph, the woman reporter, Conway digs in and solves the crime.

Edgar Kennedy decorates the proceedings. Harriet Hilliard, Wynne Gibson and Rita Corday complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Neat little thing.

✓✓ Next Of Kin (Universal)

It's About: *How loose talk can lose lives.*

THIS is truly a "strike home" picture, filled with suspense, excitement, thrills. It is a vivid—and terrifying—portrayal of how loose talk can lose lives of loved ones.

Two German spies are sent to England. One is caught promptly by an alert Tommy; the other escapes to join the huge net of Nazi spies already in Britain. There follows an exciting account of how he manages to get a complete picture of a secret British plan to wipe out a German submarine base in Occupied France.

Through the film march the tragically innocent betrayers of England—the officer who, in exchange for a date, tells a spy dancer where the brigade chosen for the attack is training; the soldier in the brigade who, against all rules, sneaks out a letter to his sweetheart, a Dutch refugee working in a bookshop, thereby subjecting her to horrors at the hands of the Nazis; the lax officer who fails to guard well enough the final plans for the attack.

Because of the weakness of these people, the Germans are ready when the English strike and this English victory, which could have been such a glorious one, becomes merely an achievement of an objective at the cost of heavy casualties. To the "Next of Kin," then, are sent the tragic telegrams—because people talked!

A British-produced film, this has a prologue and epilogue by our own J. Edgar Hoover.

Your Reviewer Says: If you don't see this, you should have a guilty conscience.

✓✓✓ Desert Victory (Twentieth Century-Fox)

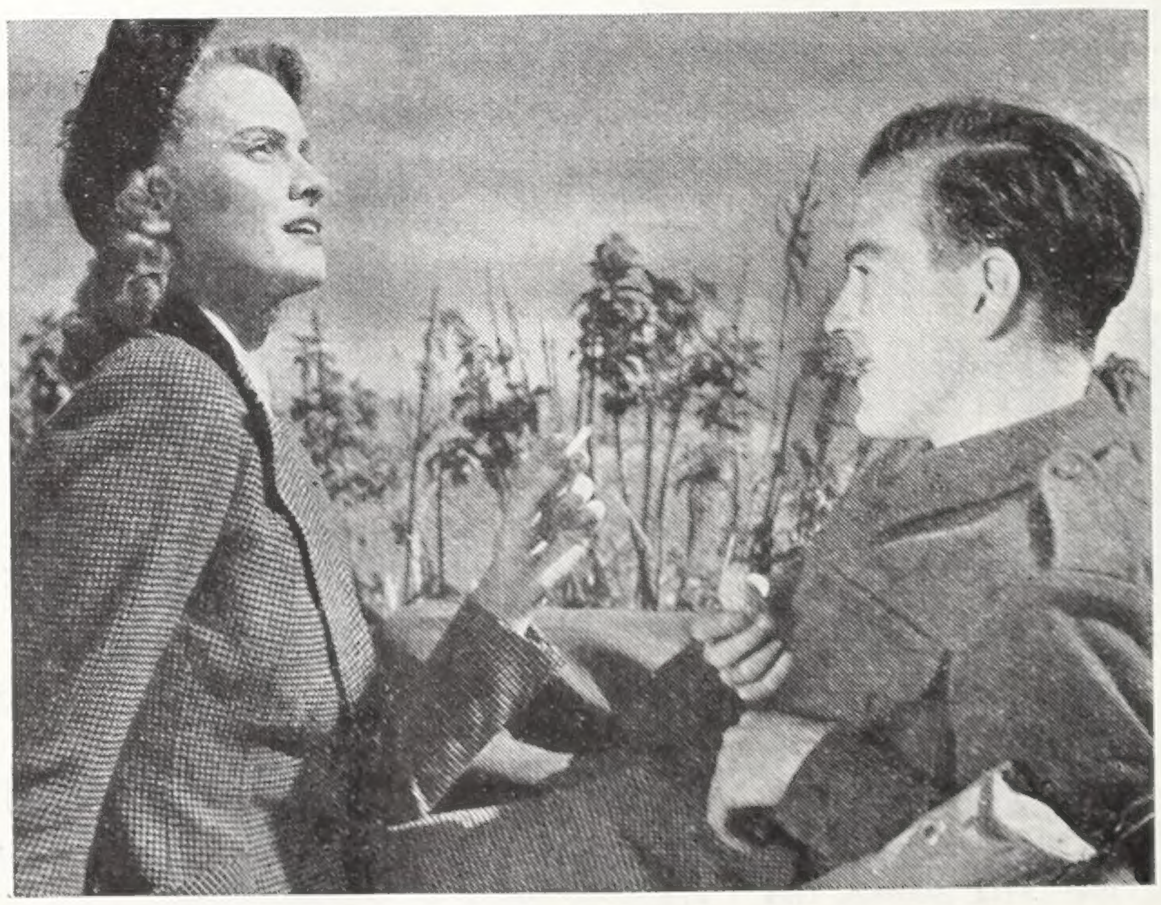
It's About: *Rommel's African rout.*

THIS is it—the picture to silence forever the arm-chair critics of the African war! Filmed by the British during actual combat that starts with El Alamein, it is the most superb factual picture to come out of the war thus far.

You see a new manner of warfare, with General Montgomery insisting every private under his command have complete understanding of the military objective and the strategy and methods by which he means to take it. You see supply lines—the longest in history—and you begin to realize the magnitude of the African effort. You see men fighting and dying. You see our forces burying our dead and the enemy dead too; and new hate for the Nazi's way of living and fighting rises within you. You see a Highlander crossing the desert at the height of a hellish fight, his skirts swinging and his pipes sounding, and new courage springs into your heart.

Here is the chance for the folks back home to learn, at first hand, what goes on where their loved ones fight.

Your Reviewer Says: It makes your newspaper headlines come excitingly alive.



★

Your boy in the service might do the same thing—and you might be guilty yourself if you don't see "Next Of Kin" with Nova Pilbeam and Geoffrey Hibbert

★



DOWN—

(and I don't mean maybe)

REMEMBER how glorious it all was . . . landing your job the very day school ended? It was *your* way of enlisting . . . doing a man's work while he's away fighting for freedom!

You can still see Mom . . . her face beaming when you brought home your first week's pay, safely salted away in War Stamps. And Dad, proud as punch . . . with his glasses all misted up . . . remember?

But today it's different . . . you wish you'd never even started! And you wonder how other girls *always* manage? Sally and Bess and all the rest *never* seem to feel down in the dumps. They'll sail through their full eight hours and their dates, too . . . without a care in the world!

Maybe you were thinking out loud! Because Sally, the starter, takes you under her wing—tells you how girls-in-the-know keep going, keep smiling *every* day. "It's not just luck," she explains. "It's because we've learned by experience that Kotex sanitary napkins are made to stay soft while wearing!"

Hit a New High!

How right she was (and you're glad you didn't break your date)! For Kotex is lots different from pads that just feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. Kotex gives you *more comfort* and (joy of joys!) no wrong side to cause accidents.

All this—and *confidence*, too! Because there's no ceiling to a girl's confidence, with the superb protection only Kotex can promise. No need to forfeit a moment's poise, thanks to that 4-ply safety center . . . and you can depend on those flat, pressed ends to keep your secret safe!

With all these advantages, you'd naturally expect more girls to choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together . . . wouldn't you? *And they do!*

Keep going in comfort—with KOTEX★!







THUMBS UP? THUMBS DOWN? "Difficult days"—and what to do about them! The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" solves the mysteries of a girl's intimate life . . . tips you off on grooming, activities, social contacts. Rush your name and address on a penny postcard to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-6, Chicago, Illinois. Remember—it's FREE!

For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!



★T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.



Dear Miss "Puzzled":

Ask your baby sister how to look lovelier!



HAVE A LOOK AT BABY. She's a heart-breaker already with her pink, perfect complexion. *You* can use *her* beauty secret, Sis! Baby's beauty boss is Doctor, and *he* says, "Ivory Soap for *you*, beautiful." You see, baby's sensitive skin needs *gentle* care. And pure, mild Ivory contains no coloring matter, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.



HAVE A CHAT WITH DOCTOR . . . and you won't puzzle any longer. He'll advise you to change from improper cleansing methods. There is no *milder*, *safer* care than regular cleansing with "Velvet-suds" Ivory Soap. No wonder more doctors advise pure, mild Ivory for your skin *and* baby's than all other brands of soap together!



SEE WHAT IT DOES FOR YOUR COMPLEXION. When baby isn't looking, try *her* Ivory beauty treatment. Just borrow her white cake of Ivory. Use *plenty* of that luxurious Ivory lather. You'll soon know how much lovelier your complexion is. That adoring look in *his* eyes will tell you!

99 44/100% pure . . . It floats

Look lovelier . . . with pure, mild IVORY . . . the soap more Doctors advise than all other brands together!

